WITT'S RECREATIONS

refined
Augmented,
with
Ingenious
CONCEITES
for the wittie,
And
Merrie Medicines
for the
Melancholie.

See the next Page.

London Printed for John Francock 1683

Recreation

For Ingenious Head-Pieces:

OR,

A Pleasant GROVE

FOR THEIR

WITS to Walk in.

OF

Epigrams 700.
Epitaphs 200.
Fancies a Number.
Fantasticks Abundance.

With their Addition, Multiplication, and Division.

ALSO

Variety of New Songs Alamode,

AND

LETTERS upon several Occasions, both Serious and Jocose.

Now newly added to this Impression.

London, Printed for *John Hancock*, at the *Three Bibles* over against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*, 1683

Ad Lectorem.

THis little Book is like a furniſht Feaſt;
And hath a diſh, I hope, to pleaſe each gueſt;
Here thou may'ſt find ſome good and ſolid fare.
If thou lov'ſt pleaſant junkets, here they are
Perhaps ſharp ſawces take thee moſt; if ſo,
I have Cookt for thee ſome ſharp ſawces too;
But if thy ſquemiſh ſtomack can like none,
No body hinders thee, thou may'ſt be gone.

The *Stationer* to the READER

IF new, or old wit, please thee Reader, best,
I've hope, each man of wit, will be our
Gueſt;
The new, was fram'd to humour ſome mens
taſte,
Which if they like not, they may carve the
laſt:
Each diſh hath ſawce belongs to't; and you
will
By your diſlike, cenſure the Authors skill;
Yet if you cannot ſpeak well of it, ſpare
To utter your diſlike, that the like ſnare
May entrap others; ſo the Book may be
Sold though not lik'd, by a neat fallacie:
That's all I ask, yet 'twill your goodneſs
raiſe,
If as I gain your coyne, he may your praiſe.

Epi-

Epigrams.

1. *To the Reader.*

EXcuſe me Reader, though I now and than,
In ſome light lines, do ſhew my ſelf a man;
Nor be ſo ſowre, ſome wanton words to blame,
They are the Language of an Epigram.

2. *Battus.*

Battus doth brag he hath a world of Books,
His Studies maw holds more then well it may,
But ſeld' or never, he upon them looks,
And yet he looks upon them every day.
He looks upon their outſide, but within
He never looks, nor never will begin.

3. *On Prue.*

Prue's noſe hangs down ſo low, one would ſuppoſe
When ere ſhe gapes, that *Prue* would eat her noſe.

4. *To Gripe.*

Gripe keeps his coyn well, and his heaps are great,
For which he ſeems wiſe in his own conceipt;
Be not deceiv'd *Gripe*, for ought I can ſee.
Thy bags in this ſenſe are as wiſe as thee.

5. *On Man and Woman*

When Man and Woman dyes, as Poets ſung,
His heart's the laſt that ſtirs, of hers the tongue.

6. *On Womans will.*

How dearly doth the honeſt husband buy
His wives defect of will when ſhe doth dy?
Better in death by will to let her give,
Then let her have her will while ſhe doth live.

7. *Spangle the Spruce Gall.*

Spruce Spangle's like to a Cynamon Tree;
His outſide is of much more worth than he.

8. *Cherilus*

Eat Toaſt and Oyl, eat ſupple herbs and looſe,
For thou look'ſt wondrous coſtive, *Cherilus.*

9. *In Paulum.*

By lawful Mart, and by unlawful ſtealth,
Paulus from th' Ocean hath deriv'd much wealth:
But on the Land, a little gulf there is,
VVherein he drowneth all that wealth of his.

10. *Veſtitus peritus.*

Clitus goes oft time clad in Suits of Scarlet,
That elſe no colour had to play the Varlet.

11. *Of Poetus*

Poetus with fine Sonnets painted forth
This and that ſoul Ladies beauties worth:
He ſhews ſmall wit therein, and for his pains,
By my conſent, he never ſhall reap gains;
Why, what needs *Poets* paint them, O ſweet Elves;
When Ladies paint their beauties beſt themſelves.

12. *Of Shift the Sharker.*

Shift ſwears he keeps none but good company,
For, though th' are ſuch as he did never ſee,
Worſe then himſelf he's ſure they cannot be.

13. *On an Vpſtart*

Pray wrong not (*late coyn'd*) give the man his right,
He's made a Gentleman, although no Knight;
For now 'tis cloaths the Gentleman doth make,
Men from gay cloaths their pedigree do take;

But

But wot you what's the arms to ſuch mens houſe ?
Why this——hands chancing of a Rampaut Loſe

14. *Volens Nolens.*

Will with proviſio wills you teſtifie,
He's made his will, but hath no will to die.

15. *Ad Clodium.*

Wit, once thou ſaid'ſt was worth thy weight in gold
Though now't be common for a trifle ſold;
It dearer ſeems to thee that get'ſt not any,
(When thou ſhouldſt uſe it) for thy love or money.

16. *In Getam.*

Geta from wooll and weaving firſt began,
Swelling and ſwelling to a Geutleman;
When he was Gentleman and bravely dight,
He left not ſwelling till he was a Knight:
At laſt (forgetting what he was at firſt)
He ſweld to be a Lord, and then he burſt.

17. *To Emſon,*

Emſon thou once in Dutch wouldſt court a wench;
But to thy coſt ſhe anſwered thee in French.

18. *In Fimum.*

Fimus is Coach'd, and for his farther grace
Doth ask his friends how he becomes the place:
Troth I ſhould tell him, the poor Coach hath wrong,
And that a Cart would ſerve to carry dong.

19. *In Flaccum.*

The falſe knave *Flaccus* once a bribe I gave;
The more fool I, to bribe ſo falſe a knave:
But he gave back my bribe, the more fool he,
That for my folly did not couſen me.

20. *Of Womens naked breaſts.*

In open ſhops flyes often blow that fleſh,
Which in cloſe Safes might be kept longer freſh,
They but invite fleſh-flyes, whoſe full ſpread paps
Like road wayes lie between their lips and laps.

21. *On Morcho.*

Morcho for haſte was married in the night,
What needed day? his fair young wife is light.

22. *On a Bragadocio.*

Lord *Lollus* brags, he comes from Noble Blood,
Drawn down from *Brutus* line, 'tis very good;
If this praiſe-worthy be, each Flea may then,
Boaſt of his blood more than ſome Gentlemen.

23. *Edent vomens.*

Cacus that ſups ſo duely at the Roſe,
Caſts up the reckning truly ere he goes.

24. *On a Pump ſtopt with ſtones.*

M. I'le out it down, I ſwear by this ſame hand,
If 'twill not run, it ſhall no longer ſtand.
R. Pray Sir be patient, let your Pump alone,
How can it water make when't hath the ſtone?
Yet did he wiſely when he did it fell.
For in ſo doing he did make it well.

25. *Of Prittle Prattle.*

Though th' danger be not great, of all tame cattle,
Yet the moſt troubleſome is Prittle-prattle.

26. *In Aulum.*

Thou ſtill art muttering *Aulus* in mine ear,
Love me and love my Dog: I will I ſwear.
Thou ask'ſt but right; and *Aulus* truth to tell,
I think thy Dog deſerves my love as well.

27. *Ad Tilenum.*

Tilens, cauſe th' art old, fly not the field,
Where youthful *Cupid* doth his banner wield;
For why? this god, old men his Souldiers ſtil'd;
None loves but he who hath been twice a Child.

28 *To Vellius.*

Thou ſweareſt I bowl as well as moſt men do,
The moſt are hunglers, therein thou ſay'ſt true.

29. *Three*

29. *Three Genders.*

A wife although moſt wiſe and chaſt,
is of the *Doubtful* Gender;
A Queen oth' *Common*: Feminines,
are Women ſmall and tender.

30. *Of Brawle.*

Brawl loveth brabling, as he loves his life,
Leave him for dead, when he leaves ſtirring ſtrife.

31. *In Paulum.*

Paul, what my cloak doth hide thou fain wouldſt (know,
Wer't to be ſeen I would not cover't ſo.

32. *Of ſleep and death.*

That death is but a ſleep I not deny,
Yet when I next would ſleep, I would not dye.

33. *Upon Methuſus.*

Methuſus ask'd me why *I* call'd him ſot,
I anſwer made, becauſe he lov'd the pot,
For while *Methuſus* buiſie is with it,
The fool I'm ſure's as buſie with his wit.

34. *On Thraſo.*

Thraſo goes lame with blows he did receive
In a late duel, if you'l him believe.

35. *News.*

VVhen News doth come, if any would diſcuſs,
The Letter of the word, reſolve it thus:
News is convey'd by letter, word or mouth,
And comes to us from *North*, *Eaſt*, *Weſt* and *South*.

36. *Of Rufus.*

Rufus had rob'd his Hoſt, and being put to it,
Said, I am an arrant rogue if I did do it.

37. *Of Marcus.*

VVhen *Marcus* fail'd a borrowed ſum to pay
Unto his friend at the appointed day;
Twere ſuperſtition for a man he ſayes,
To be a ſtrict obſerver of ſet days.

38. *Of a Thief.*

A Thief arreſted, and in cuſtody
Under ſtrong guards of armed company,
Asht why they held him ſo; Sir, quoth the chief,
We hold you for none other than a thief.

39. *Of Motion.*

Motion brings heat, and thus we ſee it prov'd,
Moſt men are hot and angry when they'r mov'd.

40. *Formal the Faſhioniſt.*

Formal all form and faſhion is, for matter
Who ſays he ſees it in him, doth but flatter;
Open and ſearch him, and you ſhall quickly find
With what courſe Canvas his ſoft ſilks are lin'd.

41. *Ad Scriptorem quend.*

Half of your Book is to an Index grown,
You give your Book *Contents*, your Reader none.

42. *Riches.*

Gold's th'only God, Rich men bear rule;
Money makes Majeſty:
Rich *Pluto*, not plain *Plato* now,
Speaks with applauſe moſt high.

43. *On Sextus.*

Sextus doth wiſh his wife in Heaven were,
Where can ſhe have more happineſs then there?

44. *Secreta nobis.*

Taſſus from Temple ſtairs by water goes,
To *Weſtminſter*, and back to Temple rowes,
Beſike he loves not trot too much the ſtreet
Or ſurbait on the ſtones his tender feet:
Tut! come, there's ſomething in't muſt not be known.
But Sir beleiv't, *The debt is not his own.*

45. *Of Text-Corruptors.*

Bad Commentators ſpoil the beſt of Books,
God gives meat, (they ſay) the Devil ſends Cooks.

46. *On*

46, *On a drawer drunk.*

Drawer with thee now even is thy Wine,
For thou haſt pierc'd his Hogſheads, and he thine

47. *Upon the weights of a Clock:*

I wonder time's ſo ſwift, when as I ſee,
Upon her heels, ſuch lumps of lead to be.

48. *On Cynna*

Becauſe I am not of a Gyants ſtature,
Deſpiſe me not, nor praiſe thy liberal nature,
For thy huge limbs; that thou art great, 'tis true,
And that I'm little in reſpect of you,
The reaſon of our growths is eas'ly had,
You, many had perchance; I but one Dad.

49, *On Alaſtrus.*

Alaſtrus hath not coin, nor ſpirit, nor wit,
I think he's only then for Bedlam fit.

50. *Of Mendacio.*

Mendacio pretends to tell men News:
And that it may be ſuch, himſelf doth uſe
To make it; but that will no longer need,
Let him tell truth, it will be News indeed.

51. *On Londanno*

Londanno in his gallant bravery,
Ruffled his Silks, lookt big, and thruſt me by:
And ſtill as often as he meets me ſo,
My home-ſpun cloth muſt to the chanel go:
Adviſe thee well *Londanno*, children note,
And ſo admire thee for thy velvet coat:
I keep (*Londanno*) in repute with ſuch,
As think they cannot ſcorn poor thee too much.
But thou canſt ſquire fine Madams, thou canſt vail
Thy Cap and Feather, cringe, and wag thy tail
Moſt decently: Now by you ſtars that ſhine,
So thou tranſcend'ſt me: Take the wall, 'tis thine

52. *On Shanks.*

Shanks ſwears he faſts; and always cries for Beef:
O how he faſts! that's how faſt eats the Thief!

53. *Cito bene.*

Sir *John* at *Martins* prays he might diſpatch,
Who by true promiſe is to bowl a match.

54. *Of Pertinax.*

It will, it muſt, it ſhall be ſo,
Saith *Pertinax*; but what's the reaſon trow?
Nay, that I cannot tell, nor doth he know.

55. *To a valiant Dammee.*

Dammee thy brain is valiant, 'tis confeſt;
Thou more, that with it every day dar'ſt jeſt
Thy ſelf into freſh braules; but cal'd upon,
With ſwearing *Damme*, anſwer'ſt every one.
Keep thy ſelf there, and think thy valour right,
He that dares *Damne* himſelf, dares more then fight.

56, *On Cornuto.*

Cornuto is not jealous of his wife,
Nor e're miſtruſts her too laſcivious life,
Ask him the reaſon why he doth forbear,
Hee'l anſwer ſtraight, it cometh with a fear.

57. *On a Shrew.*

A froward Shrew being blam'd becauſe ſhe ſhow'd
Not ſo much reverence as by right ſhe ow'd
Unto her Husband, ſhe reply'd he might
Forbear complaint of me, I do him right;
His will is mine, he would bear rule, and I
Deſire the like, only in Sympathy.

58. *Of Lawleſs.*

Lawleſſe the worſt times liketh beſt, why iſt?
Becauſe then *Lawleſſe* may do what he liſt.

59. *A rich Curre.*

Dru dares good men deprave becauſe he's rich,
Whether more fool or Knave, I know not which.

60, *On*

60. *On a Youth married to an old Woman.*

A ſmooth-fac'd youth, what wedded to an old
Decrepit Shrew! (ſuch is the Power of Gold)
Thy fortune I dare tell; perchance thou'lt have
At Supper dainties, but in Bed a grave.

61. *On a Fly in a Glaſs.*

A Fly out of his glaſs a gueſt did take,
E're with the liquor he his thirſt would ſlake;
When he had drunk his fill, again the Fly
Into the glaſs he put, and ſaid, though I
Love not Flyes in my drink, yet others may,
Whoſe humour I nor like, nor will gain-ſay.

62. *On Collimus.*

If that *Collimus* any thing do lend,
Or Dog, or Horſe, or Hawk unto his friend;
He to endear the borrowers love the more,
Saith he ne'r lent it any one before,
Nor would to any but to him: His wife
Having obſerv'd theſe ſpeeches all her life,
Behind him forks her fingers, and doth cry
To none but you I'de do this courteſie.

63. *To Loquax.*

Loquax, to hold thy tongue would do thee wrong,
For thou wouldſt be no man but for thy tongue.

64. *Good wits jump.*

Againſt a poſt a ſchollar chanc'd to ſtrike
At unawares his head; like will to like:
Good wits will jump (quoth he:) if that be true,
The title of a block-head is his due.

65. *On Womens Masks.*

It ſeems that Masks do women much diſgrace,
Sith when they wear them they do hid their face.

66. *Of Sawcy the Intruder.*

Sawcy, though uninvited, is ſo rude,
As into every comp'ny to intrude;

But.

But he's no fit companion for any,
Who always makes the number one too many.

67. *Upon a pair of Tongs.*

The burnt child dreads the fire; if this be true,
Who first invented Tongs its fury knew.

68. *Lawyers and Souldiers.*

If Lawyers had for *Term*, a term of war,
Souldiers would be as rich as Lawyers are,
But here's the difference 'tween Guns and Gowns,
These take good Angels, th'other take crack't crowns.

69. *On Momus.*

Momus can call another fool, but he
Can never make his brain and wit agree.

70. *Woman.*

A *Woman* is a Book, and often found
To prove far better in the sheets then bound:
No marvail then, why men take such delight
Above all things to *study in the night.*

71. *Clytus cunning.*

Clytus the Barber doth Occasion fly,
Because 'tis bald, and he gains naught thereby.

72. *Rich Promises.*

Lords promise soon, but to perform are long,
Then would their purse strings were ty'd to their (tongue.

73. *On Comptulus,*

I wonder'd *Comptulus*, how thy long hair,
In comely curles could show so debonair,
And every hair in order be, when as
Thou couldst not trim it by a looking glass,
Nor any Barber did thy tresses pleat;
'Tis strange; *Monsieur* I conceive the feat
When you your hair do kemb, you off it take,
And order't as you please for Fashion sake.

74. *On*

74. *On Gellius.*

In building of his houſe *Gellius* hath ſpent
All his revenues and his ancient rent,
Ask not a reaſon, vvhy *Gellius* is poor,
His greater houſe hath turn'd him out of door.

75. *To Pontius.*

At Supper time vvill *Pontus* viſit me;
I'd rather have his room then company;
But if him, from me I can no vvays fright,
I'd have him viſit me each faſting night.

76. *Balbus.*

Balbus a Verſe on *Venus* Boy doth ſcan,
But ere 'tvvas finiſh'd *Cupid*'s grovvn a man.

77. *On a Pot Poet.*

VVhat lofty verſes *Cælas* writes? it is
But when his head with wine oppreſſed is:
So when great drops of rain fall from the skie
In ſtanding pools, huge bubles will ariſe.

78. *On Onellus.*

Thou never ſupp'ſt abroad, *Onellus*; true,
For at my home I'm ſure to meet with you.

79. *Of Profeſſed Atheiſts.*

If even Devils themſelves believe and tremble,
Atheiſts profeſt methinks ſhould but diſſemble.

80. *To Termagant.*

My *Termagant*, as I have ought to ſave,
I neither call'd thee fool, nor knave:
That which I call'd thee is a thing well known;
A trifle not worth thinking on:
VVhat I ſuppoſe thy ſelf will eaſily grant,
I call'd thee Cuckold, *Termagant*.

81. *On a Vertuous Talker.*

If vertue's alwaies in thy mouth, how can
It e're have time to reach thy ne art, fond man?

82. *To*

82. *To Severus.*

Believe *Severus*, that in these my Rimes
I tax no person but the common Crimes.

83. *Upon Pigs devouring a bed of Penny-royal, commonly called Organs.*

A good wife once a bed of Organs set,
The Pigs came in and eat up every whit.
The good man said, Wife you your Garden may
Hogs Norton call, here Pigs on Organs play.

84. *On Gubs.*

Gubs calls his children Kitlins: and wou'd bound.
(Some say) for joy to see those Kitlins drownd.

85. *On a Fortune-teller.*

The influence of th'Stars are known to thee,
By whom thou canst each future fortune see:
Yet sith thy wife doth thee a Cuckold make,
Tis strange they do not that to thee partake.

86. *To sweet sir Outside.*

Thy expence in Odours, is a foolish sin,
Except thou couldst sweeten thy Corps within.

87. *On a Gallant.*

A glittering Gallant, from a prancing Steed.
A lightning down desir'd a boy with speed
To hold his horse a while; he made reply,
Can one man hold him fast? 'twas answer'd I:
If then one man can hold him Sir, you may
Do it your self, quoth he, and slunk away.

88. *To Eras-mus.*

That thou 'rt a man each of thy learn'd works
But yet thy name tells us *thou wast a Mouse*. (shows,

89. *On Bunce.*

Money thou ow'st me; preethee fix a day
For payment promis'd, though thou never pay:
Let it be Dooms-day; nay, take longer scope;
Nay when th' art honest; let me have some hope.

90. *On*

90. *On an Empty House.*

Lollus by night awak'd heard Theeves about
His house, and searching narrowly throughout
To find some pillage there, he said you may
By night, but I can find nought here by day.

91. *A trim Barber.*

Neat Barber trim, I must commend thy care,
Which dost all things exactly to a hair.

92. *On a bragging Coward.*

Corsus in Camp, when as his Mates betook
Themselves to dine, encourag'd them and spoke,
Have a good stomach Lads, this night we shall
In heaven at Supper keep a festivall.
But battail joyn'd he fled away in hast,
And said, I had forgot, this night I fast.

93. *On a great Nose.*

Thy Nose no man can wipe, *Proclus*, unless
He have a hand as big as *Hercules*
When thou dost sneeze the sound thou dost not hear
Thy Nose is so far distant from thine ear.

94. *On an unequal pair.*

Fair *Phillis* is to churlish *Priscus* wed,
As strong r wine with waters mingled;
Priscus his love to *Phillis* more doth glow
With fervency then fire; hers cold as snow:
'Tis well, for if their flames alike did burn,
One house would be too hot to serve their turn.

95. *In Quintum.*

Quintus is burnt, and may thereof be glad,
For being poor he hath a good pretence.
At every Church to crave benevolence,
For one that had by fire lost all he had.

96. *On a changeable Rayment.*

Know you why *Lollus* changeth every day,
His Perriwig, his face and his array?

This

Tis not becauſe his comings in are much,
Or 'cauſe he'll ſwill it with the roaring Dutch;
But 'cauſe the Serjeants (who a writ have had
Long ſince againſt him) ſhould not know the Lad.

97. *On Gueſſe.*

Gueſſe cuts his ſhoes, and limping goes about,
To have men think he's troubled with the Gout,
But 'tis no Gout (believe it) but hard Beer,
Whoſe acrimonious humour bites him here.

98. *On State-Batch.*

For all night-ſins with other Wives unknown
Batch now doth daily penance in his own.

98. *To ſir Guilty.*

Guilty, be wiſe; and tho thou knoweſt the crimes
Be thine I tax; yet do not own my Rimes;
Twere madneſs in thee to betray thy fame,
And perſon to the world, ere I thy name.

100. *Veritas ſubverta.*

Luke that a man on horſ-back met but late,
Would ſimply ſeem thus to equivocate;
And ſtrong maintain 'gainſt them, contend who dare
'Twas meerly but a Taylor and a Mare.

101. *On Hugh.*

Hugh ſhould have gone to *Oxford* th'other day,
But turn'd at Tiburn, and ſo loſt his way.

102. *On a Painted Madam.*

Men ſay y'are fair; and fair ye are, 'tis true,
But (Hark!) we praiſe the Painter now, not you.

103. *On Boraſſa.*

Baroſſa boaſts his Pedigree, although
He knows no letter of the Chriſt-Croſs row.
His houſe is ancient, and his gentry great
For what more ancient e're was heard of yet

Then

Then is the family of fools? how than
Dare you not call *Baroſſa* Gentleman?

104. *Experto credendum.*

How durſt *Capritius* call his Wedlock whore,
But that he ſpeaks it *pluſquam per narratum*,
Nam ipſe teſte: what require you more,
Unleſs you'ld have it *magis approbatum*?

105. *On Jack Cut-purſe.*

Jack Cut-purſe is, and hath been patient long,
For he's content to pocket up much wrong.

106. *On Afer.*

Afer hath ſold his land and bought a Horſe,
Whereon he pranceth to the royal Burſe,
To be on horſe-back he delights; wilt know?
'Cauſe then his Company he'd higher ſhow:
But happy chance, tall *Afer* in his pride,
Mounts a Gunnelly, and on foot doth ride.

107. *On Chariſinus.*

Thou haſt compos'd a Book, which neither age,
Nor future time ſhall hurt through all their rage;
For how can future times or age invade,
That work which periſhed as ſoon as made?

108. *Facilis deſcenſus Averni.*

The way to hell is eaſie, th'other day,
A blind man thither quickly found the way.

109. *Age and Youth.*

Admire not youth, deſpiſe not age, although
Some young are grave, moſt old men children grow.

110. *On Orus.*

Orus ſold wine, and then tobacco, now
He aqua-vitæ doth his friends allow.
What e're he had was ſold to ſave his life.
And now turn'd Pander, he doth ſell his wife.

111. *On Sneape.*

Sneape has a face ſo brittle, that it breaks
Forth into bluſhes, whenſoe're he ſpeaks.

112. *On Acerra.*

Tobacco hurts the brain Physicians say,
Doth dull the wit, and memory decay.
Yet fear not thou *Acerra*, for 'twill ne're
Hurt thee so much by use, as by thy fear.

113. *Empta nostra.*

Madam *La Foy* wears not those locks for nought,
Ask at the Shop else, where the same she bought

114. *On Briso.*

Who private lives, lives well, no wonder then,
You do absent you from the sight of men,
For out of doors you ne'r by day appear,
What, is a Sergeant such a huge Bug-bear?

115. *A Foolish Querie.*

How rich a man is, all desire to know;
But none inquires if good he be or no.

116. *On the King of Swedens Picture.*

Who but the half of his neat Picture drew,
That it could ne'r be fully donr, well knew.

117. *B. J. answer to a Thief bidding him stand.*

Fly Villain hence, or by thy coat of steel,
I'le make thy heart, my brazen bullets feel.
And send that thrice as theevish soul of thine,
To Hell, to wear the Devils Valentine.

118. *Thiefs reply.*

Art thou great *Ben*? or the revived ghost
Of famous *Shakespear*? or some drunken host?
Who being tipsie wi'h thy muddy Beer, (fear?
Dost think thy Rhimes shall daunt my soul with
No, know base Slave, that I am one of those,
Can take a purse as well in verse as prose;
And when th'rt dead write this upon thy Herse,
Here lyes a Poet that was rob'd in Verse,

119. *Nothing*

119. *Nothing New.*

Nothing is new: we walk where others went;
There's no vice now but has his president.

120. *On Cupid.*

Cupid hath by his sly and subtil Art,
A certain Arrow shot, and pierc'd my heart;
What shall I do to be reveng'd on love?
There is but one way, and that one I'le prove;
I'le steal his Arrows, and will head them new
With womens hearts, and then they'l ne'r fly true.

121. *A Tobacconist.*

All dainty meats I do defie,
Which feed men fat as Swine,
He is a frugal man indeed,
That on a leaf can dine.
He needs no Napkin for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe,
That keeps his Kitchen in a Box,
And Roast-meat in a Pipe.

122. *Feeble standing.*

Mat being drunken, much his anger wreaks
On's wife; but stands to nothing that he speaks.

123. *Love and Lazie.*

That was the Proverb. Let my Mistress be
Lazie to others; but belong to me.

124. *On the Tobacconist.*

If mans flesh be like Swines, as it is said,
The Metamorphosis is sooner made:
Then full fac'd *Gnatho* no Tobacco take,
Smoaking your Corps, left Bacon you do make.

125. *Another.*

Tom I commend thee above all I know
That sold'st thy Cushion for a pipe of To——

For now 'tis like if e're thou ſtudy more,
Thou'lt ſit to't harder then thou didſt before.

126. *On Button the Grave-maker.*

Ye powers above and heavenly poles,
Are graves become but *Button-holes?*

127. *On long hair.*

Lucas long hair down to his ſhoulders wears.
And why? he dares not cut it for his ears.

128. *To a ſtale Lady.*

Thy wrinkles are no more, nor leſs,
Then beauty turn'd to ſowerneſs.

129. *A Crab is reſtorative.*

The Crab of the wood
Is ſawce very good,
For the Crab of the foaming Sea;
But the wood of a Crab
Is ſawce for a Drab
That will not her husband obey.

130. *Alius altior.*

Would you with *Cajus* offer now confer
In ſuch familiar ſort as heretofore?
And not obſerve he's grown an Officer,
That looks for adoration ten times more?
Tut! what of pedigree, or *turpe domo*,
Tis not ſo now ye ſee, *nam ecce homo.*

131. *Sorte tua contentat.*

If adverſe fortune bring to paſs,
And will that thou an Aſs muſt be;
Then be an Aſs, and live an Aſs,
For out of queſtion wiſe is he
That underges with humble mind,
The ſtate that chanceth him aſſign'd.

132. *On a Pretender to Prophecy.*

Ninety two yeers the world as yet ſhall ſtand,
If it do ſtand or fall at your command. But

But say, why plac'd you not the worlds end nyer,
Lest ere you dy'd you might be prov'd a lyer?

133. *Mart. lib.* 8. *Epigr.* 69.

O'd Poets onely thou dost praise,
And none but dead ones magnifie,
Pardon *Vocerta*, thee to please,
I am not yet in mind to die.

134. *On a Gamester.*

For hundred-thousands *Matho* plays;
Olus what's that to thee?
Not thou by means thereof, I trow,
But *Matho* poor shall be.

135. *Parcus profusus.*

O.d doting *Claudus* that rich miser known,
Made drunk one night, & jumping but with *Joan*,
Was forc't not onely to discharge the shot,
But keep the Bastard which the gull ne'r got.

136. *On Fr. Drake.*

Sir *Drake*, whom well the worlds end knew,
Which thou didst compass round,
And whom both Poles of Heaven once saw,
Which North and South do bound.
The Stars above would make thee known,
If men here silent were;
The Sun himself cannot forget,
His fellow Traveller.

137. *B. J. approbation of a copy of Verses.*

One of the witty sort of Gentlemen,
That held society with learned *Ben*—
Shew'd him some Verses of a tragick sense;
Which did his ear much curious violence;
But after *Ben* had been a kind partaker
Of the sad lines, he needs must know the maker;
What unjust man he was, that spent his time,
And banish'd Reason to advance his Rime:

Nay gentle *Ben*, replyes the Gentleman,
I see I must support the Poet than;
Although those humble strains are not so fit
For to please you, he's held a pretty wit;
Is he held so? (says *Ben*) so may a Goose:
Had I the holding, I would let him loose.

138. *Ut pluma persona.*

VVhy wears *Laurentius* such a lofty feather?
Because he's proud and foolish both together.

139. *Gain and Gettings.*

VVhen others gain much by the present cast,
The Coblers getting time, is at the last.

140. *Domina prædominans.*

Ill may *Radulphus* boast of rule or riches,
Then lets his wife rule him, and wear the breeches.

141. *On Doll.*

Doll she so soon began the wanton trade,
She ne'r remembers that she was a maid.

142. *To a Nose and Teeth very long.*

Gape 'gainst the Sun, and by thy Teeth and Nose,
'Tis easie to perceive how the day goes.

543. *On a Welshman and an Englishman.*

There was a time a difference began,
Between a Welshman and an Englishman,
And thus it was; the Englishman would stand
Against all Argument, that this our land
VVas freest of her fruits: there is a place,
Quoth he, whose ground so fruitful is of grass,
But throw a staff in 't but this night you shall
Not see't the morrow, 'twould be cover'd all.
The VVelshman cry'd, 'tis true it might lye under
The o'r-grown grass, which is with us no wonder:
For turn your Horse into our fruitful ground,
And before morning come, he shan't be found.

144. *On*

144. *On Pride.*

VVhy Pride to others doth her self prefer,
The reason's clear, she's heir to *Lucifer.*

145. *On Skrew.*

Skrew lives by shifts, yet swears by no small oaths,
For all his shifts, he can not shift his cloaths.

146. *O Mores.*

Now *vertu's* hid with *follies* jugling mist,
And he's no man that is no humorist.

147. *To Teltale.*

Thy glowing ears, to hot contention bent,
Are not unlike red Herrings broyl'd in lent.

148. *Sperando pariens.*

Hodg hir'd him such a house, at such a rent,
As might 'gainst marriage, much his state augment;
But lingring fates did so his hopes prevent,
As *Hodg* perforce must flie, for all was spent.

149. *On a Souldier.*

The Souldier fights well, and with good regard,
But when he's lame, he lies at an ill ward.

130. *Vivens mortuis.*

What makes young *Brutus* bear so high his head,
And on the sudden gallant it so brave?
Pray understand Sir; 's Father's newly dead,
VVho hath so long been wish'd for laid in's grave.

151. *A secret necessity.*

VVhat makes *T. G.* wear still one pair of hose?
Ask *Banks* the Broker; he the business knows.

152. *On Garret and Chambers,*

Garret and his Friend *Chambers* having done
Their City business, walkt to *Paddington,*
And coming neer the fatal place, where men,
I mean offenders, ne'r return agen,

Looking on Tyburn in a merriment:
Sayes *Chambers*, here's a pretty Tenement,
Had it a Garret? *Garret* hearing that,
Replyes, Friend *Chambers* I do wonder at
Your simple censure, and could mock you for it,
There must be *Chambers* e're there be a *Garret*.

152. *Dubium indubitatum.*

Say *Parnels* children prove not like th' other;
The best is yet, shee's sure they'd both one Mother.

154. *On Linnit.*

Linnit plays rarely on the Lute we know;
And sweetly sings, but yet his breath says no.

155. *On Usuring Gripe.*

Gripe feels no lameness of his knotty Gout.
His moneys travel for him in and out.
And though the soundest legs go every day,
He toyls to be at hell as soon as they.

156, *A phrase in Poetry.*

Fairer then that word fair, vvhy so she must,
Or be as black as *Timothies* toasted crust.

157. *A Witt-all.*

Zeppa thy Wit vvill ne'r endure a touch,
Thou knowst so little, and dost speak so much.

158. *Ad Lectorem*

Is't possible that thou my Book hast bought,
That said'st 'tvvas nothing vvorth? vvhy vvas it (nought?
Read it agen, perhaps thy wit was dull,
Thou may'st find something at the second pull:
Indeed at first thou nought didst understand;
For shame get something at the second hand.

159. *On Skinns.*

Skinns he din'd vvell to day; hovv do you think?
His nayls, they vvere his meat, his rhume the drink?

160. *Suum*

160. *Suum cuique pulchrum.*

Posthumus not the last of many more,
Asks vvhy I vvrite in such an idle vain,
Seeing there are of Epigrams such store;
O give me leave to tell thee once again,
That Epigrams are fitted to the season,
Of such as best knovv hovv to make rime reason.

161. *Certa dissimulans.*

Monsieur Piero's vvife trades all in French,
And coyly simpring cryes, *Pardona moy:*
As who should think, she'e sure no common wench
But a most true dissembler, *par may foy.*

162. *In magnis vo'u sse sat est.*

In matters great to will it doth suffice:
I blush to hear how loud this Proverb lyes,
For they that owe great sums by bond or bill,
Can never cancel them with meer good will.

163. *As proud as witless Dracus.*

Dracus his head is highly by him born,
And so by straws are empty heads of corn.

164. *Saltem videretur.*

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest state;
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
Yet would the Welshman nought his brags abate,
Ten Cooks, quoth he, in *Wales* one wedding sees;
Truth, quoth the other, each man toasts his cheese.

165. *Knowing and not knowing.*

Cosmus by custom taunts each man,
And yet can nought of reason scan,
How can that be, when vvho knovvs least.
Knows he should wise be, that vvould jest:
Then thus no further I allow,
That *Cosmus* knovvs, but knovvs not how.

166. *Stupid Binus.*

Sith time flyes faſt away; his ſafeſt flight,
Binus prevents with dreaming day and night.

167. *Poſtrema peſſima.*

Cocus in's cunning ne'r ſo prov'd o'r-reacht
As now at laſt, who muſt be halter-ſtretcht.

168. *On his Miſtreſs.*

My Love and I for kiſſes play'd,
She would keep ſtakes, I was content,
And when I won ſhe would be paid;
This made me ask her what ſhe meant,
Saith ſhe, ſince you are in this wrangling vain,
Take you your kiſſes, and give me mine again.

169. *On a proud Maid.*

She that will eat her breakfaſt in her bed,
And ſpend the morn in dreſſing of her head,
And ſit at dinner like a Maiden-bride,
And talk of nothing all day but of pride;
God in mercy may do much to ſave her,
But what a caſe is he in that ſhall have her?

170. *Tempus edax rerum.*

Time eateth all things, could the Poets ſay,
The times are chang'd, our times drink all away.

171. *Facies ignota:*

Why ſhould not *Rubin* rich apparel wear,
That's left more money then an Aſs can bear?
Can any gueſs him by his out ward guiſe,
But that he may be generous and Wiſe?

172. *On a coy Woman.*

She ſeems not vvon, yet won ſhe is at length;
In loves war, women uſe but half their ſtreng'h.

173. *On Bed-keeping.*

Bradus the Smith hath often ſworn and ſaid,
That no diſeaſe ſhould make him keep his bed,

His

His reason was, I oft have heard him tell it,
He wanted money, therefore he would sell it.

174. *On a man stealing a Candle from a Lanthorn*

One walking in the street a winter night,
Climb'd to a Lanthorn, thought t'have stole the light,
But taken in the manner and describ'd
By one o'th' servants, who look'd out & cry'd, (handle?
Whose there? what d'you? who doth our lanthorn
Nothing, said he, but only snuff the Candle.

175 *On Fraternus.*

Fraternus 'pinions show his reason weak,
He held the nose was made for man to speak.

376. *Little and Loud.*

Little you are; for womens sake be proud;
For my sake next, (though little) be not loud.

177. *On a French Fencer, that challenged Church an English Fencer.*

The fencing Gules in pride and vaunt,
Challeng'd the English at the Fencing skill,
The Fencer *Church*, or the *Church* Militant,
His errors still reprov'd and knock'd him still;
But sith our *Church* him disciplin'd so sore,
He (rank Recusant) comes to Church no more.

178. *On Gella.*

Gella is light, and like a Candle wasteth,
Even to the snuff, that stinketh more it lasteth.

179. *On* I. Lipsius *who bequeathed his Gown to the* V. Mary.

A dying Latinist of great renown,
Unto the Virgin *Mary* gave his Gown;
And was not this false Latine so to joyn
With female gender, the case masculine?

180. *On two striving together.*

Two falling out, into a ditch they fell,
Their falling out, was ill; but in was well.

181. *A Lawyers Will.*

A Lawyer being sick and extream ill,
Was moved by his friends to make his will,
Which soon he did, gave all the wealth he had
To frantick persons, lunatick, and mad;
And to his friends this reason did reveal;
(That they might see, with equity he'd deal)
From mad mens hands I did my wealth receive,
Therefore that wealth to mad mens hands I leave.

172. *Youth and Age.*

Age is deformed, Youth unkind,
We scorn their bodies, they our mind.

183. *Somnus decipiens.*

Dod sweetly dreamt this other night had found
In gold and silver ne'r an hundred-pound,
But waking felt he was with Fleas sore bitten,
And further smelt he had his shirt be———

184 *To a Shoomaker.*

What boots it thee, to follow such a trade,
That's alwayes under foot and underlaid?

185. *Death.*

The lives of men seem in two seas to swim,
Death comes to young folks, and old go to him.

186. *Quæ ergo, &c.*

Rufus in rage the Pots flings down the stairs,
And threats to pull the Drawer by the ears,
For giving such attendance: Slave (sayes he)
Where's thine observance? Ha! must such as we
Be no more waited on? Goe; bring to pay,
And keep my Rapier till I come this way.

187. *A disparity.*

Children fondly blab truth,
and fools their brothers;
Women have learn'd more wisdom
of their Mothers.

188. *To Maledict.*

Thou speakest ill, not to give men their dues,
But speakest ill, because thou canst not chuse.

189. *On Newter Ned.*

Newter convict of publick wrongs to men,
Takes private beatings, and begins agen;
Two kinds of valour he doth shew at once,
Active in's brains, and passive in his bones.

190. *Interpone tuis*, &c.

Not mirth, nor care alone, but inter-wreath'd;
Care gets mirths stomach, mirth makes care long
(breath'd

191. *Ignotus sibi.*

Fastidius finds it *Nimis ultra posse*,
How to distinguish of *Teipsum nosse*:
I do not marvel much it should be so,
For why the Coxcomb, will himself not know.

192. *On Craw.*

Craw cracks in Sirrop; and do's stinking say,
Who can hold that (my friends) that will away.

193. *Pot Poet.*

Poet and pot differs but in a letter,
Which makes the Poet love the pot the better.

194. *Content.*

Content is all we aim at with our store?
If that be had with little, what needs more?

195. *Fast and Loose.*

Paphus was marry'd all in hast,
And now to rack doth run;

So knitting of himſelf too faſt,
He hath himſelf undone.

195. *Tortas.*

Tortus accus'd to lye, to fawn, to flatter:
Said he but ſet a good face on the matter;
Then ſure he borrow'd it, for 'tis well known;
Tortus ne're wore a good face of his own.

197. *On Raſpe.*

Raſpe plays at Nine-holes, and 'tis known he gets
Many a Teaſter by his game, and bets;
But of his gettings there's but little ſign,
When one hole waſts more than he gets by nine.

198. *Impar impares odit.*

Sotus hates wiſe men, for himſelf is none,
And fools, he hates becauſe himſelf is one.

199. *Similis doctrina Libello.*

Cræſus of all things loveth not to buy
So many Books of ſuch diverſity:
Your Almanack (ſays he) yeelds all the ſence
Of time's paſt, profit, and experience.

200. *On Tullus.*

Tullus who was a Taylor by profeſſion,
Is late turn'd Lawyer, and of large poſſeſſion.
So who before did cut but Countrey freeze,
Now cuts the Countrey in exceſſive fees.

201. *Ut parta perdita.*

Marcellius proves a man of double means,
Firſt rais'd by drunkards, then undone by queens.

202. *On Jack and Jill.*

Since *Jack* and *Jill* both wicked be;
It ſeems a wonder unto me,
That they no better do agree.

203. *On*

203. *On Women.*

Woman's the centre, and the lines be men,
The circles, love; how do they differ then?
Circles draw many lines into the center,
But love gives leave to only one to enter.

204. *On Womans love.*

A womans love is like a Syrian flow'r,
That buds, and ſpreads, and withers in an hour.

205. *On Cook a Cuckold.*

A young Cook marryed upon Sunday laſt,
And he grew old e'r Tueſday night was paſt.

206. *Nomine, non re.*

Grace I confeſs it, hath a comely face,
Good hand and foot as anſwerable to it:
But what's all this except ſhe had more grace?
Oh you will ſay, 'tis want that makes her do it,
True, want of grace indeed, the more her ſhame:
Graceleſs by Nature, only Grace by Name.

207. *A Monſieur Naſo, vero le.*

Naſo let none drink in his glaſs but hee,
Think you 'tis pride? 'tis Courteſie.

208. *A Butcher marrying a Tanners daughter.*

A fitter match then this could not have bin,
For now the fleſh is married to the skin.

299. *A Widow.*

He which for's wife a Widow doth obtain,
Doth like to thoſe that buy clothes in *Long-lane*,
One coat's not fit, anothers to too old,
Their faults I know not, but th'are manifold.

210. *On a Farmer Knighted.*

In my conceit Sir *John*, you were to blame,
To make a quiet good-Wife, a mad-dame.

211. *On Pallas and Bacchus birth.*

Pallas the off-spring of *Joves brain*,
Bacchus out of his thigh was ta'en:
He breaks his brain that learning wins,
When he that's drunk breaks but his shins.

212. *On an old man doting upon a young Wench.*

A rich old man loving a fair young Lasse,
Out of his breeches his spectacles drew,
Wherewith he writ a note how rich he was;
All which (quoth he) sweet heart I'le give to you.
Excuse me Sir (quoth she) for all your riches,
I'le marry none that wears his eyes in's breeches

213. *On a Welshman.*

The Way to make a Welshman think on bliss,
And daily say his prayers on his knees,
Is to perswade him, that most certain 'tis,
The Moon is made of nothing but green Cheese;
Then he'l desire of *Jove* no greater boon,
Then to be plac'd in Heaven to eat the Moon.

214. *On Lungs.*

Lungs (as some say) ne'r sets him down to eat,
But that his breath doth fly-blow all his meat.

215. *Ad Quintum.*

Thy lawful Wife, fair *Lelia* needs must be,
For she was forc'd by law to marry thee.

216. *As many dayes in the year, so many Veins in man.*

That every thing we do might vain appear,
We have a vein for each day in the year.

217. *To a friend on the loss of his Mistress.*

If thou the best of Women didst forgo,
Weigh if thou found'st her, or didst make her so:
If she was found, know there is more than one;
If made, the workman lives though she be gone.

218. *On*

218. *On a Whore.*

Rosa is fair, but not a proper Woman;
Can any Woman proper be that's common?

219. *Æqualis consensus.*

Cæcus and's choice, for change no time defers,
Both separate, yet consenting each together,
He maids for his turn takes, she men for hers,
And so they jump, though seldom join together.

220. *On a Welshman.*

A Welshman late coming into an Inn,
Asked the Maid what meat there was within;
Cow-heels she answer'd, and a Breast of Mutton;
But quoth the Welshman, since I am no glutton;
Either of both shall serve; to night the breast;
The heels i'th morning, then light meat is best;
At night he took the breast; and did not pay,
I'th morning took his heels, and run away.

221. *On Men and Women.*

Ill thrives that hapless family that shows
A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that crows.
I know not which lives more unnatural lives,
Obeying Husbands or commanding Wives.

222. *On Linus.*

Linus told me of Verses that he made,
Riding to *London* on a trotting Jade;
I should have known, had he conceal'd the case:
Even by his Verses of his Horses pace.

223. *Sauce for sorrows.*

Although our sufferings meet with no relief,
An equal mind is the best sauce for grief.

324. *On a little dimunitive band.*

What is the reason of God-dam-me's band,
Inch-deep, and that his fashion doth not alter:

God-

God-dam-me ſaves a labour, underſtand,
In pulling't off when he puts on the halter.

225. *On fine apparel.*

Some that their Wives may neat and cleanly go,
Do all their ſubſtance upon them beſtow:
But who a Gold-finch, fain would make his Wife,
Makes her perhaps a Wag-tail all her life.

226. *Upon Conſcience.*

Many men this preſent age diſpraiſe,
And think men have ſmall conſcience now adays;
But ſure, I'l lay no ſuch fault to their charge,
I rather think their conſcience is too large.

227. *Dicta prædicta.*

Battus breaks jeſts on any thing that's ſpoken,
Provided alwayes, they before are broken.

228. *On Umber.*

Umber was painting of a Lyon fierce,
And working it by chance from *Umbers* Arſe
Flew out a crack, ſo mighty, that the fart,
(As *Umber* ſwears) did make his Lyon ſtart,

229. *In Cornutum.*

Cornutus cal'd his Wife both whore and ſlut,
Quoth ſhe, you'l never leave your brawling but—
But what quoth he? quoth ſhe, the poſt or door,
For you have horns to butt, if I'm a Whore.

230. *A witty paſſage.*

An old man ſitting at a Chriſtmaſs feaſt,
By eating Brawn occaſioned a jeſt;
For whilſt his tongue and gums chaſed about,
For want of pales the chaſed Bore broke out;
And light perchance upon a handſom laſs,
That near him at the table placed was;
Which when ſhe ſpy'd, ſhe pluck'd out of her ſleeve
A pin, and did it to the old man give;

Saying,

Saying, ſith your Brawn out of your mouth doth ſlip
Sir take this pin, and therewith cloſe your lip;
And burſting into laughter, ſtrain'd ſo much,
As with that ſtrain her back-part ſpake low-dutch
Which th'old man hearing, did the pin reſtore;
And bad her therewith cloſe her poſtern door.

231. *On Cob.*

Cob cloutes his ſhooes, and as the ſtory tells,
His thumb-nailes par'd afford him ſparables,

232. *Omnia pariter.*

Ralph reads a line or two, and then cries mew;
Deeming all elſe according to thoſe few;
Thou might'ſt have thought and prov'd a wiſer Lad;
(As *Joan* her fooding bought) ſome good, ſome bad.

233. *A new married Bride.*

The firſt of all our ſex came from the ſide of Man
Ithither am return'd from whence I came.

234. *On a Pudding.*

The end of all, and in the end,
the praiſe of all depends.
A Pudding merits double praiſe,
becauſe it hath two ends.

235. *Anſwer.*

A pudding has two ends; you lye my brother;
For it begins as one, and ends at th'other.

236. *Si nihil attuleris, ibis*, &c.

Planus, an honeſt Swaine, but money-leſs,
Beſought a Lawyer to be good unto him,
Who either (*gratis*) muſt his cauſe redreſs,
Or promiſe what he never meant to do him,
Being asked why he careleſs lingred it?
Made this reply, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

237. *On Maids.*

Moſt maids reſemble *Eve* now in their lives,
Who are no ſooner women, then they'are wives:

As *Eve* knew no man, e'r fruit wrought her wo;
So these have fruit oft e'r their husbands know.

238. *Ut cecidit surgit.*

Now *Martha* married is, shee'l brave it out,
Though ne'r so needy known to all about;
And reason good, she rise once in her life,
That fell so oft before she was a Wife.

239. *On a man whose choice was to be hang'd or married.*

M. Lo here's the Bride, and there's the tree,
Take which of these best liketh thee,
R. The choice is bad on either part,
The Womans worst, drive on the Cart.

240. *Women.*

Were women as little as they are good;
A Pescod would make them a gown and a hood.

241. *On a Louse*

A Louse no reason hath to deal so ill,
With them of whom she hath so much her will;
She hath no tongue to speak ought in their praise
But to backbite them finds a tongue alwayes.

242. *A Courtier and a Schollar meeting.*

A Courtier proud walking along the Street,
Hap'ned by chance a Schollar for to meet:
The Courtier said (minding nought more then place,)
Unto the Schollar (meeting face to face)
To take the wall, base men I'l not permit;
The Schollar said, I will; and gave him it,

243. *Cede Majoribus.*

I took the wall, one rudely thrust me by,
And told me the High-way did open lye,
I thank'd him that he would me so much grace,
To take the worse and leave the better place;
For if by owners we esteem of things,
The wall's the Subjects, but the way the Kings,

244. *On Betty.*

Sound teeth has *Betty*, pure as pearle and ſmall,
With mellow lips, and luſcious therewithal.

245. *A rule for Courtiers.*

He that will thrive in Court, muſt oft become,
Againſt his will, both blind, and deaf, and dumb.

346. *Why women wear a fall.*

A queſtion 'tis, why Women wear a fall;
The truth it is, to pride they're given all,
And pride, the Proverb ſayes, will have a fall.

247. *Foras expertus.*

Priſcus hath been a traveller for why?
He will ſo ſtrangely ſwagger, ſwear and lye.

248. *To a painted Whore.*

Whoſoever ſaith thou ſelleſt all, doth jeſt,
Thou buy'ſt thy beauty, that ſells all the reſt.

249. *Detur quod meritum.*

A Courtier kind in ſpeech curſt in condition,
Finding his faults could be no longer hidden
Came to his friend to clear his bad ſuſpition,
And fearing leaſt he ſhould be more then chidden
Fell to flatt'ring and moſt baſe ſubmiſſion:
Vowing to kiſs his foot if he were bidden.
My foot ſaid he? nay that were too ſubmiſs;
You three foot higher, well deſerve to kiſs.

250: *Non lubens loquitur.*

Gluto, at meals is never heard to talk,
For which the more his chaps and chin do walk,
When every one that ſets about the bord,
Makes ſport to ask, what *Gluto*, ne'r a word?
He forc'd to anſwer being very loath,
Is almoſt choak'd ſpeaking and eating both.

251. *On Philos.*

If *Philos*, none but thoſe are dead, do praiſe,
I would I might diſpleaſe him all his dayes.

252. *The*

252. *The Promise-breaker.*

Ventus doth promise much, but still doth break,
So all his promises are great and weak:
Like bubbles in the water (round and light)
Swelling so great, that they are broke out-right,

253. *Change.*

What now we like, anon we disapprove;
The new Successor drives away old love.

254. *On a passing Bell,*

This doleful musick of impartial death,
Who danceth after, danceth out of breath.

255. *Nummos & demona jungit.*

But bids you swell with envy till you burst,
So he be rich, and may his coffers fill,
Bringing th'example of the Fox that's curst
And threatning folks who have least power to kill;
For why 'tis known, his trade can never fall
That hath already got the Devil and all.

256. *Nil gratum ratione Carens.*

Paulus a Pamphlet doth in prose present
Unto his Lord (the fruits of idle time)
VVho far more careless, then therewith content,
VVisheth it were converted into rime:
VVhich done, and brought him at another season
Said, Now 'tis time, before nor rime nor reason

257. *Non cessat perdere Lusor.*

Ask *Ficus* how his luck at dicing goes:
Like to the tide (quoth he), it ebbs and flows,
Then I suppose his chance cannot be good,
For all men know 'tis longer ebb then flood.

258. *Womens policy.*

To weep oft, still to flatter, sometime spin,
Are properties women excel men in.

359. *Volucrem fit decipit auceps.*

Hidrus the Horse-courser (that cunning mate)
Doth with the buyers thus equivocate; Claps

Claps on his hand, and prays he may not thrive,
If that his Gelding be not under five.

260. *Perdat qui caveat emptor.*

Nor leſs meant *Promus* when that vow he made
Then to give o'r his couſening Tapſters trade,
Who check'd for ſhort and frothy meaſure, ſwore
He never would from henceforth fill pot more.

261, *On Death.*

How baſe hath ſin made man, to fear a thing
Which men call *Mors*? which yet hath loſt all ſting,
And is but a privation as we know,
Nay is no Word if we exempt the O:
Then let good men the fear of it defie,
All is but O, when they ſhall come to dye.

262, *To Mr,* Ben. Johnſon, *demanding the reaſon why he call'd his playes works,*

Pray tell me *Ben.* where doth the myſtery lurk,
VVhat others call a play, you call a VVork.

263. *Thus anſwer'd by a friend in* Ben. Johnſons *defence.*

The Authors friend thus for the Author ſays,
Ben's Plays are VVorks, when others works are plays

264. *On Crambo a lowſie ſhifter.*

By want of ſhifts ſince Lice at firſt are bred,
And after by the ſame increaſt and fed;
Crambo I muſe how you have Lice ſo many;
Since all men know, you ſhift as much as any,

265. *Ad Ariſtarchum.*

Be not agriev'd, my humerous lines afford
Of looſer language here and there a word:
Who undertakes to ſweep a common ſink,
I cannot blame him, though his broom do ſtink.

266. *In Aulum.*

Aulus gives nought, men ſay, though much he crave,
Yet I can tell to whom the Pox he gave.

267. *On covetous persons.*

Patrons are Latrons, then by this
Th'are worst of greedy people,
Whose cognizance a Wolfs head is,
And in his mouth a steeple.

268. *On a Dyar.*

Who hath time hath life, that he denies,
This man hath both; yet still he dies.

269. *Non verbera sed verba.*

Two Scholars late appointed for the field;
Must, which was weakest to the other yield;
The quarrel first began about a word,
Which now should be decided by the sword:
But e'r they drew: there fell that alteration,
As they grew friends again by disputation.

270. *Love and Liberty.*

Love he that will; it best likes mee
To have my neck from loves yoke free.

271. *To a neat reader.*

Thou say'st my verses are rude, ragged, rill;
Not like some other rimes, smooth dainty stuff,
Epigrams are like Satyrs, rough without,
Like Chesnuts sweet, take thou the kernel out.

272. *Of Letting.*

In bed a young man with his old VVife lay
O VVife quoth he, I've let a thing to day,
By which I fear, I am a loser much:
His VVife replyes, youths bargains still are such;
So turning from him angry at her heart,
She unawares let out a thundring —
O VVife, quoth he, no loser am I now,
A marv'lous saver I am made by you;
Young men that old Wives have may never fell;
Because old wives quoth he, let things so well.

273. *Sublata cauſa*, &c.

Why ſtudies *Silveſter* no more the Lawes,
'Tis thought *Duck-lane* has tane away the cauſe.

274. *Sapiat qui dives oportet.*

'Tis known how well I live, ſays *Romeo*,
And whom I liſt, I'le love, or will deſpiſe:
Indeed it's reaſon good it ſhould be ſo:
For they that wealthy are, muſt needs be wiſe:
But this were ill, if ſo it come to paſs,
That for your wealth you muſt be beg'd an aſs.

275. *In Doffem.*

Doffe riding forth, the wind was very big
And ſtrained courtſie with his Perriwig,
Leaving his ſconce behind ſo void of hair,
As *Eſops* Crow might break her Oyſter there;
Fool he to think his hair could tarry faſt,
When *Boreas* tears forreſts with a blaſt.

276. *Poſt dulcia, finis amarus*

Jenkin a Welſhman that had ſuits in Law,
Journeying to *London*, chanc'd to ſteal a Cow;
For which (pox on her luck as ne'r mon ſaw)
Was burnt within the fiſt and know not how:
Being ask'd if well the Lawes with him did ſtand,
Hur hath hur now (quoth *Jenkin*) in her hand.

277. *Femina ludificantur viros.*

Kind *Katharine* to her Husband kiſt theſe words,
Mine own ſweet *Will*, how dearly do I love thee!
If true (quoth *Will*) the world no ſuch affords.
And that it's true, I durſt his warrant be;
For ne'r heard I of woman good or ill,
But alwayes loved beſt, her own ſweet will.

278. *Ad Tuſſerum.*

Tuſſer, They tell me when thou wert alive,
Thou teaching thrift, thy ſelf couldſt never thrive;

So

So like the whetſtone many men are wont
To ſharpen others when themſelves are blunt.

229. *Præſtat videri quam eſſe.*

Clitus with clients is well cuſtomed,
That hath the Lawes but little ſtudied;
No matter *Clitus*, ſo they bring their fees,
How ill the caſe and thy advice agrees.

280. *Tunc tua res agitur.*

A jealous Merchant that a Sailor met,
Ask'd him the reaſon why he meant to marry,
Knowing what ill their abſence might beget,
That ſtill at Sea, conſtrained are to tarry?
Sir (quoth the ſaylor) think yon that ſo ſtrange?
'Tis done the time whiles you but walk th'Ex
change.

281. *On Skoles.*

Skoles ſtinks ſo deadly, that his breeches loath
His dampiſh buttocks furthermore to cloth:
Cloyd they ar up with Arſe; but hope a blaſt
Will whirle about, and blow them thence at laſt.

282. *A Conference*

A *Dane*, a *Spaniard*, a *Polonian*,
My ſelf a *Swiſſe*, with an *Hungarian*.
At ſupper met, diſcourſed each with other,
Drank, laught, yet none that underſtood another.

283. *In Marcum.*

Marcus is not an hypocrite, and why?
He flyes all good, to fly hypocriſy.

284. *Quod non verba ſuadeant.*

Sextus half ſav'd his credit with a jeſt,
That at a reckoning this deviſe had got,
When he ſhould come to draw amongſt the reſt,
And ſaw each man had coin, himſelf had not;
His empty pocket feels, and 'gins to ſay,
In ſadneſs Sirs here's not a croſs to pay.

285. *Stupia*

285. *Stupid Binus.*

Sith time flyes fast away, his safest flight
Binus prevents with dreaming day and night.

286. *In divites.*

Rich men their wealth as Children Rattles keep,
When play'd a while with't, then they fall asleep.

287. *In Fannium.*

What fury's this? his foe whilst *Fannius* flyes;
He kills himself, for fear of death he dyes.

288. *On a vaunting Poetaster.*

Cecilius boasts his Verses worthy be
To be ingraven on a Cypress tree;
A Cypress wreath befits them well, 'tis true;
For they are near their death, and crave but due.

289. *In divites iracundos.*

Rich friends 'gainst poor to anger still are prone:
It is not well but profitably done.

290. *Durum telum necessitas.*

Coquus with hunger pennilesse constrain'd
To call for meat and wine three shillings cost,
Had suddenly this project entertain'd,
In stead of what's to pay, to call mine host:
VVho being come entreateth him discuss,
VVhat price the Law alots for shedding blood:
VVhereto mine Host directly answers thus;
'Twas alwayes forty pence he understood:
So then, quoth *Coquus*, to requite your pains,
Pray break my head, and give me what remains.

291. *To an upstart.*

Thy old friends thou forgot'st having got wealth:
No marvail, for thou hast forgot thy self.

292. *Ambition.*

In ways to greatness, think on this,
That slippery all Ambition is.

293. *Suum*

293. *Suum cuique.*

A ſtrange contention being lately had,
VVhich kind of Muſick was the ſweet'ſt and beſt,
Some praiſe the ſprightly ſound, and ſome the ſad,
ſome lik't the Viols; and among the reſt,
Some in the Bag-pipes commendation ſpoke,
Quoth one ſtood by, give me a pipe of ſmoke.

294. *In Prodigum.*

Each age of men new faſhions doth invent;
Things which are old, young men do not eſteem:
VVhat pleas'd our Fathers, doth not us content:
VVhat flouriſh'd then, we out of faſhion deem:
And that's the cauſe as I do underſtand,
VVny *Prodigus* did ſell his Fathers Land.

295. *In Medicum.*

When *Mingo* cryes, how do you ſir? 'tis thought
He Patients wanteth; and his practice's naught:
VVherefore of late, now every one he meeteth,
VVith (I am glad to ſee you well) he greeteth:
But who'l believe him now, when all can tell.
The world goes ill with him, when all are well?

296. *On Zelot.*

Is *Zelot* pure? he is: ye ſee he wears
The ſign of *Circumciſion* in his ears.

297. *Criſpati crines plumæ dant calcar amori.*

VVhy is young *Annas* thus with feathers dight?
And on his ſhoulder wears a dangling lock?
The one foretels hee'l ſooner fly then fight,
The other ſhows hee's wrapt in's mothers ſmock.
But wherefore wears he ſuch a jingling ſpur?
O know he deals with Jades that will not ſtir.

298. *On Boung Bob.*

Bob, thou, nor ſouldier, theef, nor fencer art,
Yet by thy Weapon liv'ſt, th'haſt one good part,

299. *On*

299. *On Glaucus.*

Glaucus a man, a womans hair doth wear,
But yet he wears the ſame comb'd out behind:
So men the wallet of their faults do bear,
For if before him, he that fault ſhould find:
I think foul ſhame would his fair face invade,
To ſee a man ſo like a woman made.

300. *On Crab.*

Crab faces gowns with ſundry Furres; 'tis known,
He keeps the Fox-furre for to face his own.

301. *Dolo intimus.*

Nor Hauk, nor Hound, nor Horſ, thoſe letters *h, h, h.*
But ach it ſelf, 'tis *Brutus* bones attaches.

302. *Of Battardus.*

Battardus needs would know his Horoſcope,
To ſee if he were born to ſcape the rope.
The *Magus* ſaid, ere thou mine anſwer have,
I muſt the name of both thy parents crave:
That ſaid, *Botardus* could not ſpeak but ſpit;
For on his fathers name he could not hit:
And out of doors at laſt he ſtept with ſhame,
To ask his mother for his fathers name.

403. *Conſuetudo lex.*

Two Woers for a wench were each at ſtrife,
VVhich ſhould enjoy her to his wedded wife,
Quoth th' one, ſhe's mine, becauſe I firſt her ſaw;
She's mine, quoth th' other, by Pye-corner law:
Where ſticking once a prick on what you buy,
It's then your own, which no man muſt deny.

304. *On Womans denial.*

Women although they ne'r ſo goodly make it,
Their faſhion is but to ſay no, and take it.

305. *In Battum.*

Battus affirm'd no Poet ever writ:
Before that love inſpir'd his dull-head wit:

And that himſelf in love had wit no more,
Then one ſtark mad, though ſomwhat wiſe before.

306. *On Marriage.*

Wedding and hanging the deſtinies diſpatch,
But hanging ſeems to ſome the better match.

307. *Vidua aurata.*

Gallus hath got a widow wondrous old,
The reaſon is he woo'd her for her gold:
Knowing her Maids are young and ſerve for hire,
Which is as much as *Gallus* doth deſire.

308. *In Doll prægnantem.*

Doll learning *Propria quæ maribus* without Book
Like *Nomen creſcentis genitivo* doth look,

309. *Timidos fortuna repellit.*

When *Miles* the Serving-man my Lady kiſt,
She knew him not (though ſcarcely could reſiſt)
For this (quoth he) my Maſter bid me ſay; ——
How's that (quoth ſhe) and frowning flings away:
Vext to the heart, ſhe took her mark amiſs,
And that ſhe ſhould a ſerving creature kiſs.
Why thus it is when fools muſt make it known,
They come on others buſine's not their own.

310. *Againſt a certain.*——

For mad-men Bedlam, Bridewell for a Knave,
Chooſe whether of thoſe two th'adſt rather have.

311. *Loves progreſs.*

Loves firſt approach, delights ſweet ſong doth ſing:
But in departure, ſhe woe's ſting doth bring.

312. *On Old Scylla.*

Scylla is toothleſs, yet when ſhe was young,
She had both teeth enough, and too much tongue,
What ſhall I then of toothleſs *Scylla* ſay,
But that her tongue has worn her teeth away?

313. *On Gallants cloaks.*

Without; plain cloaks within, pluſh't: but I doubt
The wearer's worſt within, and beſt without.

314. *On Banks the Usurer.*

Banks feels no lameneſs on his knotty Gout,
His money travels for him in and out:
And though the ſoundeſt legs go every day.
He toils to be at Hell as ſoon as they.

315. *Pecunia prevalens.*

Tell *Tom* of *Plato's* worth or *Ariſtotles* (tle.
Hang't, give him wealth enough; let wit ſtop bot-

316. *On the ſame.*

Tom vow'd to beat his boy againſt the wall,
And as he ſtruck he forthwith caught a fall:
The boy deriding, ſaid, I do aver,
Y'have done a thing you cannot ſtand to ſir.

317. *On Debt.*

To be indebted is a ſhame men ſay,
Then 'tis confeſſing of a ſhame to pay.

318. *A forſworn Maid.*

Roſa being falſe and perjur'd once a friend
Bid me contented be, and mark her end:
But yet I care not, let my friends go fiddle;
Let him mark her end, I'l mark her middle.

319. *Adverſity.*

Love is maintain'd by wealth, when all is ſpent,
Adverſity then breeds the diſcontent.

320. *On Soranzo.*

Soranzo's broad brim hat I oft compare
To the vaſt compaſs of the heavenly ſphere:
His head, the Earth's globe, fixed under it;
Whoſe center is, his wondrous little wit.

321. *To a great Gueſt.*

With other friends I bid you to my Feaſt,
Though coming late, yet are you not the leaſt.

322. *In Cotton.*

Otta when he hath din'd ſaith, God be praiſed,
Yet never praiſeth God for meat or drink:

Sith *Cotta* ſpeaketh and not practiſeth,
He ſpeaketh ſurely what he doth not think.

323. *De Corde & Lingua.*

The tongue was once a Servant to the heart,
And what it gave ſhe freely did impart:
But now hypocriſy is grown ſo ſtrong,
She makes the heart a ſervant to the tongue.

314. *On Rump.*

Rump is a turn-ſpit, yet he ſeldom can
Steal a ſwolne ſop out of the dripping-pan.

325. *On Poverty.*

If thou be poor, thou ſhalt be ever ſo,
None now do wealth, but on the rich beſtow.

326. *In Ebrioſum.*

Fie man (ſaith ſhe) but I tell Miſtreſs *Anne*,
Her drunken Husband is no drunken man.
For thoſe wits which are overcome with drink,
Are voyd of reaſon, and are Beaſts I think.

327. *Wills error.*

Will ſays his wife's ſo fat, ſhe ſcarce can go,
But ſhe as nimbly anſwers, Faith Sir no:
Alas good *Will*, thou art miſtaken quite,
For all men know, that ſhe is wondrous light.

328. *On Rome.*

Hate and debate, *Rom e* throughthe world hath (ſpread,
Yet *Roma*, *amor* is, if backward read:
Then is't not ſtrange, *Rome* hate ſhould foſter? no
For out of backward love all hate doth grow.

329. *On Tuck.*

At Poſt and Paire, or Slam, *Tom Tuck* would play
This Chriſtmaſs, but his want therewith, ſays nay.

330. *Something no ſavour.*

All things have ſavour, though ſome but ſmall:
Nay, a box on th' ear hath no ſmell at all.

331. *Art, Fortune, and Ignorance.*

When Fortune fell asleep, and hate did blind her,
Art, Fortune lost; and Ignorance did find her:
Sith when, dull Ignorance with Fortunes store,
Hath been inrich'd, and Art hath still been poor.

332. *On Bibens.*

Bibens to shew his liberality,
Made *Lusus* drunk; (a noble quality, (prove
And much esteem'd) which *Bibens* fain would
To be the sign of his familiar love:
Lusus beware, thou'lt find him in the end,
Familiar Devil, no familiar friend.

333. *On Tobacco.*

Things which are cemmon, common men do use,
The better sort do common things refuse:
Yet Countries-cloth-breech, & Court-velvet hose,
Puff both alike Tobacco through the nose.

334. *On Cupid.*

Cupid no wonder was not cloath'd of old,
For love though naked, seldom e'r is cold.

335. *On Ebrio.*

See where *Don Ebrio*, like a Dutchman goes,
Yet drunk with English Ale, one would suppose
That he would shoulder down each door and wall,
But they must stand, or he poor soul must fall.

336. *On Love.*

Love hath two divers wings, as Lovers say:
Thou following him, with one he flyes away;
With th' other, if thou fly he follows thee:
Therefore the last, Love, onely use for me.

337. *On the same.*

Love, as 'tis said, doth work with such strange tools
That he can make fools wise men, wise men fools:
Then happy I, for being nor fool nor wise,
Love with his toyes and tools I shall despise.

338. *On a Woman*

Some the word *Woman* fetch, though with ſmall ſkill
From thoſe that want one to effect their will
If ſo, I think that wantons there are none,
For till the world want men, can they want none.

339. *Ingluviem ſequitur fames.*

Curio would feed upon the dantieſt fare,
That with the Court or Country might compare:
For what lets *Curio* that he need to care,
To frolick freely with the proud'ſt that dare:
But this exceſs was ſuch in all things rare,
As he prov'd bankrupt e'r he was aware.

340. *On Mauſters.*

Such *Mauſters*, as ill meaſure ſell for gain,
Are not meer knaves, but alſo knaves in grain.

341. *In Corbum.*

Corbus will not, perſwade him all I can,
The world ſhould take him for a Gentleman:
His reaſon's this, becauſe men ſhould not deem,
That he is ſuch as he doth never ſeem.

342. *On Priſcus Miſtreſs.*

Priſcus commends his Miſtriſs for a Girl,
Whoſe lips be rubies, and whoſe teeth are pearl:
Th'had need prove ſo, or elſe it would be found,
He pays too dear; they coſt him many a pound.

343. *On Women.*

Women think wo---men far more conſtant be,
Than we---men, and the letter O we ſee,
In wo--men, not in we--men, as they ſay,
Figures earths conſtant Orbe; we---men ſay nay;
It means the Moon which proves (none think it ſtrange
Women are conſtant, & moſt true in change

344. *On Souldiers.*

Nor faith nor conſcience common ſoldiers carry,
Beſt pay, is right; their hands are mercenary.

345. *Dra-*

345. *Druſius and Furio.*

Furio would fight with *Druſius* in the field,
Becauſe the ſtraw, ſtout *Druſius* would not y
On which their Miſtreſs trod; they both did meet
Druſius in field fell dead at *Furio's* feet;
One had the ſtraw, but with it this Greek letter Ω
The other loſt it, pray who had the better?

346. *On Cupid.*

Love is a Boy, and ſubject to the rod
Some ſay: but Lovers ſay he is a God:
I think that love is neither god nor boy,
But a mad brains imaginary toy.

347. *On Candidus.*

When I am ſick, not elſe, thou com'ſt to ſee me
Would fortune from both torments ſtill would free
(me

348. *On a Puritan.*

From impure mouths, now many bear the name
Of Puritan yet merit not the ſame.
This one onely ſhall be my Puritan
That is a knave, yet ſeems an honeſt man.

349. *Oſtendit hedera vinum.*

A ſcoffing mate, that paſt along Cheap-ſide,
Incontinent a gallant laſs eſpide.
Whoſe tempting Breaſts (as to the ſale laid out)
Incites this youngſter thus to 'gin to flout.
Lady (quoth he) is this fleſh to be ſold?
No Lord (quoth ſhe) for ſilver nor for gold,
But wherefore ask you? (and there made a ſtop)
To buy (quoth he) if not ſhut up your Shop.

350. *Quantum mutatus ab illo,*

Pedes grown proud makes men admire thereat (it
Whoſe baſer breeding, ſhould they think not bear
Nay, he on cock-horſe rides, how like you that?
Tut! *Pedes* proverb is, Win gold and wear it.
But *Pedes* you have ſeen them riſe in haſt,
That through their pride have broke their neck
(at laſt;

351. *Upon Lavina.*

Lavina brought to bed, her husband looks
To know's childs fortune throughout all his books,
(rather
His neighbours think h' had need ſearch backward
And learn for certain who had been the father.

352. *Report and Error.*

Error by Error, Tales by Tales great grow;
As Snow-balls do, by rowling to and fro.

353. *In Superbum.*

Ruſtick *Superbus* fine new cloaths hath got,
Of Taffata and velvet fair in ſight;
The ſhew of which hath ſo bewitcht the ſot,
That he thinks Gentleman to be his right:
But he's deceiv'd, for truth that is of old
An Ape's an Ape, though he wear cloth of gold

354. *No Truth in Wine.*

Truth is in wine, but none can find it there,
For in your Taverns, men will lye and ſwear.

355. *On Infidus.*

Infidus was ſo free of Oaths laſt day,
That he would ſwear, what e'r he thought to ſay.
But now ſuch is his chance, whereat he is griev'd
The more he ſwears, the leſs he is believ'd.

356. *On Celſus.*

Celſus doth love himſelf, *Celſus* is wiſe.
For now no Rival e'r can claim his prize.

357. *On Chriſtmaſs Ivy.*

At Chriſtmaſs men do always Ivy get,
And in each corner of the houſe it ſet;
But why do they, then, uſe that *Bacchus* weed?
Becauſe they mean, then *Bacchus*-like to feed.

358. *Adverſity.*

Adverſity hurts none, but onely ſuch
Whom whiteſt fortune dandled has too much.

359. *On Bacchus.*

Pot-lifting *Bacchus* to the earth did bend
His knee to drink a health to his friend:

And there he did so long in liquor pour,
That he lay quite sick drunk upon the floor.
Judge, was there not a drunkards kindness shown
To drink his friend a health, and loose his own?

360. *Of a Fat man.*

He's rich that hath great in-comes by the year:
Then that great belly'd man is rich I'l swear:
For sure his belly ne'r so big had bin,
Had he not daily had great commings in.

361. *A wished Cramp.*

Some have the Cramp in legs, and hands, 'tis told;
I wish't in my wifes tongue, when she doth scold.

362. *Vindicta vim sequitur.*

Nick being kick'd, and spur'd pursues the Law,
That doom'd the dammage at twice forty pence.
Which when the party which had wrong'd him saw,
Thought 'twas too great a fine for such offence.
Why then, quoth *Nick*, if I too much request;
Thou maist at any time kick out the rest,

363. *On Flaccus.*

Flaccus being young, they said he was a Gull;
Of his simplicity each mouth was full:
And pitying him, they'd say, the Foolish Lad
Would truly be deceived, of all he had.
His youth is past, now may they turn him loose
For why? the gull is grown to be a Goose,

364. *Per plumas anser.*

See how young *Rufus* walks in green each day,
As if he ne'r was youthful until now:
Ere Christmas next, his green Goose will be gray,
And those high burnish'd plumes in's cap will bow:
But you do wrong him, since his purse is full,
To call him Goose, that is so young a Gull.

365. *Of Jenkin.*

Jenkin is a rude Clown, go tell him so;
What need I tell, what he himself doth know?

Perhaps

Perhaps he doth not, then he is a sot;
For tell me, what knows he that knows it not?

365. *On Trigg.*

Trigg having turn'd his sute he struts in state,
And tells the world he's now regenerate.

366. *To Fortune.*

Poets say, Fortune's blind, and cannot see,
And therefore to be born withal, if she
Sometimes drops gifts on undeserving weights:
But sure they are deceiv'd; she hath her sight;
Else could it not at all times so fall out, (out
That fools should have, and wise men go with

367. *On Briscus.*

I pray you give Sir *Briscus* leave to speak,
The Gander loves to hear himself to creak.

368. *On an English Ape.*

Would you believe, when you this Monsieur see,
That his whole body should speak *French*, not he?
That he untravell'd should be *French* so much,
As *French* men in his company should seem *Dutch*?
Or hung some *Monsieurs* picture on the wall;
By which his *damne* conceiv'd him, cloaths and all?
No, 'tis the new *French* Taylors motion, made
Daily to walk th' Exchange and help the trade.

369. *Possessions.*

Those Possessions short liv'd are
Into the which we come by war.

370. *Nulla dies sine linea.*

By ever learning, *Salon* waxed old,
For time he knew, was better far than gold:
Fortune would give him gold which would decay
But Fortune cannot give him yesterday.

371. *In Cornutum.*

One told his wife, a Harts-head he had brought,
To hang his hat upon, and home it brought;

To

To whom his frugal wife, what needs that care?
I hope, ſweet heart, your head your hat can bear.

372. *On More-dew.*

More-dew the Mercer, with a kind ſalute,
Would needs intreat my cuſtom for a ſuit:
Here Sir, quoth he, for Sattins, Velvets call,
What e'r you pleaſe, I'l take your word for all.
I thank'd, took, gave my word; ſay than,
Am I at all indebted to this man?

373. *Patri jugo dulcis tractus.*

When *Cecus* had been wedded now three days,
And all his neighbours bad God give him joy,
This ſtrange concluſion with his wife aſſayes,
Why till her marriage-day ſhe prov'd ſo coy: (yield
'Fore God (ſaith he) 'twas well thou didſt not
For doubtleſs then my purpoſe was to leave thee.
Oh Sir (quoth ſhe) I once was ſo beguild, (me
And thought the next man ſhould not ſo deceive
Now fie upon't (quoth he) thou breedſt my wo.
Why man (quoih ſhe) I ſpeak but *quid pro quo.*

374. *On Sims marriage.*

Six months (quoth *Sim*, a Suiter and not ſped
I in a ſev'n-night did both woo and wed (ſhake;
Who green fruit loves, muſt take long pains to
Thine was ſome down fall, I dare undertake.

375. *Upon Sis.*

Sis brags ſhe hath beauty, and will prove the ſame:
As how? as thus Sir; 'tis her puppies name.

376. *On Clym.*

Clym calls his wife, and reckoning all his neighbor
Juſt half of them are Cuckolds he averss
Nay ſir quoth ſhe; I would they heard you ſpeak:
You of your ſelf it ſeems no reckoning make.

377. *On Gut.*

Science puffs up ſays *Gut*, when either Peaſe,
Make him thus ſwell, or windy Cabbages.

378. *On Womens faults*

We men in many faults abound,
But two in women can be found:
The worſt that from their Sex proceeds,
Is naught in words, and naught in deeds

379. *To a Muck-worm.*

Content great riches is, to make which true,
Your Heir would be content to bury you.

380. *On Law.*

Our Civil Law doth ſeem a Royal thing,
It hath more titles then the Spaniſh King.
But yet the Common-Law quite puts it down,
In getting like the Pope, ſo many a Crown.

381. *In Coam.*

A nor ∩ will *Coa* eſpy,
Till ſhe aſcend up to the corner'd ∩.

382. *Maids Nay's.*

Maids Na yes are nothing, they are ſhy
But to deſire what they deny.

383. *De Ore.*

Os of O. a Mouth, *Scaliger* doth make;
And from this letter, Mouth his name doth take:
And I had been of *Scalingers* belief,
But that I look'd in O, and ſaw no Teeth.

384. *In Hugonem.*

Though praiſe, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* never none,
Yet praiſe, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* ever one;
For praiſe and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* himſelf alone.

385. *On Severus.*

Severus is extream in eloquence.
For he creates rare phraſe, but rather ſenſe:
Unto his Serving-man, *alias* his Boy,
He utters ſpeech exceeding quaint and coy;
Diminutive, and my defective ſlave,
My pleaſures pleaſure is, that I muſt have

My Corps Coverture, and immediately,
T' insconce my person from frigility.
His man believ's all's Welsh his Master spoke,
Till he rails English, Rogue go fetch my Cloke.

386. *On Julius weeping.*

She by the River sate, and sitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a tear.

387. *On a Gallant.*

What Gallant's that, whose Oaths fly through (mine ears?
How like a Lord of *Pluto's* Court he swears!
How Dutchman-like he swallows down his drink!
How sweet he takes Tobacco till he stink
How lofty sprighted he disdains a Boor!
How faithful hearted he is to a———
How Cock-tail proud he doth himself advance!
How rare his spurs do ring the Morrice-dance!
Now I protest by Mistriss *Susans* Fan,
He and his boy will make a proper man.

388. *On* Vertue, Milla's *Maid.*

Saith *Aristotle*, *Vertue* ought to be
Communicative of her self and free;
And hath not *Vertue*, *Milla's* maid, been so?
Who's grown hereby, as big as she can go.

389. *On Corydon.*

An home-spun Pheasant with his Urine glass,
The Doctor ask'd what Country-man he was.
Quoth *Corydon*, with making legs full low,
Your worship, that, shall by my water know.

290. *On a Spanish Souldier.*

A Spanish Souldier, sick unto the death,
His Pistol to's Physitian did bequeath.
Who did demand, what should the reason be,
'Bove other things to give him that; (quoth he)
This with your practice joyned, you may kill,
Sir all alive, and have the world at will.

391. *Up-*

391. *Upon the Aſs*

The Aſs a Courtier on a time would be,
And travel'd forrain Nations for to ſee;
But home returned, faſhion he could none,
His main and tail were onely larger grown,

392. *On Hypocriſy*

As Veniſon in a poor mans Kitchin's rare;
So Hypocrites and Uſurers in Heaven are.

393. *Dæmonum certamen.*

A Broker and an Uſurer contended,
Which in's profeſſion was the moſt befriended:
And for experience more to have it tride,
A Scrivener muſt the difference decide,
To whom (quoth he) you like the Fox & Cub,
One ſhall be *Mammon*, th' other *Belzebub*.

394. *On Love.*

Love's of it ſelf too ſweet, the beſt of all
Is; when Loves honey has a daſh of gall.

395. *On Man and Woman.*

When Man and Woman dyes as Poets ſung;
His Heart's the laſt that ſtirs, of hers the Tongue.

396. *On Fabullus.*

I ask'd *Fabullus* why he had no wife?
(Quoth he) becauſe I'd live a quiet life.

397. *On Formus.*

Formus takes pains, he need not without doubt,
O yes, he labours much. How? with the Gout.

398. *Quid non ebrietas.*

Rubin reports, his Miſtriſs is a Punk:
Which being told her, was no whit diſmaid
or ſure as death (quoth ſhe) the Villians drunk.
Fnd in that taking, knows not what he ſaid.
'Twas well excus d, but oft it comes to paſs,
That true we find, *In vino veritas.*

399. *No Pains no Gain.*

If little labour, little are our gains,
Mans fortunes are according to his pains.

400. *Infirmis animosus.*

Pontus by no means from his coyn departs,
Z'foot, will you have of men more than their hearts?

401. *Aculina ad curiam.*

Lixa, that long a Serving-groom hath been,
Will now no more the man be known or seen:
And reason good, he hath the place resign'd;
Witness his cloak, throughout with Velvet lin'd,
Which by a Paradox comes thus to pass;
The greasie Gull is turn'd a gallant ass.

402. *Frustra vocaveris heri.*

Dick had but two words to maintain him ever,
And that was Stand, and after stand Deliver.
But *Dick*'s in Newgate, and he fears shall never
Be blest again with that sweet word, Deliver.

403. *Magnis non est morandum.*

See how *Silenus* walks accomplished,
With due performance of his fathers page:
Looks back of purpose to be honoured,
And on each slight occasion 'gains to rage;
You, villain, dog, where hath your stay bin such?
Quoth he, the Broker would not lend so much.

404. *Puduit sua damna referre.*

Such ill success had *Dick* at Dice last night,
As he was forc'd, next day, play least in sight:
But if you love him, make thereof no speeches,
He lost his Rapier, Coak, and Velvet Breeches.

405. *Ad Lectorem.*

Reader, thou seest how pale these papers look,
While they fear thy hard censure on my Book.

406. *Nimis docuit consuetudo.*

Old *Fucus* board is oft replenished,
But nought thereof must be diminished,

Un-

Unleſs ſome worthleſs upper-diſh or twain;
The reſt for ſervice ſtill again remain.
His man that us'd to bring them in for ſhow,
Leaving a diſh upon the bench below.
Was by his maſter (much offended) blam'd,
Which he, as brief, with anſwer quickly fram'd,
T'hath been ſo often brought afore this day,
As now ch'ad thoſt it ſelf had known the way.

407. *Poculo junguntur amici.*

A health ſaid *Lucas*, to his Loves bright eye;
Which not to pledge, were much indignity;
You cannot do him greater courteſie,
Then to be drunk, and damn'd for company.

408. *Nullum ſtimulum ignaris.*

Cecus awake, was tol'd the Sun appear'd,
Which had the darkneſs of the morning clear'd:
But *Cæcus* ſluggiſh, thereto makes reply,
The Sun hath further far to go than I.

409. *In Richardum.*

At three go-downs *Dick* doffs me off a pot,
The Engliſh Gutter's Latine for his throat.

410. *Non penna ſed uſus.*

Cajus accounts himſelf accurſt of men,
Only becauſe his Lady loves him not:
Who, till he taught her, could not hold her pen
And yet hath ſince another Tutor got.
Cajus it ſeems, Thy skill ſhe did but cheapen
And means to try him at another weapon.

411. *An abſolute Gallant.*

If you will ſee true valour here diſplay'd.
Hear *Poly-phemus*, and be not afraid.
D'ye ſee me wrong'd, and will ye thus reſtrain me?
Sir let me go, for by the hilts I'l brain ye.
Shall a baſe patch with appearance wrong me?
I'l kill the villain, pr'y do not prolong me.

Cal

Call my Tobacco putrified ſtuff,
Tell me it ſtinks? ſay it is droſs I ſnuff?
Sirrah! what are you? why Sir what would you?
I am a Prentice, and will knock you too:
O are you ſo? I cry you mercy then,
I am to fight with none but Gentlemen.

412. *To Momus.*

Momus thou ſay'ſt my Verſes are but toys:
Tis true, yet truth is often ſpoke by boyes.

413. *In Dolentem.*

Dolens doth ſhew his purſe, and tells you this,
It is is more horrid then a Peſt-houſe is;
For in a Peſt-houſe many mortals enter,
But in his purſe one Angel dares not venter.

414. *Abditio perditio.*

From *Mall*, but merry, men but mirth derive,
For *trix* 'tis makes prove her demonſtrative.

415. *On a Gallant.*

Sirrah, come hither, boy, take view of me,
My Lady I am purpos'd to go ſee;
What doth my Feather flouriſh with a grace?
And this my curled hair become my face?
How decent doth my Doublet's form appear?
I would I had my Sute in Long-lane here.
Do not my ſpurs pronounce a ſilver ſound?
Is not my hoſe-circumference profound?
Sir theſe be well, but there is one thing ill,
Your Taylor with a ſheet of Paper-bill,
Vows hee'l be paid, and Sergeants he hath fee'd.
Which wait your coming forth to do the deed.
Boy God-a-mercy, let my Lady ſtay,
I'll ſee no Counter for her ſake to day.

416. *In Sextum.*

Sextus ſix pockets wears, two for his uſes;
The other four to pocket up abuſes.

417. *A Stammerer.*

Balbus with other men would angry be,
Becauſe they could not ſpeak as well as he:
For others ſpeak but with their mouths he knows,
But *Balbus* ſpeaks both through the mouth & noſe.

418. *On himſelf.*

I diſlikt but even now;
Now I love I know not how.
VVas I idle and that while
VVas I fired with a ſmile?
Ile to work, or pray, and then
I ſhall quite diſlike agen.

419. *Tom's Fortune.*

Tom tel's he's robb'd, and counting all his loſſes,
Conclude, all's gone, the world is full of croſſes:
If all be gone, *Tom* take this comfort then,
Th' art certain never to have croſs agen.

420. *Opus and Uſus.*

Opus for need conſum'd his wealth apace,
And ne'r would ceaſe until he was undone:
His brother *Uſus* liv'd in better caſe
Than *Opus* did, although the eldeſt ſon.
'Tis ſtrange it ſhould be ſo, yet here was it.
Opus had all the Land, *Uſus* the Wit.

421. *A good Wife.*

A Batchelor would have a VVife were wiſe,
Fair, rich, and young, a maiden for his bed——
Nor proud, nor churliſh, but of faultleſs ſize;
A Country houſwife in the City bred.
But he's a fool, and long in vain hath ſtaid;
He ſhould beſpeak her, there's none ready made.

422. *Anger.*

Wrongs if neglected, vaniſh in ſhort time,
But heard with anger, we confeſs the crime.

423. *Upon*

423. *Upon Gellia.*

VVhen *Gellia* went to ſchool, and was a Girl;
Her teeth for whiteneſs might compare with pearl
But after ſhe the taſte of ſweet meets knew,
They turn'd all Opals to a perfect blew;
Now *Gellia* takes Tobacco what ſhould let,
But laſt they ſhould converted be to jet?

424. *On an unconſtant Miſtreſs.*

I dare not much ſay when I thee commend,
Leſt thou be changed e'r my praiſes end.

425. *In Lesbium.*

VVhy ſhould I love thee *Lesbia?* I no reaſon ſee:
Then out of *Reaſon Lesbia*, I love thee.

426. *In Paulinum.*

Paul by day wrongs me, yet he daily ſwears
He wiſheth we as well as to his ſoul:
I know his drift to damn that he nougnt cares,
To pleaſe his body, therefore good friend *Paul*,
If thy kiud nature will afford me grace,
Hereafter love me in thy body's place.

427. *On Zeno.*

Zeno would fain th'old widow *Eagle have*,
Truſt me he's wiſe, for ſhe is rich and brave:
But *Zeno*, *Zeno*, ſhe will none of you;
In my mind ſhe's the wiſer of the two

428. *Of a Drunkard.*

Cinna one time moſt wonderfully ſwore,
That whilſt he breate'd he would drink no more.
But ſince I know his meaning, for I think
He meant he would not breath whilſt he did drink.

429. *To Cotta.*

Be not wroth *Cotta*, that I not ſallute thee,
I us'd it whilſt I worthy did repute thee;
Now thou art made a painted Saint, and I,
Cotta, will not commit Idolatry.

430. *To Women.*

Ye that have beauty, and withal no pitty,
Are like a prick-long leſſon without ditty.

431. *On Creta.*

Creta doth love her husband wondrous well,
It needs no proof, for every one can tell:
So ſtrong's her love, that if I not miſtake,
It doth extend to others for his ſake.

432. *On Priſcus*

Why ſtill doth *Priſcus* ſtrive to have the wall?
Becauſe he's often drunk and fears to fall.

433. *On Rufus.*

At all, quoth *Rufus*, lay you what you dare,
I'll throw at all, and 'twere a peck of gold;
No life lies on't, then coyn I'll never ſpare;
Why *Rufus*, that's the cauſe of all that's ſold?
For with frank Gameſters it doth oft befall,
They throw at all, till thrown quite out of all.

434. *On Tobacco.*

Tobacco is a weed of ſo great pow'r,
That it (like earth) doth all it feeds devour.

435. *Upon Naſuto.*

When at the Table once I did averr,
Well-taken diſcords beſt did pleaſe the ear,
And would be judg'd by any Quiriſter,
Were in the Chappel, *Pauls* or *Weſtminſter*;
Naſuto ſitting at the nether end, (friend
(First having drunk and cough'd) quoth he my
If that were true, my wife and I, I fear,
Should ſoon be ſent to ſome Cathedral Quire.

436. *Nec vultus indicat virum.*

Dick in a raging deep diſcourteſy,
Calls an Atturny meer Neceſſity:
The more knave he admit he had no Law,
Muſt he be flouted at by every Daw?

437. *On Furius.*

Furius a lover was, and had loving fits,
He lov'd ſo madly that he loſt his wits;
Yet he loſt nought, yet grant I, he was mad,
How could he loſe that which he never had?

338. *Fools Fortune.*

Fools have great fortune, but yet not all,
For ſome are great fools, whoſe fortune's ſmall.

439. *Tace ſad age.*

Little or nothing ſaid, ſoon mended is,
But they that nothing do, do moſt amiſs.

440. *On Count-ſurly.*

Count-ſurly will no Scholar entertain:
Or any wiſer than himſelf; how ſo?
The reaſon is, when fools are in their train,
His wit amongſt them, makes a goodly ſhow.

441. *On Women.*

When men lay dead-like, woman took her life,
From a crook't emblem of her nuptial ſtrife;
And hence (as bones would be at reſt) her eaſe
She loves ſo well, and is ſo hard to pleaſe.

442. *Verſes.*

Who will not honour noble Numbers, when
Verſes out-live the braveſt deeds of men?

443. *Poor Irus.*

Irus uſing to lie upon the ground,
One morning under him a feather found,
Have I all night here lien ſo hard (quoth he)
Having but one poor feather under me:
I wonder much then how they take their eaſe,
That night by night, lie on a bed of theſe.

444. *Merry Doll.*

I blame not luſty *Doll*, that ſtrives ſo much,
To keep her light heart free from ſorrows touch:
She'l dance and ſing a hem boys, hey all fix,
She's ſteel to th' back, all mirth, all *meretrix*.

445. *Hea-*

445. *Heaven and Hell.*

If Heaven's call'd the place where Angels dwell,
My purſe wants Angels, pray then call that Hell.

446. *Like queſtion like anſwer.*

A young beginner walking through Cheap-ſide,
A houſe ſhut up he preſently eſpy'd
And read the Bill, which o'r the door was ſet,
VVhich ſaid, the houſe and ſhop was to be let;
That known, he ask'd a young man preſently,
VVhich at the next door ſtood demurely.
May not this ſhop be let alone? quoth he,
Yes you may let't alone for ought *I* ſee.

447. *On deaf Joan.*

She prates to others, yet can nothing hear,
Juſt like a ſounding Jugg that wants an ear.

448. *Of an ill Wife.*

Priſcus was vveeping when his wife did dye,
Yet he was then in better caſe then *I*:
I ſhould be merry, and ſhould think to thrive,
Had *I* but his dead wife for mine alive.

449. *Meum & Tuum.*

Meggs lets her husband boaſt of rule and riches,
But ſhe rules all the roaſt, and wears the breeches.

450. *Deaths Trade.*

Death is a Fiſherman, the world we ſee
His Fiſh-pond is, and we the Fiſhes be.
He ſometimes Angler-like, doth with us play,
And ſlily takes us one by one away;
Diſeaſes are the murthering-hooks, which he
Doth catch us with, the bait mortality,
VVhich we poor ſilly fiſh devour, till ſtrook,
At laſt too late vve feel the bitter hook.
At other times he brings his net, and then
At once ſweeps up whole Cities full of men,
Drawing up thouſands at a draught and ſaves
Onely ſome few, to make the others graves:

His

His Net some raging pestilence; now he
Is not so kind as other Fishers be;
For if they take one of the smaller frye,
They throw him in again, he shall not dye:
But death is sure to kill all he can get,
And all is Fish with him that comes to Net.

451. *On Bice.*

Bice laughs when no man speaks, and doth protest
It is his own breech there that breaks the jest.

452. *Valiant in drink.*

VVho onely in his Cups will fight, is like
A clock that must be oyl'd well ere it strike.

453. *Master and Scholar.*

A *Pedant* ask'd a *Puny* ripe and bold,
In an hard frost, the Latine word for *cold*:
I'l tell you out of hand, (quoth he) for lo,
I have it at my fingers ends, you know.

454. *Gasters great belly.*

Gaster did seem to me to want his eyes,
For he coold neither see his legs nor thighs;
But yet it was not so; he had his sight,
Onely his belly hanged in his light.

455. *Drunken Dick*

VVhen *Dick* for want of drunken mates grows sick,
Then with himself to vvork goes faithful *Dick*.
The buttery door 't himself he shutteth close (nose:
That done then goes the pot straightvvays to's
A health (quoth noble *Dick*) each hogs-head than
Must seeming pledge this honest faithful man:
But straight from kindness *Dick* to humours grovvs
And then to th' barrels he his valour shovvs,
Throvving about the cups, the pots the glasses,
And rails at the tuns, calling them drunken asses:
Ne'r ceasing this faithful coyl to keep,
Till under th' hogshead he falls fast asleep.

456. *In*

456. *In Sextinum.*

A pretty block *Sextinus* names his Hat,
So much the fitter for his head by that.

457. *Sine Sanguine.*

Ralph challeng'd *Robin*, time and place appointed,
Their Parents heard on't, O how they lamented!
But good luck was, they ſoon vvere freed of fear,
The one ne'r meant, the other came not there.

458. *On humane bodies.*

Our bodies are like ſhoes, which off vve caſt,
Phyſick their Cobler is, and death the Laſt.

459. *On Trencherman.*

Tom ſhifts the Trenchers, yet he never can,
Endure that luke-vvarm name of Servingman;
Serve or not ſerve, let *Tom* do vvhat he can,
He is a ſerving, vvho's a *Trencher-man.*

460. *A Toothleſs-prattler.*

Nature the teeth doth as an edge ordain,
The nimble frisking tongue for to contain:
No marvel then ſince that the hedg is out,
If *Fuſcus* tongue walketh ſo faſt about.

461. *A Muſical Lady.*

A Lady fairer far then fortunate,
(In dancing) thus o'r-ſhot her ſelf of late,
The Muſick not in tune, pleaſ'd not her mind,
For vvhich ſhe vvith the Fiddlers fault did find;
Fidlers (quoth ſhe) your Fiddles tune for ſhame;
But as ſhe vvas a ſpeaking of the ſame,
To mend the conſort, let ſhe did a (F.)
Whereas the fidling knave thus did her greet,
Madam your pipe's in tune, it plays moſt ſweet;
Strike up, qd. they, (but then the knaves did ſmile)
And as you pipe; vvee'l dance another vvhile.
At vvhich avvay the bluſhing Lady flings,
But as ſhe goes, her former notes ſhe ſings.

462. *In*

462. *In Laurettam.*

Lauretta is laid o'r, how I'l not ſay,
And yet I think two manner of wayes I may,
Doubly laid o'r, *videlicet*, her face,
Laid o'r wirh colours, and her coat with Lace.

On Macer.

You call my verſes toys, they are ſo, 'tis true,
Yet they are better than ought comes from you.

464. *Briskap the Gallant.*

Though thou haſt little judgment in thy head,
More then to dreſs thee, drink and go to bed;
Yet may'ſt thou take the wall, & th' way ſhalt lead,
Sith Logick wills that ſimple things preceed.

465. *Neceſſity hath no Law.*

Florus did beat his Cook, and 'gain to ſwear,
Becauſe his meat was rotten roaſted there. (Law,
Peace good Sir (quoth the Cook) Need hath no
Tis rotten roaſted, cauſe 'was rotten raw.

466. *In Carientium.*

Carentius might have wedded where he woo'd,
But he was poor, his means was nothing good,
'Twas but for lack of living that he loſt her;
For why? no penny now, no *Pater Noſter*.

467. *On Harpax.*

Harpax gave to the poor all by his will,
Becauſe his heir ſhould not faign'd tears diſtil.

468. *To a Barber.*

Tonſorius onely lives by cutting hair,
And yet he brags that Kings to him ſit bear:
Methinks he ſhould not brag and boaſt of it,
For he muſt ſtand to beggars while they ſit.

469. *Upon Grandtorto.*

The morrow after juſt Saint *Georges* day,
Grandtorto piteous drunk, ſate in a ditch,
His hands by's ſide, his gelding ſtray'd away,
His ſcarlet hoſe, and doublet very rich;

With mud and mire all beaſtly raid, and by
His feather with his cloſe-ſtool-hat did ly.
We ask'd the reaſon of his ſitting there,
Zounds 'cauſe I am King *Solomon* (quoth he)
And in my Throne; then for the love we bear,
(Replyed my ſelf) unto your Majeſty,
Wee'l pull you out, & henceforth wiſh your grace
Would ſpeak your Proverbs in a warmer place.

470. *The Fencer and Phyſick Doctor.*

Lie thus the (Fencer cries) thus muſt you guard,
Thus muſt you ſlip, thus point, thus paſs, thus ward
And if you kill him Sir, this trick learn then
With this ſame trick you may kill many men.
A Doctor ſtanding by, cries, Fencing fool,
Both you and he to me may come to ſchool,
Thou doſt but prate: my deeds ſhall ſhow my skill
Where thou hurt'ſt one, an hundred I do kill.

471. *In Luſiam.*

Luſia who ſcorns all other imitations,
Cannot abide to be out-gone in faſhions:
She ſays ſhe cannot have a hat or ruff,
A gown, a peticoat, a band or cuff.
But that theſe Citizens (whom ſhe doth hate)
Will get into't, at ne'r ſo dear a rate:
But *Luſia* now doth ſuch a faſhion wear,
TWhoſe hair is curl'd, and coſts her ſomewhat dear
That there's no Citizen what e'r ſhe be,
Can be transform'd ſo like an Owl as ſhe.

472. *Kiſſes.*

Give the food that ſatisfies a Gueſt:
Kiſſes are but dry banquets, to a feaſt.

473. A *Civilian.*

A luſty old grown-grave gray-headed Sir,
Stole to a wench, to quench his luſts deſire;
She ask'd him what profeſſion he might be?
am a Civil Lawyer, Girl, (quoth he)

A Civil Lawyer Sir! you make me muſe,
Your talk's too broad for Civil men to uſe;
If Civil Lawyers are ſuch bawdy men,
Oh what (quoth ſhe) are other Lawyers then?

474. *Rainaldo and Rainer*

Rainaldo meeting *Reiner* in the ſtreet,
Deep in his debt, he doth thus *Reiner* greet,
You know ſome money is betwixt us two,
That well-nigh theſe ten years hath bin due;
Quoth *Reiner* (looking down unto his feet)
I' faith and we will part it, if I ſee't:
But as I live *Rainaldo* I find none,
As fain as you, I would you had your own,

475. *Spinus his choice.*

Spinus would wed, but he would have a wench
That hath all tongues, Italian, Spaniſh, French,
But I diſſwade him; for if ſhe hath any,
She hath enough; if two, ſhe hath too too many.

476. *Backbiters*

When *Codrus* catches fleas, what e'r he ailes,
He kills them with his teeth, not his nails;
Saying that man by man may blameleſs go,
If every one would uſe Backbiters ſo.

477. *In Salonus.*

Oft in the night *Salonus* is inclin'd,
To riſe and piſs; and doth as oft break wind:
If's Urinal be glaſs, as 'tis no doubt,
I wonder it ſo many cracks holds out.

478. *In Leonatum.*

The filthieſt, the fowleſt, deformedſt laſs,
That is, will be, I think or ever was,
Leonatus loves; wherewith ſhould ſhe him draw,
Except as ſhe's like jet, he be like ſtraw?

479. *Noſce teipſum.*

Walking and meeting one not long ago,
I ask't who 'twas, he ſaid he did not know:

I ſaid, I know thee; ſo ſaid he, I you,
But he that knows himſelf I never knew:

480. *An Old Silvium.*

Silvius by Simony a living got,
And he liv'd well upon it; pray why not?
For he the poor did pill, the rich did lurch,
And ſo became a pillar of the Church.

481. *On Perfumes.*

They that ſmell leaſt, ſmell beſt: which intimates,
They ſmell like Beaſts that ſmell like Civet Cats.

482. *Arcades ambo.*

Jack and *Dick* both with one woman dealt
So long till ſhe the pains of woman felt:
Now *Dick* he thinks to put a trick on *Jack*
And *Jack* again to hang it on *Dicks* back:
Which got the Child, it ſeems a doubtful caſe,
It hath ſo, like (they ſay) *Jacks* noſe, *Dicks* face.
But by both marks my judgment ſhould be quick
Et vitulo tu Dignus Jack & Dick.

483. *On Punchin.*

Give me a reaſon why men call
Punchin a dry plant-Animal.
Becauſe as plants by water grow,
Punchin by Beer and Ale ſpreads ſo.

484. *Ne fide colori.*

When *Baſſa* walks abroad ſhe paints her face,
And then ſhe would be ſeen in every place,
For then your Gallants who ſo'r they are,
Under a colour will account her fair.

485. *In Flavium.*

When *Flavius* once would need praiſe Tin,
His brain could bring no reaſon in,
But what his belly did bethink,
Platters for meat, and Pots for drink.

486. *Ad Quintum.*

Thy lawful wife, fair *Lelia* needs muſt be
For ſhe was forc'd by Law to marry thee.

487. *In Virtutem.*

Vertue we praiſe, but practice not her good,
(Athenian-like) we act not what we know;
So many men do talk of *Robin-hood*,
Who never yet ſhot arrow in his bow.

488. *A good wits diet.*

That which upholds our tottering walls of fleſh,
Is food: and that which doth our wits refreſh,
Is wholſome ſtudy: for like longer fare,
Be ſolid Arts, but ſweet meats Poems are.

489. *On Womens tongues*

Things that bitter, bitterer than gall,
Phyſitians ſay, are always Phyſical:
Then womens tongues, if into powder beaten,
And in a Potion, or a pill be eaten,
Nothing more bitter is, I therefore muſe,
That womens tongues in Phyſick they ne'r uſe:
There's many men who live unquiet lives,
Would ſpare that bitter member of their wives.
Then prove them Doctor, uſe them in a pill;
Things oft help ſick men, that do ſound men kil.

490. *A proper compariſon.*

As there are three blue beans in a blue bladder,
As there are thrice three rounds in a long ladder,
As there are three nooks in a corner'd cap,
And as three are three corners in a Map,
Even ſo like all theſe,
There are three Univerſities.

491. *Of Death.*

He that fears death, or mourns it in the juſt,
Shews of the reſurrection little truſt.

492. *Women.*

Woman was once a rib, (as truth hath ſaid)
Elſe ſith her tongue runs wide from every point,
I ſhould have dream'd her ſubſtance had bin made
Of *Adams* whirle-bone, when 'twas out of joynt,

493. *Pepertit, &c.*

Nels Husband ſaid, ſhe brought him nought but toys
But yet (without his help) ſhe brings him boys.

464. *Inſipiens.*

Two friends diſcourſing that together ſtood,
The one enquiring if the other could
Tell whether ſuch a man were wiſe?
He anſwer'd no, but he is otherwiſe.

495. *Romes wifeleſs Clergy.*

Long did I wonder, and I wonder'd much,
Rome ſhould her Clergy that contentment grudge,
As to debar them of their proper due;
What doth ſhe all with continence indue?
O no; they find a womans lips ſo dainty, (twenty
They'l tye themſelves from one, 'cauſe they'l have

496. *On Eves Apples.*

Eve for thy fruit thou gav'ſt too dear a price,
What? for an Apple give a Paradiſe?
If now adayes of fruit ſuch gains were made,
A Coſtor-monger were a Deviliſh trade.

497.

Will the Perfumer met me in the ſtreet,
I ſtood amaz'd, he ask'd me what I meant;
In faith, ſaid I, your Gloves are very ſweet,
And yet your breath doth caſt a ſtronger ſent.

498. *Beauty.*

Beauty's no other but a lovely grace,
Of lively colours, flowing from the face.

499. *On Poetical Blinks.*

He nine ways looks, and needs muſt learned be,
That all the Muſes at one view can ſee.

500. *A*

500. *A Conceit.*

As *Sextus* once was opening of a Nut,
With a ſharp knife his fingers deeply cut,
What ſign is this, quoth he, can any tell?
'T is ſign, quoth one, y' have cut your finger well.
Not ſo, ſaith he, for now my finger's ſore,
And I am ſure that it was well before.

501. *Women.*

How ſo'r they be, thus do they ſeem to me,
They be and ſeem not, ſeem what leaſt they be

502. *Mutuans Diſſimulans.*

Dick crafty borrows to no other end,
But that he will not ought to others lend,
That elſe might ask him: 'Tis ſome wiſdom *Dick*
How ere accounted but a knaviſh trick.

503. *Writing.*

When words we want, love teacheth to indite:
And what we bluſh to ſpeak, ſhe bids us write.

504. *A Cure for Impatience.*

Who would be patient, wait he at the Pool,
For Bull-heads, or for Block-heads in the School.

505. *Satisfaction.*

For all our works, a recompence is ſure:
Tis ſweet to think on what was hard t' endure.

506. *To Miſtriſs mutable.*

Love runs within your veins, as it were mixt
With Quick-ſilver, but would be wiſely fixt:
For though you may for beauty bear the Bell,
Yet ever to ring Changes ſounds not well.

507. *On a Mad-man.*

One ask'd a mad-man, if a wife he had?
A wife! quoth he, I never was ſo mad.

508. *To Scylla.*

If it be true that promiſe be a debt,
Then *Scilla* will her freedom hardly get;

For if she hath vow'd her service to so many,
Shee'l neither pay them all, nor part from any.
Yet she to satisfie her debts desires
To yield her body, as the Law requires.

509. *Nescis, quid serus vesper vehat.*

Lyncus deviseth as he lies in bed,
What new apparel he were best to make him:
So many fashions flow within his head,
As much he fears the Taylor will mistake him:
But he mistook him not, that by the way
Did for his old suit lay him up that day.

510. *To Ficus.*

Ficus hath lost his nose but knows not how,
And that seems strange to ev'ry one that knows it:
Methinks *I* see it written in his brow,
How, wherefore, and the cause that he did loose it.
To tell you true, *Ficus* I thus suppose,
'Twas some French Canibal bit off your nose.

511. *On a painted Courtezan.*

Whosoever saith thou selle'st all, doth jest,
Thou buy'st thy beauty, that sells all the rest.

512, *Of Arnaldo.*

Arnaldo free from fault' demands his wife,
Why he is burthen'd with her wicked life?
Quoth she, good husband do not now repent,
I far more burthens bear, yet am content.

413. *Labor improbus omnia vincit.*

Glego will needs be knighted for his lands,
Got by the labour of his fathers hands,
And hopes to prove a Gentleman of note,
For he hath bought himself a painted coat.

514. *Quis nisi mentis inops——*

Ware proffer'd stinks; yet stay good Prov'r, stay,
Thou art deceiv'd, as Clients best can say;
Who proferring trebble fees, for single care,
It's well accepted, gold it is such ware.

515. *On*

515. *On a friend indeed.*

A real friend a Cannon cannot batter;
With nom'nal friends, a Squib's a perilous mattter.

516. *On an Italian Proverb.*

Three women met upon the market day,
Do make a market, (they do uſe to ſay
In *Italy*) and why? their tongues do walk
As loud as if an hundred men did talk.
One hearing this, ſwore had his wife been there
And made a fourth, there might have been a Fair.

517. *Mans ingreſs and egreſs.*

Nature which head-long into life did throng us,
With our feet forward to our grave doth bring us
What is leſs ours, then this our borrowed breath?
We ſtumble into life, we go to death.

518. *On bad Debtors.*

Bad debtors are good lyers; for they ſay,
I'l pay you without fail, on ſuch a day;
Come is the day, to come the debt is ſtill,
So ſtill they lie, though ſtand in debt they will.
But *Fulcus* hath ſo oft ly'd in this wiſe,
That now he lyes in *Ludgate* for his Lyes.

519. *On a Juſtaſs.*

A *Juſtice* walking o'r the frozen Thames,
The Ice about him round, began to crack;
He ſaid to's man, here is ſome danger *James*,
I pray thee help me over on thy back.

520. *Genitoris neſciens.*

Tom asks no fathers bleſſing, if you note him,
And wiſer he, unleſs he knew who got him.

521. *To a ſleeping Talker.*

I ſleep thou talk'ſt un-forethought myſteries,
And utter'ſt un-foreſeen things, with cloſe eyes.
How well would'ſt thou diſcourſe if thou wert dead,
Since ſleep, deaths image ſuch fine talk hath bred?

522. *On*

522. *Omne ſimile non eſt idem.*

Together as we walk'd, a friend of mine.
Miſtook a painted Madam for a Sign,
That in a window ſtood; but I acquainted,
Told him it was no wooden ſign was painted,
But Madam *Meretrix*: yea true, ſaid he,
Yet 'tis a little ſign of modeſty.

523. *Tandem manifeſtum.*

Katharine that hid thoſe Candles out of ſight,
May well conceive they'l come at length to light.

524. *Qui ebrius laudat temperantium*

Severus likes not theſe unſeaſon'd lines
Of rude abſurdities, times foul abuſe,
To all poſterities, and their aſſigns,
That might have been (ſaith he) to better uſe,
What ſenſleſs gull, but reaſon may convince,
Or jade ſo dull, being kick'd will wince.

525. *Quantum mutatus ab illo.*

Would any deem *Manaſſes* now the man,
That whilome was notworth a wooden kan.
Doubtleſs the Dunce in ſomething doth ſurpaſs,
Yet his red noſe is ſtill the ſame it was.

526. *On wiſdom and vertue.*

Wiſe-men are wiſer than good-men, what then?
'Tis better to be wiſer than wiſe men.

527. *On Ducus.*

Ducus keeps houſe, and it with reaſon ſtands,
That he keep houſe, hath ſold away his lands.

528. *Myſus and Mopſa.*

Myſus and *Mopſa* hardly could agree,
Striving about ſuperiority:
The Text which ſaith that man and wife are one,
Was the chief Argument they ſtood upon.
She held they both one woman ſhould become:
He held they ſhould be man, and both but one.

So

So they contended daily, but the ſtrife
Could not be ended, till both were one wife.

529. *On Photinus.*

I met *Photinus* at the B——Court,
Cited (as he ſaid) by a knave relator:
I ask'd him, wherefore? he in laughing ſort,
Told me it was but for a Childiſh matter.
How e're he laught it out, he lied not;
Indeed 'twas childiſh, for the child he got.

530. *On Caſtreotes.*

See, ſee, what love is now betwixt each fiſt,
Since *Caſtriotes* had a ſcabby wriſt:
How kindly they, by clawing one another.
As if the left hand were the right hands brother!

531. *New Rhetorick.*

Good Arguments without coyn will not ſtick
To pay, and not to ſay, 's the beſt Rhetorick.

532. *To ſome kind Reader.*

This Book of mine I liken to a glaſs,
Wherein the fool may look and laugh his fill:
He having done with 't Reader as you paſs,
Here take and uſe it, as long as you will.

533. *Eſt mihi diva parens.*

Ominus wondreth, ſince he came from *Wales*,
What the deſcription of this Iſle might be;
That ne'r had ſeen but mountains, hills, and dales,
Yet would he ſtand and boaſt on's pedegree.
From Rice ap *Richard* ſprung from *Dick* a Cow
Be cot, was right good gentleman law ye now?

434. *Principia ſordida.*

Baſſus hath Lands good ſtore, and leaſes Farms,
Whoſe Mother, Milk-pails bore, e'r he bore arms.

535. *On Thirſities.*

Although *Thirſities* have a filthy face,
And ſtaring eyes and little outward grace:

Yet

Yet this he hath, to make amends for all,
Nature her ſelf, is not more natural.

536. *On Zoilus.*

If Souldiers may obtain four Terms of war,
Muskets ſhould be the pleaders, Pikes the bar;
For black bags, Bandeliers, Jackets for gowns,
Angels for fees, we'll take no more crackt crowns.

537. *On a long beard.*

Thy beard is long, better it would thee fit,
To have a ſhorter beard, and longer wit.

538. *On my ſelf.*

Who ſeeks to pleaſe all men each way,
And not himſelf offend:
He may begin to work to day,
But God knows when hee'l end.

539. *Nimium ne crede colori.*

Battas believed for a ſimple truth,
That yonder gilt-ſpur ſpruce and Velvet youth,
Was ſome great perſonage, or worthy weight,
Until one told him he was but a Knight.
A Knaight (quoth *Battas*) vaith I chud a zworne,
A hod not been laſs then zome Gen-man born.

540 *Silens ſimplex.*

Will would ſeem wiſe, and many words let paſs,
Speaking but little 'cauſe he's ſuch an——

541. *To the miſ-interpreter.*

Ceaſe gaul'd back guilt, theſe incious lines to mince,
The world will know y' are rub'd if once ye wince;
They harm within their ſeeming Critique wall,
Particularly none; generally all:
'Mongſt which if you have chanc'd to catch a prick
Cry wee-hee if you will, but do not kick.

542. *To Mary Mear.*

Mear, ſince unmixt unmarry'd, and a maid:
Then you to be a *Mearmaid* may be ſaid:

A Mearmaid's fleſh above, and fiſh below,
And ſo may you be too, for ought I know.

543. *Ad Rinaldum amie.*

See, ſee, *Rinaldus!* Prethee who is that,
That wears yon great green feather in his Hat,
Like to ſome Tilter? ſure it is ſome Knight,
Whoſe wits being green, his head muſt needs be light.

544. *On himſelf.*

Mirth pleaſeth ſome, to others 'tis offence,
Some commend plain conceit, ſome profound fence;
Some wiſh a witty jeſt, ſome diſlike that (what.
And moſt would have themſelves, they know not
Then he that would pleaſe all and himſelf too,
Takes more in hand then he is like to do.

545. *Fingers end.*

Philomathes once ſtudying to indite,
Nibled his fingers, and his nails did bite:
By this I know not what he did intend,
Unleſs his wit lay at his fingers end.

546. *Sapia qui vendet oportet.*

Janus doth jeſting uſe Equivocation,
Which he alludes as doubtful words of Art,
To hide the colour of his Occupation,
But to the Devil he bears an honeſt heart.

547. *Clamans Aſinus*

Who ſays *Tom Tipſtaff* is no man of calling?
Can any Cryer at Seſſions be more bawling?

548. *Upon Dunmo.*

I *Dunmo* ask'd, as we at Supper ſate,
How long he had liv'd in the married ſtate,
Sir juſt (quoth *Dunmo*) with my wife I met
In the great Plague time, I remember yet,
And ſighing as he would have burſt in twain,
Said, now almoſt the thirtieth of her raign.

549. *Of*

549. *Upon Tom Tolthoms Nose.*

The radiant colour of *Tom Tolthoms* nose,
Puts down the Lilly and obscures the Rose;
Had I a Jewel of such precious hew:
I would present it to some *Monarch's* view,
No subject should possess such Jems as those.
Exgo the King must have *Tom Tolthoms* nose.

550. *Domina prædominans.*

Ill may *Rodolphos* boast of rule or riches,
That lets his wife rule him, and wear the breeches.

551. *Titus the Gallant.*

Brave *Titus* three years in the Town has been,
Yet not the Lyons, nor the Tombs hath seen;
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,
He hath bin in the Counter all this while.

552. *In Lalum.*

Lalus which loves to hear himself discourse,
Talks to himself as if he frantick were,
And though himself might no where hear a worse,
Yet he no other but himself will hear;
Stop not his mouth if he be troublesome.
But stop his ears, and then the man is dumb.

553. *To Criticus.*

Criticus about to kiss a Mayden throng,
He hapned first on one vvhose nose vvas long;
He flouting said, I fain vvould kiss you Svveet
But that I fear our lips vvill never meet,
Your nose stands out so far; the Maiden dy'd
Her cheeks with Crimson, but soon thus reply'd,
Pray sir then kiss me in that place vvhere I
To hinder you have neither nose nor eye.

554. *Profundo Scientia.*

Sall can by silence deep profundity,
Force you cry, fough! *Jeronimo* go by.

555. *On two by Sea.*

Tvvo youugſters going by Sea, th' one
That ne'r before had been the Sea upon.
Caſts up; and as he heaves, he *Bo* doth cry;
Q ſaid the other, Sir, y' are ſick, ye'll dy.
No (ſays the Sea-ſick) though my ſtomack's looſe,
You ſee I can cry *Bo* unto a Gooſe.

556. *Ut Pluma perſona.*

Why wears *Laurentius* ſnch a lofty feather?
Becauſe he's proud, and fooliſh both together.

557. *Aurum volat ocius Euro.*

Monſieur *Flemengo* fraught vvith Angels ſtore,
Would ſee fair *London*, never ſeen before:
Where lodging vvith his Miſtriſs but one night,
Had (ere he parted) put them all to flight.

558. *To Pontilianus.*

Dogs on their Maſters fawn and leap,
And wag their tails apace;
So, though the Flatt'rer vvant a tail,
His tongue ſupplies the place.

559. *Inſtabilis ſtans.*

Mat being *drunken*, much his anger vvreaks
On's vvife; bnt ſtands to nothing that he ſpeaks.

560. *On ſome Lawyers.*

Lavv ſerves to keep diſordered men in avv,
But *Aw* preſerves orders and keeps the Lavv,
Were *Aw* avvay L (*aw*) *yers* vvould lyers be
For *Lucre*; vvhich they have and hold *in Fee*.

561. *Health.*

Even from my heart, much *Health* I *wiſh*,
No *Health I'll waſh* vvith drink,
Health vviſh'd not vvaſh'd, in vvords, not vvine,
To be the beſt I think.

562. *Caſe is altered.*

Tom Caſe (ſome do report) vvas lately haltered;
If this be true, vvhy then the caſe is altered.

563. *Quæ*

653. *Que placuit Domino nupta eſt Ancilla ſodali.*

Madam *Rugoſa* knows not where to find
One Chamber-maid often to pleaſe her mind.
But yet my Lord ſo likes their comely carriage,
As he prefers them to his men in marriage.

564. *Plagis mitior.*

Katharine that grew ſo curſt, and fit for no man,
With beating ſoon became a gentle-woman.

565. *Priſcus.*

When *Priſcus* raiſ'd from low to high eſtate,
Rode through the ſtreet in pompous jollity;
Cajus his poor familiar friend of late,
Beſpake him thus, Sir now you know not me;
'Tis likely friend (quoth *Priſcus*) to be ſo,
For at this time my ſelf I do not know.

559. *Anger ſoon appeaſed.*

When *John Cornutus* doth his wife reprove,
'For being falſe and faithleſs in her love.
His wife to ſmooth thoſe wrinkles in his brow,
Doth ſtop his mouth with, *John come kiſs me now.*

567. *A fool for company.*

Fatuus will drink with no ſuch Aſs,
That lets his jeſt (unapprehended) paſs:
Or if he jeſt with ſuch of ſhallow brain,
He laughs himſelf to make his jeſts more plain.
Thus *Fatuus* doth jeſt and play the ſany,
To laugh at's ſelf, he's fool if there be *Sany*.

568. *In Cineam.*

When *Cineas* comes amongſt his friends in mourning,
He ſlily notes, who firſt his cap doth move;
Him he ſalutes, the reſt ſo grimly ſcorning,
As if for ever he had loſt his love;
Knowing how the humor it did fit
Of the fond Gull to be ſaluted firſt,

Catch

Catch at my Cap, but move it not a whit,
Which he perceiving, ſeems with ſpight to burſt.
But *Cineas*, why expect you more of me
Then I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quality;
For vault, and dance, and fence, and rime I can:
You keep a whore at your own coſt, men tell me:
Indeed friend *Cineas*, therein you excel me

599. *On Captain Shark.*

One ask'd a friend where Captain *Shark* did lye,
Why ſir (quoth he) at Algate at the Pye;
Away quoth th' other, he lies not there I know't:
No, ſays the other, then he lies in's throat.

570. *A witty anſwer.*

A lean yet fat Recuſant being confin'd
Unto a Juſtice houſe, whoſe wife was great,
(Not great with child, but hugely great with meat)
At ſupper thus began to grope his mind,
To *hoc eſt corpus* what ſay you? ſhe ſed:
Marry (quoth he) I ſay it is well fed.

571. *Goſſips diſcourſe.*

When *Gillian* and her Goſſips all are met,
And in the match of Goſſiping down ſet,
And plain Maſs-Parſon cutting bread for th' table,
To tell how faſt they talk, my tongue's not able
One tells ſtrange news, th' other Godſworbet cries
The third ſhakes her head, alack replies:
She on her Hens, this on her Ducks do talk,
On thouſand things at once their tongues do walk.
So long as Cocks can tread, and Hens will lay,
Gill, and Gills Goſſips will have words to ſay.

572. *Capax incapabilis.*

Iradus in's Office ſeems a ſimple Scribe,
Yet hath he cunning learnt to take a Bribe.

573. *A Parſon and a Thief.*

A luſty Parſon riding on the way,
Was by a Thief commanded for to ſtay;
The Parſon drew his ſword, well he durſt,
And quickly put his foe unto the worſt.
Sir (quoth the Theef) I by your habit ſee
You are a Church-man, and debate ſhould flee,
You know 'tis written in the ſacred word,
Jeſus to *Peter* ſaid, *Put up thy Sword.*
True (quoth the Parſon) but withal then hear,
Saint *Peter* firſt had cut off *Malchus ear.*

574. *Similes habent labra lactucas.*

Dick ſwaſh (or ſwaggering *Dick*) through *Fleetſtreet*
With *Siſs* and *Brettice* waiting at his heels: (reeles
To one that would have tane the wall, he ſwore,
Zounds, doſt not ſee my Punck and Paramour?

575. *A Soldiers jeſt.*

One told a Souldier ſitting at the board,
(And ſilent) that he had an edgeleſs ſword;
Who ſtraight reply'd, Sir, I will do my beſt,
To break your pate, though I ne'r break a jeſt.

576. *Good Advice*

One to a Serving-man this Counſel ſent,
To get a Maſter that's intelligent;
Then if of him no wages he could get,
Yet he would underſtand he's in his debt.

577. *Theeves.*

Two Theeves by night began a lock to pick,
One in the houſe awake, thus anſwer'd quick,
Why, how now? what a ſtir you there do keep?
Go, come again, we are not yet aſleep.

578. *Aſs.*

He that loves glaſs withont a G.
Leave out L. and what is he?

579. *Enecu-*

579. *Enecat amplexu nimio, ſick ſimia fœtum.*
Call *Davus* knave, he ſtraight-way draws his ſword,
And make you prove as much, or eat your word.
But if you call him honeſt Rogue, or Jew,
He huggs you then for giving him his due.

580. *To Feſtus.*
Feſtus th'art old, and yet wouldſt marry'd be:
Ere thou do ſo, this counſel take of me;
Look into *Lillies Grammar*, there thou'lt find,
Cornu a *Horn*, a word ſtill *Undeclin'd.*

581. *A Gentleman and his Phyſitian.*
A Gentleman not richeſt in diſcretion,
Was always ſending for his own Phyſitian.
And on a time, he needs would of him know,
What was the cauſe his pulſe did go ſo ſlow?
Why (quoth the Doctor) thus it comes to paſs;
T' muſt needs go ſlow, which goes upon an Aſs.

582. *On Saint George.*
To ſave a Maid Saint *George* a Dragon ſlue,
Which was a noble act if all be true;
Some ſay there are no Dragons; and 'tis ſaid
There is no Saint *George*; pray *Jove* there be a maid.

583. *Similis cum ſimili.*
Tom went to the Market, where *Tom* met with *Tom*,
Tom asked *Tom*, what *Tom*? how fair'ſt thou *Tom*?
Who *Tom*, I *Tom*? Is *Tom* (quoth *Tom*) you *Tom*;
Well God a mercy *Tom*; how do you *Tom*?
Faith ne'r ſo well (quoth *Tom*) ſince *Tom* was *Tom*:
And thus was the greeting paſt 'twixt *Tom* and *Tom*.

584. *Ebrius oblitus.*
Fucus was fox'd laſt night, but 'tis conceal'd,
And would not for his Office 'twere reveal'd,

585. *Dulce quod utile*
An honeſt Vicar riding by the way,
Not knowing better how to ſpend the day,

Did

Did ſing unto himſelf ſome certain Pſalms
A blind man hearing him, ſtrait begg'd his alms;
To whom (quoth he) with coyn I cannot part,
But God thee bleſs, good man with all my heart.
O ſaid the blind man, greater is my loſs,
When ſuch as you do bleſs without a croſs.

586. *In Dacum.*

Dacus with ſome good colour and pretence,
Tearms his wifes beanty ſilent eloquence;
For ſhe doth lay more colours on her face,
Then ever *Tully* us'd his ſpeech to grace.

587. *In Sillam.*

Though I were blind, or though I never ſaw him,
Yet if I ſhould *Silla* but talking hear;
For a right roaring Gallant I ſhould know him,
For of a whore he talks, and ſtill doth ſwear.

588. *Varietas iniquitas,*

Mat will not marry: true, 'cauſe ty'd to none,
He may have wenches new, when th' old are gone.

489. *Good ſawce.*

I went to ſup with *Cinna* th' other night,
And to ſay true (for give the Devil his right)
Though ſcant of meat we could a morſel get,
Yet there with ſtore of paſſing ſawce we met.
You ask what ſawce, where pittance was ſo ſmall?
This, Is not hunger the beſt ſawce of all?

590. *Plagis mitior.*

Katharine that grew ſo curſt and fit for no man,
With beating ſoon became a Gentle-woman.

591. *To a Lawyer.*

To go to Law, I have no maw,
Although my ſuit be ſure,
For I ſhall lack ſuits to my back,
Ere I my ſuit procure.

592. *Semel*

592. *Semel insanivimus.*

Bedlam fates bless thee, thou wantst nought but wit,
And having gotten that, we're freed from it;
Bridewell, I cannot any way dispraise thee,
For thou dost feed the poor, and jerk the lazie.
Newgate of thee I cannot much complain;
For once a month, thou freest men out of pain.
But from the *Counters*, goodness it self defend us?
To *Bedlam*, *Bridewel*, or to *Newgate* send us,
For there in time, wit, work or law sets free;
But here wit, work, nor law gets liberty.

593. *Of himself.*

Some men there be, which say of me,
That I am not a *Poet*;
They say well, why? I do not lye,
I write the truth; I know it.

594. *Upon Annes marriage with a Lawyer.*

Anne is an Angel, what if so she be?
What is an Angel, but a Lawyers free?

595. *Ænigma:*

The Devil men say, in Devonshire dy'd of late,
But Devonshire lately liv'd in rich estate,
Till *Rich* his toyes did Devonshire so bewitch,
As Devonshire dy'd, and left the Devil Rich.

596. *On Cupid.*

Why feign they *Cupid* robbed of his sight?
Can he whose seat is in the eye, want light?

597. *An Answer.*

Experience shews, and reason doth decree
That he who sins in's own light cannot see.

598. *Lucus Journey.*

Lucus hath travel'd with an hundred pound,
Was rob'd and left well beaten, and fast bound:
But when to share their prize they had begun,
No miracle vvas vvrought, yet he undone.

599. *Of*

599. *Of Nature,*

Nature did well in giving poor men wit,
That fools well moniſi'd may pay for it.

600. *Vileſcit dives avarus.*

Rufus is wondrous rich but what of that?
He lives obſcurely, like a Water-Rat.

601. *Viſum ignotum.*

The *Crambo's* wife's with child, her belly ſhews it;
But who was't got it? pray ask thoſe that know it.

602. *Upon Marriage.*

Marriage as old men note, hath lik'ned bin
Unto a publick faſt, or common rout,
Where thoſe that were without would fain get in,
And thoſe that are within would fain get out.

603. *On Annas a News-monger.*

Annas hath long ears for all news to paſs:
His ears muſt needs be long for he's an Aſs.

604. *Sir John.*

Now good *Sir John* (the beggar cries) I pray
Beſtow your Worſhip's alms on me to day,
Relieve my wants (quoth he) I am your brother,
We born are, one to help and aid another;
My brother (qd. Sir *John*) poor wretched wight,
Why, thou miſtakeſt me, I am a Knight:
I know't, quoth he, but hark you, kind Sir *John*
There's many a Knight kin to the beggar-men.

605. *Conjectus.*

Conjectus ſays he'l plainly prove,
Anothers Child he ought to love,
More than his Parents which is ſtrange,
And yet 'tis true; for I proteſt,
He ought to love his wife the beſt.

606. *Aulus.*

Some (ſpeaking in their own renown)
Say that this Book was not exactly done;

I care not much, like banquets let my Books,
Rather be pleasing to the Guests than Cooks.

607. *On Envy.*

Why say some, wealth brings envy, since 'tis knovvn
Poor men have backbiters fifteen for one?

608. *Errantes errare licet.*

Pandorus spends the day by telling nevvs,
Of such his travels as vvill make you muse:
Nay sir believe it, he'l discourse at large,
Hovv should he else be fed at others charge?

609. *To a Drunkard.*

Much pratling causeth greatest thirstiness:
Thy vvife talks more than thou, vvhy drinks she less

610. *On Pru.*

Pru give me leave to laugh, vvhy shouldst thou buy
Cerusse and *Stibuum* and *Mercury*,
And sleeking Oyles, the best that may be got,
When thy vvhole face *Prue* is not vvorth a groat?

611. *To Momus*

Leave for shame, *Momus*, leave to bark and cry,
My actions give thy slandrous tongue the lye.

612. *To Roba*

Th' art fair, 'tis true, and pretty too, I knovv it;
And vvell bred *(Roba)* for thy manners shovv it;
But vvhilst thou mak'st self-praise thy onely care,
Th' art neither pretty, nor vvell bred, nor fair.

613. *On Gallo.*

Gallo's a pretty man, hath pretty hair,
A pretty hat, and cloke, as one need wear;
Gallo's a Gallant, and as Gallants use,
Can court his Mistris, vvith a sprightly Muse;
Gallo's a dunce, for I supply his vvit,
Which he makes nonsence by his reading it,
And 'tis no vvonder, as all vvise men knovv,
For pretty Gallants to be dunces novv.

614. *Pudor*

614. *Pudor eſt ſua damna referre.*

Peter hath loſt his purſe, but will conceal it,
Leaſt ſhe that ſtole it, to his ſhame reveal it.

615. *Wheel-greace.*

Men th'Axletræe do Greaze, that they not ſcreak,
But Lawyers muſt be greaz'd to make them ſpeak.

616. *Who beſt friend.*

A Louſe I ſay, for when a man's diſtreſt,
And others fall off, ſhe ſticks the ſureſt.

617. *O times and manners!*

Why thus do men, *manners* and *times* accuſe,
When men themſelves, Manners and times abuſe?
W'are bad in them, they worſe by us do grow,
Yet we complain that help to make them ſo.

618. *Carpe.*

Of all our Modern Writers, *Carpe* likes none,
He loves th'old Poets that are dead and gone:
Pardon me honeſt *Carpe*, I would not be
Laid in my grave a while yet, to pleaſe thee.

619. *Non nunquam jactat egenus.*

Jack is a Gentleman I muſt confeſs,
For there's no womans Taylor can be leſs.

620. *On Terpin.*

Terpin ſips wine, and gluts down meat; I think.
My *Terpin* drinks his meat, and eats his drink.

621. *To Phaulo.*

As often (*Phaulo*) as thou doſt amiſs.
Thou haſt no more excuſe for it, but this,
It was againſt thy will; why, be it ſo,
Againſt thy will thou ſhalt be puniſht to.

622. *Little, nothing, too much, enough.*

The Poor have little Beggars *none*,
The Rich *too much*, *enough* not one.

623. *On Spurco of Oxford.*

Spurco from Chandler, ſtarted Alderman,
And truſt me now moſt Elder-like he can

Behave himself: he ne'r appears in Town,
But in his beaver, and his great fur'd gown:
His Ruff is set, his head set in his Ruff;
His reverend trunks become him well enough;
He wears a hoop ring on his Thumb; he has
Of Gravidud a dose full in his face:
And trick'd and trim'd, thus bravely he supposes
Himself another man; but men have noses;
And they that have so, maugre *Spurco's* skill,
Through all his robes may smell the Chandler still

624. *On the same.*

Spurco made Candles once, 'tis true enough,
Yet when I told him so, he tookt in snuff,

625. *To Damon.*

What cause, what confidence draws thee to town
Oxford can yield thee nothing, get thee down;
Thou canst not turn rogue for thy private ends,
Thou canst not play the baud to please thy friends,
Thou hat'st to sell thy breath at any price,
Or flatter great ones to their prejudice.
Whence wilt thou live? (unhappy wretch!) I am
A trusty friend, thou say'st an honest man,
That's nothing *Damon*, set thy wits to school,
Not to be knave here, is to be a fool.

626. *Compotatio.*

Tasso, *Torquato*, *Trew-wit*, *Manlius*,
Brave merry Greeks all, and ingenious:
Let us be mad a while: come here thou Squire
Of Pints and Pottles, pile us up a fire:
Then bring some sack up, quick you Canibal,
Some cleanly sack to wash our brains withal:
There is I am sure, no other Thespian spring,
No other Helicon to bath us in.
Troul then your sack about boys, never fail,
Commending dull men to their stands of Ale.

Tinkers wind off whole pottles in a breath,
I hate such puddle Coxcombs worse then death;
But we true brats of *Bacchus*, as our use is,
With lusty Wines will sacrihce to th' Muses.

627. *Conscientia testis.*

What makes *Antonia* deem himself undone,
Being question'd since his Office first begun:
But that a Conseience tells him *quæ sumuntur*
Tam male parta, male dilabuntur?

628. *On Terpin.*

Listen who list, my *Terpins* nose I sing,
And much I labour to express the thing.
For when he snorts, it is his trumpet shrill;
It is his conduit, for 'tis running still;
It is his drag, his Eele-spear in the brook:
His spade, his mattock, and his pruning hook;
'Tis a convenient staple for a wall,
A handsome wedge to cleave his wood withal:
'Twill make a good ship-anchor when he lacks,
It is his gimlet, and his twibil ax.
Regard not then, what man thy nose abuses;
Thy nose is proper *Terpin* for most uses.

629. *On Ned.*

Have not I friends (quoth *Ned*) I dare to say,
I have not supt at home this twelve months day:
And very true it is, for sherking *Ned*,
At home (poor man) goes supperless to bed.

630. *Pecunia prævalens.*

Hand off, sir sawce box! think you Mistris *Phips*
Allows such lobs as you to touch her lips?
But then 'tis question' further; if you bring her
Some *legem pone*, that's another thing Sir.

631. *On Love.*

Where love begins, there dead they first desire:
A spark neglected, makes a mighty fire.

A Herculean taske.

To curb the courage and *Wives tongue* keep under
May well be call'd *Hercules* thirteenth wonder.

633. *On Coritia.*

Coritia, when all her Table's set
With Manchet, Sauches, and good wholsome meat
She still gives brown bread to her Son and heir,
And tells the little boy 'twill make him fair.
If so (my Love) if it be true you say,
You never are brown bread *Coritia.*

634. *On Drammato.*

Drammato makes new plays great store; and yet
'Tis plain *Drammato* has not too much wit:
He strives too, to be pleasant, and brings in
Mimicks, and foools, to make the people grin,
I know not what the rest think, but I say,
Drammato's the best fool in every play.

635. *Taming of a Shrew.*

Wouldst tame thy wife: first tame her tongue,
Who thus his wife comes o'r shall overcome.

636. *Liberty.*

If he be well which hath what he can wish,
Why then do men for stinging Serpents fish?
True liberty 'mongst vertues bears the bell;
He may live as he will, which may live well.

637. *Drammato.*

Of all *Drammato's* playes that ere I see,
Nothing could ever make me laugh but he.

638. *On Galba*

Galba she says, she never tasted Man;
Galba will lye, believe it, now and than.

639. *To the Reader.*

Such tenour I have kept here all along,
As none (I hope) can challenge me with wrong.
I injure not the least, I give no blow
To any person; he that knows not how

To ſcourge mans vice, unleſs he tax his name,
Makes a baſe Libel of an Epigram.

640. *On Formidando.*

Stout *Formidando* walks imperiouſly,
With tragick *Bilbo* girt upon his thigh;
His roping locks, his buff becomes him well,
And to ſaith ſooth, he looks right terrible;
He ſwayes the Town before him, and will ſlay
Whatever man he be that dares gain-ſay:
But *Formidando* pawn'd his coat laſt night,
And *Formidando*'s out of money quite;
Nor oaths will paſs, nor credit from henceforth,
For one poor penny or a penny worth:
Starv'd Creditors begin to gape; and how
To quit himſelf he ſcarcely knows; that now
Stout *Formidando* who was wont to daunt
Whole thouſands trembles at a Purſivant.

641. *The German-Dutch.*

Death's not to be: ſo *Seneca* doth think:
But Dutchmen ſay 'tis death to ceaſe to drink.

642. *Death.*

What Death is, doſt thou ask of me?
Till dead I do not know;
Come to me when thou hear'ſt I'm dead,
Then what 'tis I ſhall ſhow.

643. *On Carp and Manilla.*

Manilla would with *Carp* be married,
Manilla's wiſe I trow:
But *Carp* by no means will *Manilla* wed;
Carp's the wiſer of the two.

644. *On Carp.*

Theſe are my verſes which *Carp* reads, 'tis known;
But when *Carp* makes them nonſenſe, th'are his own.

645. *To Phaulos.*

Thou art offended *(Phaulos)* as I hear,
Becauſe I ſometimes call thee whoremaſter; My

My natures blunt, and so will ever be;
I call a spade a spade, pray pardon me. L

646. *To Coracine.*

What *Crispulus* is that in a new gown,
All trim'd with loops and buttons up and down?
That leans there on his arm in private chat
With thy young wife, what *Crispulus* is that?
He's Proctor of a Court, thou say'st, and does,
Some business of my wives: thou brainless Goose!
He does no business of thy wives, not he,
He does thy business (*Coracine*) for thee.

647. *On Prue.*

Pru praises her complexion, nay swears
She dares compare with any of her years;
And very true it is, that *Prudence* says,
I saw no better sold these many days.

648. *The Parret.*

If lawful't be, of things t'invent the name;
With pratling *Parret*, *prater* is the same.

649. *To Maronilla.*

My *Maronilla*, I could easily spare (hair
Thy hands and arms, thy shoulders and fraught
I could well spare thy feet, thy legs and thighs,
Thy tongue and teeth, thy lips, cheeks, forehead,
And not to reckon each part several, (eyes:
My *Maronilla* I could spare thee all.

650. *Study.*

Some men grow mad by studying much to know
But who grows mad by studying good to grow.

651. *To Lionel.*

Lionel shows his honourable scars,
And labours to invite me to the wars:
But I will not by no means *Lionel*;
I do not love to live ill, and drink well.

655. *On*

652. *On Pumilio a Dwarfe.*

Pumilio lying in de pair
Of further life, ſaid, take no care
To make a Tomb for me, good folks,
I will be buried in a Box.

653. *Sharp ſawce.*

Kiſſes and favours are ſweet things,
But thoſe have thorns, and theſe have ſtings.

654. *On Drad-nought.*

Drad-nought was for his many riots laid
Ith'Counter lately, now he's wondrous ſtaid,

655. *On Phaulus and Gellia.*

Phaulos he viſits, *Gellia* ſhe's ſick:
I am no Wizard, yet I know their trick.

956. *To his Friend.*

I will not be a Foe to any,
Nor be familiar with too many;
And twice I will not love my friend,
But whom I love, I'l love to th'end.

657. *Married Folke.*

Man love thy wife; thy Husband, wife obey:
Wives are our Heart, we ſhould be Head alway.

658. *On Prue and Galla.*

Why are *Pru's* teeth ſo white, and *Galla's* black?
The reaſon is ſoon known:
Pru buyes new teeth as often as ſhe lacks,
But *Galla* wears her own.

659. *On Bombo.*

When *Bombo* preaches (and that's thrice a year)
Nothing but wit ſounds wiſely in his ear.
His ſuſtain ſphraſes make a noiſe; each ſtrain
And ſwelling rapture fills his mouth again:
He's parcel-States-man, parcel-Prieſt, and ſo
If you obſerve, he's parcel-Poetto.
Bombo thy fetches, and thy ſangles may
Become a ſtage perhaps, but us'd this way, Th'are

Th'are baſe, and impious: let me prevail,
Talk till thy ſtrong lines choak thee; if they fail,
Commence at Tyburn in a cart, ſweet Poet,
And there a ſtrong line will for certain do it.

660. *On Lulls.*

Lulls ſwears he is all heart, but you'l ſuppoſe
By his Probaſſis, that he is all noſe.

661. *On Pæto*

Implore the Muſes, and their two top'd hill,
Still to ſupply freſh matter to thy quill:
Crave *Phœbus* aid, call *Homer* with the throng
Of all the Bardes, Learn'd *Manes*, to thy ſong.
I dare not (*Pæto*) be ſo bold, as do it,
Nor ſeem ſo like what I am not; a Poet.
My page invokes no deities: here love,
And indignation the beſt Muſes prove,

662. *On the ſame.*

My *Pæto* thinks he ſings melodious,
And like a Swan: alas he's but a Gooſe.

663. *On Plutus.*

Plutus, rich *Plutus* would have me beſtow
Some New-years gift, as other neighbours do.
Why I will ſend thee what thou want'ſt my friend;
Nothing thou want'ſt, and nothing I will ſend.

664. *To Phocion.*

Thou buy'ſt up all that thou canſt light upon,
This is the way to ſell all *Phocion*,

665. *To Lividus.*

Do not rail baſely, do not ſwell with ſpight,
Do not ſcoffe (*Lividus*) at what I write:
For ridden, truſt me, I can hardly pace,
Nor bear the gently like a patient Aſs;
But trot amain, and if thou chance to kick,
I ſhall wince too, and gall thee to the quick
Flinging full faſt till I have thrown thee off,
Till I have ſhook thy ſnaffle from thy mouth;

And

And then in triumph (*Lividus* look to't,
I ſpurn thy pride and follies under foot.

666. *On his Verſes.*

He's blind with love that likes them ev'ry one,
And he is blind with envy, that likes none.

667. *Truth.*

Truth is beſt found out by the time and eyes;
Falſhood wins credit by uncertainties.

668. *Time.*

Time all conſumes, both us and every thing,
We time conſume; thus, both one ſong do ſing.

669. *To Bombo.*

Moſt men condemn thee *Bombo*, when they hear
Thy high and mighty Sermons, but I ſwear
Thou preacheth movingly; and well *I* may;
Thon preacheſt all thy Auditors away.

670. *On Plutus.*

Rich *Plutus* needs would buy a fool, and paid
Fifty good pounds: but after tryal made,
Perceiving him an underſtanding man,
Plutus would have his money back again.

671. *To Linus.*

Thou waſt my debtor when *I* lent the coin,
Pay me mine own, and then *I* will be thine.

672. *Leven.*

Love is a Leven, and a loving kiſs
The *leven* of a loving ſweet heart is.

673. *To Phaulos.*

Thou ask'ſt me whom *I* think beſt man to be
He's the beſt (*Phaulos*) that is leaſt like thee.

674. *To Claudius and Linus.*

Ungodly *Claudius* to be good,
Wants nothing but a will:
Wild *Linus*, alſo wanteth naught
But power to be ill.

675. *Hot-waters.*

Our trickling tears expreſs our private Love,
Love cauſeth tears; ſtrange fire ſhould water prove.

676. *On Grotto.*

Talk but of death, *Grotto* begins to rage,
And ſweat and ſwear, and yet he's blind with age.
Fie on thee *Grotto*, what a coil you keep?
Thy windows they are ſhut, 'tis time to ſleep.

677. *On Boreman.*

Boreman takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes, yet *Boreman*
For all the Devil helps, will be a poor man.

678. *On Crab.*

Crab being caught, and in the Serjeants power,
For ſhame and anger look'd both red and ſower.

679. *On Fargo.*

Fargo by his wit and pleaſing tongue,
Hath won a wench that's wondrous fair and young;
The match (he ſaith) is half concluded, he
Indeed is wondrous willing; but not ſhe.

680. *On Richard.*

Dick being drunk, in bed thought on his ſin,
And that lewd courſe of life he lived in,
Yet long hereof for thirſt, *Dick could not* think,
But, Drawer, cries, now for thy ſmalleſt drink.

681. *To Spruce.*

Spruce wears a Comb about him, always he
To prune and ſmooth his poliſht hair:
The Cock's ne'r too without his Comb you ſee,
Spruce 'tis a Coxcomb then you wear.

682. *On This wiſe age.*

The wiſe men were but ſeven: now we ſcarce know
So many fools, the world ſo wiſe doth grow.

683. *On Profuſo.*

Unſtayed *Profuſo* hath run thorough all,
Almoſt the ſtory of the *Prodigal*.

Yet

Yet ſwears. he never with the Hoggs did dine,
That's true, for none durſt truſt him with their ſwine

684. *On a fire in Town.*

One night through all the ſtreets the men did cry,
Fire, fire! at which I walk't and wondred by;
Not that dry wood ſhould burn, but becauſe all
Did cry fire, when for water they ſhould call.

685. *To either Univerſity.*

Indulgent *Mother*, and kind *Aunt*, no where
Throughout all *Europe* find I ſuch a pair;
From whoſe fair breaſts thoſe milky rivers run,
That thouſand feed, elſe thouſands were undone.
Oh were it not that ſome are wean'd too young,
And ſome do ſuck (likes *Eſſex* Calves too long.

686. *On Monſieur Conge.*

A proper handſome courtly man indeed,
And well ſet out with cloaths, can for a need
Diſcourſe with legs, and quarter congees and
Talk half an hour with help of foot and hand;
But when I view'd this *Monſieur* clean throughout,
I found that he was onely Man without,

687. *To my Reader.*

My perſon is another as I liſt,
I now but act the Epigramiſt,

688. *On Phyſitians.*

Phyſitians are moſt miſerable men,
that cannot be deny'd:
For they are never truly well, but when
moſt men are ill beſide.

689. *On Puff.*

Puff quarrels in his cups, and then will fight,
Is beaten ſober troth he is ſerved right.

690. *To Flaſh.*

Flaſh when thou'rt drunk when thy own conceit
Thou'rt valiant, wiſe, great, honeſt, rich, diſcreet.

Troth *Flaſh* be always drunk? for well I know
When you are ſober you are nothing ſo.

691. *Wittily wicked*

Good wine (they ſay) makes Vinegar moſt tart,
Thou the more witty, the more wicked art.

692. *A Doctor and his Patient.*

A Doctor told his patient *Omphida*.
The grief ſhe felt was a Sciatica:
Which ſhe not perfect how to nominate,
Miſtaking cries, O my Certificate!

693. *On Monſieur Powder-wig.*

Oh do but mark you criſped Sir you meet!
How like a Pageant he doth walk the ſtreet?
See how his perfum'd head is powdered ore:
Twu'd ſtink elſe, for it wanted ſalt before.

694. *To Raſh.*

Raſh ſwear not! think not 'cauſe you ſwear that I
Believe you no: he that will ſwear will lye.

695. *Drunken-bounty.*

I'l tell you why the drunk ſo laviſh are,
They have too much, nay more than they can bear.

696. *To Gut.*

Gut eats and drinks, doth nothing elſe but ſwill,
His teeth do grind, his mouth's the water-mill.

697. *To Simple.*

Simple, you know I gave you good advice;
Little to ſay, that men may think you wiſe;
If you'l proclaim your ſelf a fool you may:
I onely tell you now what others ſay.

698. *On quaff.*

To quench his ſorrows *Quaff* drinks very free,
Sorrow is dry he ſays, and ſo is he.

699 *To Tom Coriat.*

Of all the *Toms* that ever yet were nam'd,
Was never *Tom* like as *Tom Coriat* fam'd.

Tom

Tom Thumb is dumb until the pudding creep,
In which he was intomb'd, then out doth peep.
Tom Fool may go to School, but ne'r be taught
Speak Greek, with which our *Tom* his tongue is fraught
Tom Aſs may paſs, but for all his long ears,
No ſuch rich Jewels as our *Tom* he wears.
Tom Tell-troth is but forth, but truth to tell,
Of all *Toms*, this *Tom* bears away the bell.

700. *To a fat Uſurer.*

Fat folks we ſay by nature are moſt free:
You and your purſe are fat, and yet *I* ſee
Your hand and that ſtill ſhut, the reaſon's this;
In coſtive fleſh thy lean ſoul buried is.

701. *On Brisk.*

Brisk brag'd of's a ready wit; *I* tempting him
But for one Diſtick, did propound this theam
Nothing: it cannot be, he wondring ſaid
That out of nothing ought ſhu'd ere be made.
Dull *Brisk* thou ne'r couldſt tune *Appollo's* Lyre;
A pure ſteeld-wit, will ſtrike *Mercurial* fire
Out of the flintieſt ſubject: but thy head
Is all compos'd of ſofter mettle lead.

702. *Semel inſanavemus omnes.*

Thus have I waded through a worthleſs task,
Whereto *I* truſt there's no exception ta'n,
For meant to none; *I* anſwer ſuch as ask,
'Tis like apparel made in *Birchen-lane*;
If any pleaſe to ſuit themſelves and wear it,
The blame's not mine, but theirs that needs will bear it.

703. *On Sullen.*

Sullen will eat no meat, but peeviſhly
Replies, I care not, nor *I* will not, *I*;
Troth *I* commend his abſtinence 'tis great,
When having ſuch a ſtomach he'l not eat.

704. *To*

704. *To Banks.*

When *Spendal* asks to borrow, you reply:
You know not when he'l pay you; troth nor I.

705. *To Boldface.*

Boldface, *I* wonder at thy impudence,
That dar'ſt affirm things ſo againſt all ſence:
For ſhame ben't impudent and fooliſh too!
And think all men are fools 'cauſe you are ſo.

706. *Of his Book.*

Part of the work remains; one part is paſt:
And here my Ship rides, having Anchor caſt.

707. *On Bearil.*

Bearil becauſe his wife is ſomewhat ill,
Uncertain in her health, indifferent ſtill;
He turns her ont of doors without reply:
Wondring at which, *I* askt the reaſon why?
In ſickneſs and in health, ſays he, I'm bound
Onely to keep her, either weak or ſound;
But now ſhe's neither, he replies; you'l ſee,
She'l quickly new or mend or end ſays he.

708. *On Bib.*

Wiſdom doth teach us ſilence, now *Bib* is
With drink made ſpeechleſs, is he not then wiſe.

709. *On Silly.*

Silly by chance did looſe his Diary
Of wit, which he had got in company:
No marvail he now ſo mute and penſive ſits,
How con he chooſe, ſince he hath loſt his wits.

710. *Ad ſeſquidales poetaſtros.*

Hence *Bauron's* God to *Tauriminton*,
And you Levaltoring Coribants be gon;
Fly thundering Bronſterops to *Hypocrene*,
And *Mauros* to Nymph-nurſing *Mytelene*;
Griſly *Megera's* necromantique ſpell
Depart to black-nights *Acherontck* cell:

Avaunt

Avaunt transformed *Epidaurian*,
Unto the Antipod Iſles of Trabroban,
Away *Cyllenius* plumy-pinnion'd God,
With thy peace making wand, ſnake charming rod,
And all the reſt not daring look upon.
Uranus blood-born brood, and fell *Typhon*;
Chimera's victor great *Bellerophon*,
Thou vanquiſher of *Spaniſh Geryon*.
Stout *Aſdubrall* Sicilian Lord of yore,
Thou that deſtroydſt the *Caledonian* bore,
Couragious conqueror of Cretes *Minotaure*,
Thou pride of *Marmeno*'s cloudy *Semitaure*.
Perſeus whoſe marble ſtone transforming ſhield,
Enforc'd the wall, *Andromeda* to yield,
You *Argonautes* that ſcour'd *Syndromades*,
And paſſed the quick-ſands of *Symplegades*,
Help *Domogorgon*, King of heaven and earth,
Chaos Lucina at *Letigiums* birth,
The world with child looks for delivery
Of *Canibals*, or *Poetophagy*.
A deviliſh brood from *Ericthonius*,
From *Iphidemia*, *Nox and Erebus*,
Chide *Pegaſus* for op'ning *Helicon*,
And Poets damn *Pyry-Phlegeton*;
Or make this monſtrous birth abortive be,
Or elſe *I* will ſhake hands with Poetry.

Nihil ſic niſi Carmina deſunt.

Marmora Mæonii vincunt menumenta libelli;
Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

The Muſes works ſtone-Monuments outlaſt;

EPITAPHS.

1. *On a Lyar.*

GOod paſſenger! here lies one here,
That living did lye every where.

2. *On a Dyar.*

He lives with God none can deny,
That while he liv'd to th'world did dye.

3. *On a Jugler.*

Death came to ſee thy tricks, and cut in twain
Thy threed, why didſt not make it whole again?

4. *On Mr. Fiſh.*

Worm's bait for *Fiſh*, but here is a great change
Fiſh bait for worms, is not that very ſtrange?

5. *On a Child.*

A Child and dead? alas! how could it come?
Surely thy thread of life was but a thrumm.

6. *On Mr. Do.*

Do is my name, and here I lye,
My Gramar tells me, *Do fit Di.*

7. *On Taylor a Serjeant kill'd by a Horſe.*

A Taylor is a Thief a Sergeant is worſe,
Who here lies dead, God-a-maſſy Horſe,

8. *On Mr. Thomas Beſt.*

With happy ſtarrs he ſure is bleſt,
Where s'ere he goes, that ſtill is *Beſt.*

9. *On Robin.*

Round *Robin's* gone, and this grave doth incloſe
The pudding of his doublet and his hoſe.

10. *On*

10. *On Bell the Tinker.*

Bell though thou dy'dſt deſcrepit, lame forlorn,
Thou was't a man of mettle, I'l be ſworn.

11. *On proud Tigeras.*

Proud and fooliſh, ſo it comes to paſs,
He liv'd a *Tygar* and he dy'd an Aſs.

12. *On John Cofferer.*

Here lyes *John Cofferer*, and takes his reſt,
Now he hath chang'd a Coffer for a Cheſt.

13. *On blind and deaf Dick Freman*

Here lyes *Dick Freman*,
That could not hear nor ſee man.

14. *On a Miller.*

Death without warning was as bold as brief,
When he kill'd two in one, Miller and Thief.

15. *On a Lady.*

Here lyes one dead under this marble ſtone,
Who when ſhe liv'd, lay under more than one

16. *On a Wreſtler.*

Death to the Wreſtler gave a pretty fall,
Tript up his heels, and took no hold at all.

17. *On John Death.*

Here's *Death interr'd*, that liv'd by bread,
Then all ſhould live, now *Death* is dead.

18. *On an Infant*

The reeling world turn'd Poet, made a Play;
I came to ſee't, diſlike't it, went my way

19. *On a little but very ingenious youth.*

Grim Death perceiving, He had far outran,
The elder youths; miſtook him for a man.

20. *On a Lady dying quickly after her Husband.*

He firſt deceaſed, ſhe a little try'd
To live without him, lik'd it not and dy'd.

21. *On Mr. Stone.*

Jeruſalems curſe is not fulfill'd in me,
For here a ſtone upon a ſtone you ſee.

22. *On.*

22. *On Mr. Strange.*

Here lies one *Strange*, no Pagan, Turk, nor Jew,
It's ſtrange, but not ſo ſtrange as it is true.

23. *A Farts Epitaph*

Reader, it was born, and cry'd,
Crack'd ſo, ſmelt ſo, and ſo dy'd.

24. *On Mr. Anguiſh a ſchollar.*

Some do for anguiſh weep, for anger I,
That ignorance ſhould live, and art ſhould dye.

25. *On a lovely young youth.*

From thy quick death, conclude we muſt,
The faireſt flowers are gather'd firſt.

26. *On Mr.* Thomas Allen.

No Epitaphs need make the juſt man fam'd,
The good are prais'd when they are only nam'd.

27. *On a Lady.*

Finis and *Bonum* are converted, ſo,
That every good thing to an end muſt go.

28. *On a pious Benefactor.*

The Poor, the World, the Heavens, and the Grave,
His Alms, his Praiſe, his Soul, and body have.

29. *On a Poet in Priſon.*

Though I in Priſon here do lye,
My Muſe ſhall live although I dye.

30. *On a poor Poet.*

Here lies the Poet buried in the night,
Whoſe purſe men know it, was exceeding light.

31. *A man and his wife.*

Viator ſiſte, ecce miraculum!
Vir & uxor hic non ligitunt.

32. *On a Pauls-walker.*

Defeſſus ſum ambulando.

33. *On a Scrivener.*

May all men by theſe preſents teſtifie,
A lurching Scrivener here faſt bound doth lye.

34. *On*

34. *On one that cheated his Father.*

Here lies a man, who in a ſpan
Of life, beyond his Father ran.

35. *On a Cut-purſe.*

Death hath that Cut-purſe ſeiz'd on at Alhallows,
Who by good hap hath ſo eſcap'd the Gallows

36. *On a young great wit.*

Great wits are dangerous, for then,
It ſeems, they ſeldom come to men.

37. *On an Uſurer.*

That all thoſe goods and riches ſcrap'd together,
Should with himſelf depart, and knows not whither.

38. *On a Captain.*

Who late in wars did dread no foes in field,
Now free of ſcars his life in peace doth yield.

39. *On a Potter.*

He that on clay his chiefeſt truſt repos'd,
Is now in clay, inſtead of duſt repos'd.

40. *On a Merchant*

Who from accounts and reckonings ne'r could reſt,
At length hath ſumm'd up his *Quietus eſt.*

41. *On a young man newly married, dyed.*

The world and thou art quickly gone about,
That but now entring in, art entred out.

42. *On John Friend.*

How ere he fail'd in's life, 'tis like *Jack Friend*
Was no mans foe but's own, and there's an end.

43 *On Chriſtopher Fowler.*

Let all ſay what they can, 'tis known *Kit Fowler*
Was held an honeſt man, though no good Bowler.

44. *On Dorothy Rich.*

Here reſteth young *Doll Rich*, that dainty drab,
Who troubled long with itch, dy'd of the ſcab.

45. *On Ralph.*

Ralph bids adieu to pleaſures good or ill,
But tells you true, 'tis much againſt his will.

46. *On*

46. *On Walter Moon,*

Here lyes *Wat Moon*, that great Tobacconiſt,
Who dy'd too ſoon for lack of had I wiſt.

47. *On John Cooling a Player-fool.*

Death hath too ſoon remov'd from us *Jo. Cooling*,
That was ſo well belov'd, and liv'd by fooling.

48. *On a Welſhman.*

Who living leaſt, eſpy'd his life ſhould leeſe,
By meer Metheglin dy'd and toſted Cheeſe.

49. *On Jo. Long.*

Here ſleep *J. Long*, who liv'd till New-years-tide,
Full fourſcore ſtrong, but then fell ſick and dy'd

50. *On Stephen Spooner.*

Death hath time borrow'd of our neighbour *Spooner*,
Whoſe wife much ſorow'd that he dy'd no ſooner.

51. *On a Lawyer.*

God works wonders now and than,
Here lyes a Lawyer dy'd an honeſt man.

52. *On a Watterman*

Here ſleeps *Will Slater*, why? by deaths command,
Hath left the waters to poſſeſs the land,

53. *On Sir Francis Drake.*

England his heart, his Corps the waters have,
And that which rais'd his fame, became his grave

54. *On a Gallant.*

Who cloth of Tiſſue wore, here flat doth lye,
Having no iſſue, more than that in's thigh.

55. *On John Garret.*

Gone is *John Garret*, who to all mens thinking
For love to Clarret, kill'd himſelf with drinking

56. *On notable Ned.*

Cauſe of the good nought muſt be ſaid but good,
'Tis well for *Ned* that naught he underſtood.

57. *On a Taylor who dyed of the ſtitch.*

Here lives a Taylor in this ditch,
Who liv'd and dyed by the ſtitch.

58. *On a Travelling Beggar.*

Here lies a Vagrant perſon whom our laws
(Of late grow ſtrict) denied paſſage, 'cauſe
He wandring thus, therefore return he muſt,
From whence at firſt he hither came; to duſt.

59. *On a Maſon.*

So long the Maſon wrought on others walls,
That his own houſe of clay to ruine falls:
No wonder, ſpiteful death wrought his annoy,
He us'd to build, and death ſeeks to deſtroy.

60. *On a Schoolmaſter.*

The Gramar School, a long time taught I have,
Yet all my skill could not Decline the grave,
But yet I hope it one day will be ſhown
In no Caſe ſave the Ablative alone.

61. *On Prince* Henry.

I have no vein in Verſe, but if I could
Diſtil on every word a Pearl, I would.
Our ſorrows pearls drop, not from pens, but eyes,
Whilſt other Muſes write, mine only cryes.

62. *On the death of Mr.* Newcomin *of* Clare-hall *in* Cambridge.

Weep ye Clarenſes, weep all about,
For *New-com-in* is new gone out;
Weep not Clarenſes, weep not at all,
He's gone but from Clare to Trinity-Hall.

63. *On Hobſon the Carrier.*

Hobſon (what's out of ſight, is out of mind)
Is gone and left his Letters here behind,
He that with ſo much paper us'd to meet
Is now, alas! content to take one ſheet.

64. *Another,*

He that ſuch carriage ſtore, was wont to have,
Is carried now himſelf unto his grave:
O ſtrange! he that in life ne'r made but one,
Six Carriers makes, now he is dead and gone.

65. *Another.*

Here *Hobſon* lyes, preſt with a heavy load,
Who now is gone the old and common road;
The waggon he ſo lov'd ſo lov'd to ride,
That he was drawing on whilſt that he dy'd.

66. *Another.*

Hobſon's not dead, but *Charles* the Northern Swain
Hath ſent for him to draw his lightſom wain.

67. *On a Footman.*

This nimble footman ran away from death,
And here he reſted being out of breath;
Here death him over-took, made him his ſlave,
And ſent him on an errand to the grave.

68. *Juſtus Lipſius.*

Some have high mountains of Parian ſtone,
And ſome in braſs carve their inſcription,
Some have their Tombs of coſtly marbles rear'd;
But in our tears onely are they interr'd.

69. *On a Child.*

Like Birds of Prey,
Death ſnatcht away
This harmeleſs Dove,
Whoſe ſoul ſo pare
Is now ſecure
In heaven above.

70. *On a rich Gentleman*

Of woods and Plains, and hills and vales,
Of fields, of meads, of parks and pales;
Of all I had, this I poſſeſs;
I neeed no more, I have no leſs.

71. *On a Child.*

That fleſh is graſs
Its grace a flower,
Read ere you paſs
Whom worms devour.

72. *On a Lock-ſmith.*

A zealous Lock-ſmith dy'd of late,
Who by this times at heaven gate.
The reaſon why he will not knock,
Is 'cauſe he means to pick the lock.

73. *On a Collier.*

Here lies the Collier *Jenkin Daſhes*,
By whom death nothing gain'd he ſwore,
For living he was duſt and aſhes,
And being dead he is no more.

74. *On Dick Pinner.*

Here lyes *Dick Pinner*, O ungentle death!
Why didſt thou rob *Dick Pinner* of his breath?
For living, he by ſcraping of a pin,
Made beter duſt than thou haſt made of him.

75. *On a Sack-ſucker.*

Good Reader bleſs thee, be aſſur'd,
The ſpirit of Sack lyes here immur'd:
Who havock't all he could come by
For Sack, and here quite ſack'd doth lye.

76. *On a Child.*

Into this world as ſtranger to an Inn,
This Child came Gueſt-wiſe, where when it had bin
A while, and found nought worthy of his ſtay,
He only broke his faſt, and went away

77. *On a Candle.*

Here lyes the Chandlers chiefeſt joy,
Here lyes the Schollers pale-fac'd boy;
Having nought elſe but skin and bone
Dy'd of a deep Conſumption.

78. *On* T.H. *the Panier-man of the Temple.*

Here lyes *Tom Hacket* this Marble under,
Who often made the Cloyſters thunder;
He had a horn, and when he blew it.
Call'd many a Cuckold that never knew it.

79. *On a young Infant.*

The life of Man
Is but a ſpan,
The common ſaying is;
But death did pinch
His to an inch,
Ere he could ſay, what's this?
Yet he hath gain'd, not loſt, thereby
Changing time for eternity.

80. *On Mr Calfes death.*

Heaven of his ſoul take charge, for he,
Of all his days liv'd but the half;
Who might have grown to be an *Ox*,
But dyed (as you ſee) a *Calfe*

81. *On Bolus.*

If gentleneſs could tame the Fates, or wit
Delude them, *Bolus* had not dyed yet;
But one that death o'r-rules in judgment ſits,
And ſayes our ſins are ſtronger then our wits.

82. *On a Clown.*

Softly tread this earth upon,
For here lyes our *Corydon*:
VVho through care to ſave his ſheep
VVatch'd too much, Oh let him ſleep.

83. *On a Child.*

As careful Nurſes on their beds do lay, (play
Their babes which would too long the wantons
So to prevent my youths enſuing crimes,
Nature my Nurſe laid me to bed betimes.

84. *On a Muſitian.*

Be not offended at our ſad complaint,
You Quire of Angels, that have gain'd a Saint;
VVhere all perfection met in skill and voice,
VVe mourn our loſs, but yet commend your choice.

85. *On*

85. *On a Gardner.*

Could he forget his death that every hour
Was emblem'd to it, by the fading flowre?
Should he not mind his end? yes, ſure he muſt
That ſtill was converſant 'mongſt beds of duſt.

86. *On a Drunkard.*

Bibax the Drunkard, while he liv'd would ſay,
The more *I* drink the more methinks I may;
But ſee how death hath prov'd his ſaying juſt,
For he hath drunk himſelf as dry as duſt.

87. *On a Child.*

Tread ſoftly paſſenger for here doth lye
A dainty Jewel of ſweet *Infancy*:
A harmleſs babe, that onely came and cry'd
In baptiſm to be waſh'd from ſin and dy'd.

88. *Another.*

In this marble Casket lyes
A matchleſs Jewel of rich prize,
Whom nature in the worlds diſdain
But ſhew'd, and put it up again.

89. *On Mr. Sands.*

Who would live in others breath?
Fame deceives the dead mans truſt,
When our names do change by death,
Sands I was, and now am duſt.

90. *On Mr. Goad.*

Go ad this Verſe, to *Goad's* herſe,
For *Goad* is gone, but whither?
Goad himſelf is gone to God,
'Twas deaths Goad drove him thither.

91. *On Monday,*

Hallowed be the Sabbath
And farewell all worldly pelf;
The week begins on Tueſday,
For *Monday* hath hang'd himſelf.

92. *On a Child.*

Here a pretty baby lyes
Sung asleep with Lullabies:
Pray be silent, and not stir
Th'easie earth that covers her.

93. *On a Matron.*

Here lies a wife was chast, a mother blest;
A modest Matron, all these in one chest:
Sarah unto her Mate, *Mary* to God,
Martha to men, whilst here she had abod.

94. *In Latine thus.*

Uxor castu, Parens felix, Matrona pudica,
Sara viro mundo Martha, Maria Deo.

95. *On a Souldier.*

When I was young, in Wars I shed my blood,
Both for my King, and for my Countries good:
In elder years, my care was chief to be
Souldier to him that shed his blood for me.

96. *On Mr. Dumbelow, that dyed of the wind Cholick*

Dead is *Dick Dumbelow*
Would you the reason know?
Could his tail have but spoken,
His stout heart had not broken.

97. *On Mr. Kitchins death.*

Kitchin lyes here (for so his name I found)
I see death keeps his *Kitchin* under ground..
And the poor worms (that flesh of late did eat)
Devour their *Kitchin* now for want of meat.

98. *On Isabella a Courtezan.*

He who would write an Epitaph,
Whereby to make fair *Isbell* laugh,
Must get upon her, and write well,
Here underneath lies *Isabell.*

99. *On a vertuous wife.*

In brief to ſpeak thy praiſe, let this ſuffice,
Thou wert a wife moſt loving, modeſt, wiſe.
Of children careful, to thy neighbours kind,
A worthy Miſtreſs, and of liberal mind.

100. *On Mr. Chriſtopher Lawſon.*

Death did not kill unjuſty this good man,
But death, in death, by death did ſhew his power,
His pious deeds and thoughts to heaven fore-ran
There to prepare his ſoul a bleſſed bower.

101. *On a Welſhman.*

Here lyes puried under theſe ſtones,
Shon ap Williams, ap Shinkin ap Shones,
Her was porn in *Whales* her was kill'd in *France*,
Her went to Cot by a very miſchance. La ye now.

102. *On Mr. Carter, burnt by the great powder miſchance in Finsbury.*

Here lies an honeſt *Carter* (yet no Clown)
Unladen of his cares, his end the Crown,
Vaniſh'd from hence, even in a cloud of ſmoke
A blown-up Citizen, and yet not broke.

103. *On a Lady dying in Childbed.*

Born at the firſt to bring another forth,
She leaves the world, to leave the world her worth:
Thus Phœnix-like, as ſhe was born to bleed,
Dying her ſelf, renews it in her ſeed,

104. *On a Faulconer.*

Death with her talons having ſeiz'd this prey,
After a tedious flight truſſ'd him away:
We mark'd him, here he fell whence he ſhall riſe
At call till then unretriv'd here he lyes.

105. *On Joan Truman who had an iſſue in her leg.*

Here lyes crafty Joan, deny it who can,
Who liv'd a falſe maid and dy'd a *Truman*.

And this trick ſhe had, to make up her cunning,
Whilſt one leg ſtood ſtill, the other was running.

106. *On a youth.*

Now thou haſt heaven for merit, but 'tis ſtrange,
Mortality ſhould envy at thy change:
God thought us unfit for ſuch as thee,
And made thee conſort of eternity.
We grieve not then that thou to heaven art taken,
But that thou haſt thy friends ſo ſoon forſaken.

107. *On Prince Henry.*

Did he dye young? O no, it could not be,
For I know few that liv'd ſo long as he,
Till God and all men lov'd him; then behold,
The man that lives ſo long, muſt needs be old.

108. *On——lorn before his time.*

Griev'd at the world and times, this early Bloom
Look'd round, and ſigh'd, and ſtole into his Tomb;
His fall was like his Birth, too quick: this Roſe
Made haſte to ſpread, and the ſame haſte to cloſe:
Here lyes his duſt, but his beſt Tomb's fled hence,
For Marble cannot laſt like Innocence.

109. *On a very fat man.*

Under this pebble ſtone
Here faſt ſleepeth one,
And that is not two
Yet was without doubt
Far bigger about,
Then both I and you;
His kidneys encreaſt
So much, that his waſt
Was hooped all round:
But his girdle death cuts,
And down fell his guts,
'Bouts heels to the ground.

110. *On John Newter.*

Reader, *John Newter* who erſt plaid
The Jack on both ſides, here is laid
Who like the herb *John* indifferent,
Was not for King or Parliament,
Yet faſt and looſe he could not play
With death, he took him at a Bay;
What ſide his ſoul hath taken now
God or Devil? we hardly know,
But this is certain ſince he dy'd
He hath been miſt of neither ſide.

111. *On Hocas Pocas.*

Here *Hocas* lyes with his tricks and his knocks,
VVhom death hath made ſure at his Juglers box:
VVho many hath cozen'd by his leiger-demain
Is preſto convey'd and here underlain:
Thus *Hocas* he's here, and here he is not,
VVhile death plaid the *Hocas*, and brought him to (th' pot

112. *On a Child of two years old being born and dying in July.*

Here is laid a July flowre
VVith ſurviving tears bedew'd,
Not deſpairing of that hour
VVhen her ſpring ſhall be renew'd;
Ere ſhe had a ſummer ſeen,
She was gather'd freſh and green.

113. *On a Cobler.*

Death at a Coblers Door oft made a ſtand,
And always found him on the mending hand;
At laſt came death in very foul weather,
And ript the ſole from the upper leather:
Death put a trick upon him, and what was't
The Cobler call'd for's Awl, death brought his Laſt.

114. *On a young Gentlewoman.*

Nature in this ſmall volume was about
To perfect what in woman was left out:

Yet careful leaſt a piece ſo well begun,
Should want preſervatives when ſhe had done:
Ere ſhe could finiſh what ſhe undertook,
Threw duſt upon it, and ſhut up the book.

115. *On a Scholar.*

Forbear friend t'unclapſe this book,
Only in the forefront look;
For in it have errours been,
Which made the author call it in:
Yet know this, 't ſhall have more worth,
At the ſecond coming forth.

116. *On a young Woman.*

The body which within this earth is laid,
Twice ſix weeks knew a wife, a Saint, a maid
Fair maid, chaſt wife, pure Saint, yet 'tis not ſtrange,
She was a woman, therefore pleas'd to change;
And now ſhees dead, ſome woman doth remain,
For ſtill ſhe hopes once to be chang'd again.

117. *On Brawne.*

Here *Brawne* the quondam begar lyes,
Who counted by his tale,
Full ſixſcore winter in this life;
Such vertue is in Ale.
Ale was his meat Ale was his drink,
Ale did him long reprive,
And could he ſtill have drunk his Ale,
He had been ſtill alive.

118. *On a Candle.*

Here lyes (I wot) a little ſtar,
That did belong to *Jupiter*,
Which from him *Prometheus* ſtole,
And with it a fire-cole,
Or this is that I mean to handle,
Here doth lye a farthing Candle,
That was lov'd well, having its light
But looſing that, now bids good night.

119. *On M. R.*

Who ſooneſt dies, lives long enough
Our life is but a blaſt or puff
I did reſiſt and ſtrive with death,
But ſoon he put me out of breath;
He of my life thought to bereave me,
But I did yield onely to breathe me,
O'r him I ſhall in triumph ſing,
Thy conqueſt Grave, *where is thy ſting?*

120. *On a Child.*

Here ſhe lies a pretty bud
Lately made of fleſh and blood
Who as ſoon fell faſt aſleep,
As her little eyes did peep;
Give her ſtrewings; but not ſtir
The earth that lightly covers her.

121. *On an Inn-Keeper*

It is not I that dye, I do but leave an Inn, (ſin
Where harbour'd was with me, all filthy kind of
It is not *I* that dye, I do but now begin
Into eternal joy by faith to enter in.
Why weep you then my friend, my parents, & my kin
Lament ye when I loſe, but weep not when I win.

122. *On a Cobler.*

Come hither read my gentle friend,
And here behold a Coblers end.
Longer in length his life had gone,
But that he had no Laſt ſo long;
O mighty death, whoſe dart can kill
The man that made him ſouls at will.

123. *On M. Air.*

Under this ſtone of Marble fair,
Lies th' body 'ntom'd of *Gervaſe Air.*
He dy'd not of an ague fit,
Nor ſurfeited of too much wit;

Methinks this was a wondrous death,
That *Air* ſhould dye for want of breath.

124. *On Mr. Rice M.*

VVho can doubt *(Rice)* to what eternal place
Thy ſoul is fled, that did but know thy face?
VVhoſe body was ſo light it might have gone
To heaven without a reſurrection;
Indeed thou wert all type, thy limbs were ſigns,
Thy Arteries but Mathematick lines;
As if two ſouls had made the compound good,
VVhich both ſhould live by faith and none by blood

123. *On Thomas Jones.*

Here for the nance
Came *Thomas Jonee*
In St. *Gileſes* Church to ly.
None welch before;
None welſhman more
Till *Shon Clerk* dy.
Ile tole the Bell,
Ile ring his knell,
He dyed well
He's ſaved from Hell:
And ſo farewel
Tom Jonce.

126. *On a young man.*

Surpriz'd by grief and ſickneſs here I ly,
Stopt in my middle age, and ſoon made dead,
Yet do not grudge at God, if ſoon thou dye,
But know he trebles favours on thy head.
VVho for thy morning work equals thy pay,
VVith thoſe that have endur'd the heat oth' day.

127. *On the two Littletons that were drowned at Oxford 1636.*

Here lye we (Reader, canſt thou not admire?)
VVho both at once by wate[illegible]y'd and fire,

For

For whilſt onr bodies periſh'd in the deep,
Our ſouls in love burnt, ſo we fell aſleep:
Let this then be our Epitaph, Here lyes
Two yet but one, one for the other dyes.

128. *On a Butler.*

That death ſhould thus from hence our Butler
Into my mind it cannot quickly ſink; (catch,
Sure death came thirſty to the Butt'ry hatch,
When he (that buſi'd was) deny'd him drink.
Tut! 'twas not not ſo, 'tis like he gave him liquor,
And death made drunk, him made away the quicker;
Yet let not others grieve too much in mind,
(The Butler's gone) the keys are left behied.

129. *On M. Cook.*

To God, his Country, and the poorhe had
A zealous ſoul, free heart and lib'ral mind.
His Wife, his Children, and his kindred ſad;
Lack of his love, his care and kindneſs find:
Yet are their ſorrows aſſwag'd with the thought
He hath attain'd the happineſs he ſought.

130. *On a Porter.*

At length by works of wondrous fate,
Here lyes the Porter of Wincheſter-gate:
If gone to Heav'n as much I fear;
He can be but a Porter there.
He fear'd not hell ſo much for's ſin,
As for th' great rapping and oft coming in.

131. *Upon one who dyed in Priſon.*

Reader, I liv'd, enquire no more,
Leſt a ſpy enter in at door,
Such are the times, a dead man dare
Not truſt nor credit common air,
But dye and and lye Entombed here,
By me, I'l whiſper in thine ear.
Such things as onely duſt to duſt
(And without witneſs) may entruſt.

132. *On Waddam Colledge Butler.*

Mans life is like a new tunn'd Cask they say
The formoſt draught is oftimes caſt away,
Such are our younger years, the following ſtill
Are more and more inclining unto ill;
Such is our manhood, until age at length,
Doth ſowre its ſweetneſs and doth ſtop its ſtrength:
Then death preſcribing to each thing its bounds,
Takes what is left, and turns it all to grounds.

133. *On a Horſe.*

Here lyes a Horſe, who dyed but
To make his Maſter go on foot.
A miracle ſhould it be ſo:
The dead to make the lame to go;
Yet Fate would have it, that the ſame
Should make him go, that made him lame.

134. *On an old man a Reſidenciary.*

Tread, Sirs, as lightly as you can
Upon the grave of this old man.
Twice forty (bating but one year,
And thrice three weeks) he lived here.
Whom gentle fate tranſlated hence
To a more happy Reſidence.
Yet, Reader let me tell thee this,
(Which from his Ghoſt a promiſe is)
If here you will ſome few tears ſhed,
He'l never haunt you now he's dead.

135. *On a Maid.*

Here ſhe lyes (in bed of ſpice)
Fair as *Eve* in Paradiſe.
For her beauty it was ſuch
Poets co uld not praiſe too much.
Virgins comes, and in a Ring
Her ſupreameſt *Requium* ſing;
Then depart, but ſee you tread
Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

136. *On Husband and Wife.*

To these whom Death again did wed,
This Grave's the second Marriage-Bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force,
Twixt soul and body a Divorce;
It could not sever Man and Wife,
Because they both liv'd but one life;
Peace good Reader, do not weep;
Peace the Lovers are asleep.
They (sweet Turtles) folded lye,
In the last knot that love could tye.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till the stormy night be gone.
And th' eternal morrow dawn.
Then the Curtains will be drawn;
And they waken with that light,
Whose day shall never sleep in night.

137. *On Aretyne.*

Here biting *Aretyne* lies buried,
With gall more bitter, never man was fed.
The living nor the dead to carp he spar'd,
Nor yet for any King or *Cæsar* car'd:
Only on God to rail he had forgot,
His answer was, Indeed I know him not.

138. *On William Cole an Alehouse-keeper, at Coaten near Cambridge.*

Doth *William Coal* ly here? henceforth be stale,
Be strong and laugh on us, thou *Coaten* Ale:
Living indeed, he with his violent hand
Never left grasping thee, while he could stand.
But death at last, hath with his fiery flashes
Burnt up the *Coal*, and turn'd it into ashes.

139. *On one Andrew Leigh who was vext with a shrewd wife.*

Here lies *Leigh*, who vext with a shrewd wife,
To gain his quiet, parted with his life;

But see the spight! she that had always crost
Him living dyes, and means to hunt his Ghost.
But she may fail, for *Andrew* out of doubt
Will cause his brother *Peter* shut her out.

140. *In quendam.*

Stay mortal stay, remove not from this Tomb,
Before thou hast consider'd well thy doom;
My bow stands ready bent, and couldst it see,
Mine arrow's drawn to th' head, and aims at thee:
Prepare yet-wandring Ghost, take home this line,
The grave that next is open'd may be thine.

141. *On a vertuous youth.*

Reader, let a stone thee tell
That in this body there did dwell
A soul as heavenly, rich and good,
As e'r could live in flesh and blood:
And therefore heav'n that held it dear,
Did let it stay the less while here,
Whose Corps here sacred ashes makes;
Thus heav'n and earth have parted stakes.

142. *On a Cock Master.*

Farewel stout Hot-spur, now the battel's done,
In which th'art foil'd, and death hath overcome,
Having o'r match'd thy strength that made thee
She quickly forc'd thee on the pit to droop: (stoop
From whence thou art not able rise or stir;
For death is now become the vanquisher.

143. *On a Mathematician.*

Lo, in small closure of this earthly bed,
Rests he, that heavens vast motions measured;
Who having known both of the Land and sky,
More than fam'd *Archimede*, or *Ptolomy*,
Would further press, and like a *Palmer went*,
With *Jacobs* staff, beyond the Firmament,

144. *On a Taylor.*

Jack Snip the Taylor's dead, 'tis now too late
To brawl or wrangle with the cruel fate,
Yet sure 'twas hardly done to clip his thred,
Before he gave them leave in his own bed.
He dy'd at forty just; poor shred of base
Mortality! who pities not his case?
Of a whole ell of cloth, he would not take
Above a nail at most, for conscience sake:
But of his span of life, I dare to say,
Death stole not much less then one half away;
And Coward-like, just when he was not well,
With his own bodkin (pitiful to tell)
He board a hole through him, that all his men
And Prentices could not stitch up agen.

143. *On his Mistris Death.*

Unjustly we complain of Fate,
For shortning our unhappy dayes,
When death doth nothing but translate,
And print us in a better phrase.
Yet who can chuse but weep? Not I:
That beauty of such excellence,
And more vertue than could dye,
By deaths rude hand is vanish'd hence.
Sleep best creature in thine urn,
My sighs, my tears, shall not awake thee.
I but stay until my turn:
And then, O then! I'l overtake thee.

146. *On Hobson the Carrier.*

If Constellations which in heaven are fixt,
Give life by influence to bodies mixt,
And every sign peculiar right doth clain
Of that to which it propogates a name;
Then I conjure *Charles* the great Northern star
Whistled up *Hobson* for to drive his Car.

He is not dead, but left his manſion here,
Has left the Bull, and flitted to the Bear.
Methinks I ſee how *Charons* fingers itches,
But he's deceiv'd he cannot have his riches.

147. *Another on Hobſon.*

Whom ſeek you Sirs? Old *Hobſon*? fie upon
Your tardineſs, the Carier is gone;
Why ſtare you ſo? nay, you deſerve to fail,
Alas here's nought, but his old rotten mail.
He went a good while ſince, no queſtion ſtore
Are glad, who vext he would not go before.
And ſome are griev'd he's gone ſo ſoon away,
The Lord knows why he did no longer ſtay.
How could he pleaſe you all? I'm ſure of this,
He linger'd ſoundly, howſoe'r you miſs;
But gone he is, nor was he ſurely well
At his departure, as miſchance befel:
For he is gone in ſuch unwonted kind,
As ne'r before, his goods all left behind.

148. *Old Hobſons Epitaph.*

Here *Hobſon* lies among his many betters,
A man unlearned, yet a man of Letters;
His carriage was well known, oft hath he gone
In Embaſſy twixt father and the ſon: (ken,
There's few in *Cambridge*, to his praiſe be it ſpo-
But may remember him by ſome good Token.
From whence he rid to *London* day by day,
Till death benighting him, he loſt his way:
His Teem was of the beſt, nor would he have
Been mir'd in any way, but in the grave.
Nor is't a wonder, that he thus is gone,
Since all men know, he long was drawing on.
Thus reſt in peace thou everlaſting Swain,
And ſupream Waggoner next *Charles* his wain.

149. *Upon*

149. *Upon* John Crop, *who dyed by taking a vomit.*
Mans life's a game at Tables, and he may
Mend his bad fortune by his wiser play;
Death plays againſt us, each diſeaſe and ſore
Are blots if hit, the danger is the more
To loſe the game; but an old ſtander by
Binds up the blots, and cures the malady,
And ſo prolongs the game; *John Crop* was he
Death in a rage did challenge for to ſee
His play, the dice are thrown, when firſt he drinks
Caſts, makes a blot, death hits him with a Cinque:
He caſts again, but all in vain, for death
By th'after game did win the prize, his breath.
What though his Skill was good, his luck was bad,
For never mortal man worſe caſting had.
But did not death play falſe to win from ſuch
As he? no doubt, he bare a man too much.

150. *An honeſt Epitaph.*
Here lyes an honeſt man, Reader if thou ſeek more,
Thou art not ſo thy ſelf; for honeſty is ſtore
Of Commendations; and it is more praiſe,
To dye an honeſt man, then full of days.

151 *On a Cobler.*
Here lyes an honeſt Cobler, whom curſt Fate,
Peceiving near worn out, would needs tranſlate;
'Twas a good thrifty ſoul, and time hath bin,
He would well liquor'd wade through thick & thin:
But now he's gone, 'tis all that can be ſaid,
Honeſt *John* Cobler is here under-laid.

152. *On a proud man.*
Good Reader know, that comeſt nigh,
Here lies he low, that look'd ſo high,
Both poor and nak'd, that was gay-cloath'd:
Of all forſak'd, who others loath'd.

He

He once thought all envy'd his worth:
Nor great or ſmall, now grudg his turf:
The heavenly Cope was him ambition:
Three Cubits ſcope is his fruition.
He was above all; God above him:
He did not love all; nor God love him:
He that him taught firſt to aſpire,
Now hath him caught, and pays his hire.

153. *On an ireful and angry man.*

Here lyes a *Fury*, hight Sir *Ire*;
That bred and earn'd immortal fire,
He 'gan to wrangle from his womb;
And was a wrangler to his Tomb.
A peeviſh, and a fooliſh elf,
Foe to his God, his Saints, his ſelf.
He hated men, men did not love him:
No evil but his own might move him.
He was, and was earths load and care:
He is, and is hells brand, and ſhare.

154. *On John Dawſon Butler.*

Dawſon the Butler's dead, although I think
Poets were nere infus'd with ſingle drink,
Ile ſpend a farthing muſe, a watery Verſe
Will ſerve the turn to caſt upon his Herſe.
If any cannot weep among us here,
Take off his cup, and ſo ſqueze out a tear.
Weep O ye barrels, let your drippings fall
In trickling ſtreams; make waſte more prodigal;
Then when our beer was good, that *John* may float
To *Stix* in beer, and lift up *Charons* boat;
With wholſome waves: and as the Conduits ran
With Clarret at the Coronation,
So let your Chanels flow with ſingle Tiff,
For *John* I hope is crown'd: take off your whiff,
Ye men of *Roſemary*, and drink up all;
Remembring 'tis a Butlers Funeral:

Had

Had he been Master of good double beer,
My life for his, *John Dawson* had been here.

155. *On Turn-Coat.*

Passenger, Stay, Read, Walk, Here Lyeth,
ANDREW TURNCOAT, WHO WAS NEITHER SLAVE, NOR SOULDIER, NOR PHYSITIAN, NOR FENCER, NOR COBLER, NOR FILCHER, NOR LAWYER, NOR USURER, BUT ALL; WHO LIVED NEITHER IN CITY, NOR COUNTRY, NOR AT HOME, NOR ABROAD, NOR AT SEA, NOR AT LAND, NOR HERE, NOR ELSEWHERE, BUT EVERY VVHERE; VVHO DIED, NEITHER OF HUNGER, NOR POYSON, NOR HATCHET NOR HALTER, NOR DOGGE, NOR DISEASE, BUT OF ALL TOGETHER. I. I. H. BEING NEITHER HIS DEBTOR, NOR HEIRE, NOR KINSMAN, NOR FRIEND, NOR NEIGHBOR, BUT ALL IN HIS MEMORY HAVE ERECTED, THIS NEITHER MONUMENT, NOR TOMB, NOR SEPULCHER, BUT ALL WISHING NEITHER EVIL, NOR WEL, NEITHER TO THEE NOR TO ME, NOR HIM, BUT ALL UNTO ALL.

156. *On a Dyer.*

Though death the Dyer colour-less hath made,
Yet he dies pale, and will not leave his trade;
But being dead, the means yet doth not lack,
To dye his friends cloth into mourning black.
Some sure foresaw his death, for they of late
Us'd to exclaim upon his dying Fate.
And weak, and faint, he seem'd oft-times t'have been,
For to change colours often he was seen;
Yet there no matter was so foul but he
Would set a colour on it handsomly:
Death him no unexpected stroke could give,
That learn't to dye, since he began to live.
He shall yet prove, what he before had try'd,
And shall once more live after he hath dy'd.

157. *On a disagreeing Couple.*

Hic jacet ille, qui centies & mille
Did scold with his Wife:
Cum illo jacet illa, quæ communis in villa
Did quittance his life:
His name was *Nick*, the which was sick,
And that very *male*,
Her name was *Nan*, who loved well a man,
So Gentlemen, *vale*.

158. *On a Foot-boy that dyed with over-much running.*

Base Tyrant death, thus to assail one tir'd,
Who scarce his latest breath being left expir'd;
And being too too cruel thus to stay
So swift a course, at length ran quite away.
But pretty boy, be sure it was not death
That left behind thy body out of breath:
Thy soul and body running in a race,
Thy soul held out, thy body tir'd apace;
Thy soul gained, and left that lump of clay
To rest it self until tha latter day.

159. *On*

159 *On a Scrivener.*

Here to a period is the Scrivener come,
This is the laſt ſheet, his full point this Tomb.
Of all aſperſions I excuſe him not,
'Tis known he liv'd not, without many a blot;
Yet he no ill example ſhew'd to any,
But rather gave good Copies unto many.
He in good Letters hath alwayes been bred,
And hath writ more then many men have read.
He rulers had at his command by Law,
And though he could not hang, yet he could draw
He far more bond-men had, and made, then any.
A daſh alone of his pen ruin'd many;
That not without good reaſon, we might call
His Letters great, or little, Capital.
Yet is the Scriveners fate as ſure as juſt,
When he hath all done then he falls to duſt.

160. *On Mr. P. Gray.*

Reader ſtay,
And if I had no more to ſay,
But here doth lye till the laſt day,
All that is left of *Philip Gray*;
It might thy patience richly pay:
For, if ſuch men as he could dye,
What ſurety of life have thou and I?

161. *On a Chandler.*

How might his dayes end that made weeks? or he
That could make light, here laid in darkneſs be?
Yet ſince his weeks were ſpent, how could he chuſe
But be depriv'd of light, and his trade loſe?
Yet dead the Chandler is, and ſleeps in peace.
No wonder, long ſince melted was his greace:
It ſeems that he did evil, for day-light
He hated, and did rather wiſh the night:
Yet came his works to light, and were like gold
Prov'd in the fire, but could no tryal hold;

His

His candle had an end, and deaths black night
Is an extinguiſher of all his light.

162. *On a Smith.*

Farewel ſtout Iron-ſide, not all thine Art
Could make a ſhield againſt deaths envious Dart.
Without a fault, no man his life doth paſs,
For to his Vice the Smith addicted was.
He oft (as Choler is increaſt by fire)
Was in a fume, and much inclin'd to ire.
He had ſo long been us'd to forge, that he
VVas with a black-coal mark't for forgery:
But he for witneſs needed not to care,
VVho but a Black-ſmith was, though ne'r ſo fair;
And opportunities he needed not.
That knew to ſtrike then when the ir'n was hot;
As the door-Nailes he made, hee's now as dead;
He them, and death him, hath knockt on the head.

163. *On a man drown'd in the Snow.*

VVithin a fleece of ſilent waters drown'd,
Before my death was known, a grave I found;
The which exil'd my life from her ſweet home,
For grief ſtraight froze it ſelf into a tombe.
One element my angry Fate thought meet
To be my death, grave, tomb, and winding ſheet:
Phœbus himſelf, an Epitaph had writ,
But blotting many ere he thought one fit;
He wrote until my grave, and Tomb were gone,
And 'twas an Epitaph that I had none;
For every one that paſſed by that way,
VVithout a ſculpture read that there I lay.
Here now the ſecond time intomb'd I lye,
And thus much have the beſt of Deſtiny:
Corruption, from which onely one was free,
Devour'd my grave, but did not feed on me:
My firſt grave took me from the race of men,
My laſt ſhall give me back to life agen.

164. *On Doctor Hackets wife.*

Drop moornful eyes your pearly trickling tears,
Flow ſtreams of ſadneſs down the ſpangled ſphears
Fall like the tumbling Cataracts of *Nile*,
Make deaf the world with cryes; let not a ſmile
Appear, let not an eye be ſeen to ſleep
Nor ſlumber, only let them ſerve to weep
Her dear lamented death, who in her life
VVas a religious, loyal, loving wife,
Of Children tender, to an husband kind,
Th'undoubted ſymptomes of a vertuous mind:
VVhich makes her glorious, 'bove the higheſt pole
VVhere Angels ſing ſweet *Requiums* to her ſoul,
She liv'd a none-ſuch, did a none-ſuch dye,
Ne'r *None-ſuch* here her Corps interred lye,

165. *On a beautiful Virgin.*

In this Marble bury'd lyes,
Beauty may inrich the Skyes,
And add light to *Phœbas* eyes.

Sweeter then *Aurora's* aire
When ſhe paints the Lillies faire,
And gilds Cowſlips with her haire.

Chaſter then the Virgin ſpring,
Ere her bloſſomes ſhe doth bring,
Or cauſe *Philomel* to ſing.

If ſuch goodneſs live 'mongſt men,
Bring me it; I know then
She is come from heaven agen.

But if not, ye ſtanders by
Cheriſh me, and ſay that I
Am the next deſign'd to dye.

166. *An ancient Epitaph on Martin Mar-Prelat*

The Welſhman is hanged,
Who at our Kirk flanged,
And at her ſtate banged,
And breaded are his Bukes:
And though he be hanged,
Yet he is not wranged,
The Devil has him fanged,
In his kruked Klukes.

167. *Upon Hodge Pue's Father.*

Oh cruel death that ſtopt the view
Of *Thoms* Pariſhioner good-man *Pue*,
Who lived alwayes in good order,
Until that death ſtopt his Recorder,
Which was betwixt Eaſter and Pentecoſt,
In the year of the great froſt:
At *New-Market* then was the King,
When as the Bells did merrily ring;
The Miniſter preached the day before
Unto his highneſs, and no more,
Returning home, ſaid prayers, and
Buried the man as I underſtand.

168. On our prime Engliſh Poet *Geffery Chaucer*, an ancient Epitaph.

My Maſter Chaucer, *with his freſh Comedies*
Is dead, alas! chief Poet of Britaine,
That Whilome mad full piteous Tragedies:
The fault alſo of Princes did complain,
As he that was of making Soveraign;
Whom all this Land ſhould of right prefer,
Sith of our Language he was the Load-ſterre.

169. *On Mr. Edm: Spencer, the famous Poet.*

At *Delphos* ſhrine, one did a doubt propound,
Which by the Oracle muſt be releaſed,
Whether of Poets were the beſt renown'd,
Thoſe that ſurvive, or they that are deceaſed?

The

The Gods made answer by divine suggestion,
While *Spencer* is alive; it is no question.

170. *On John Owen.*

Well had these words been added to thy herse,
What e'r thou spak'st (like *Ovid*) was a verse.

171. *On Michael Drayton buryed in Westminster.*

Do pious Marble, let thy Readers know,
What they, and what their Children owe
To *Draytons* sacred name, whose dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, preserve his story,
And a lasting Monument of his glory.
And when thy ruines shall disclaim
To be the Treasury of his Name:
His Name which cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting Monument to thee.

172. *On Beaumont.*

He that hath acutness, and such wit
As well may ask six lives to manage it;
He that hath writ so well, that no man dare
Deny it for the best; let him beware:
Beaumont is dead, by whose sole death appears,
Wits a disease consumes men in few years.

173. *On William Shakespeare.*

Renowned *Spencer* lye a thought more nigh
To learned *Chaucer*, and rare *Beaumont* lye
A little nearer *Spencer*, to make room
For *Shakespeare* in your threefold, fourfold tomb,
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until Dooms-day, for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day and that, by Fates be slain,
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.
If your precedency in death do bar
A fourth place in your sacred Sepulchre;
Under this sacred Marble of thine own
Sleep rare Tragœdian *Shakespeare!* sleep alone.

Thy

Thy unmoleſted peace in an unſhared cave,
Poſſeſſe as Lord, not Tenant of the grave,
That ur to us and others it may be,
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

174. *On Ben Johnſon.*

Here lyes *Johnſon* with the reſt
Of the Poets; but the beſt.
Reader, wo'dſt thou more have known?
Ask his ſtory, not this ſtone;
That will ſpeak what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.

175. *Another on Ben. J.*

The Muſes faireſt light, in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned Age; the line
That none can paſs; the moſt propotion'd wit
To nature: the beſt Judge of what was fit:
The deepeſt, plaineſt, higheſt, cleareſt pen:
The voyce moſt Eccho'd by conſulting men:
The ſoul which anſwer'd beſt to all well ſaid
By others: and which moſt requital made:
Tun'd to the higheſt key of ancient *Rome*,
Returning all her muſick with her own.
In whom wirh Nature, St udy claim'd a part,
And yet who to himſelf ow'd all his Arts;
Here lyes *Ben Johnſon*, every Age will look
With ſorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

176. *On Mr.* Francis Quarles.

To them that underſtand themſelves ſo well,
As what, not who lies here, to ask, I'le tell,
What I conceive, envy dare not deny,
Far both from falſhood, and from flattery.
Here drawn to land by death, doth lye
A Veſſel fitter for the ſkye,
Then *Jaſons Argo*, though to *Greece*,
They ſay, it brought the Golden Fleece.
The ſkilfull Pilot ſteer'd it ſo,
Hither and thither, to and fro,
Through all the Seas of Poetry,
Whether they far or near do lye,
And fraught it ſo with all the Wealth,
Of wit and learning, not by ſtealth,
Or Piracy, but Purchaſe got,
That this whole lower world could not
Richer Commodities, or more
Afford to add unto his ſtore.
To heaven then with an intent
Of new diſcoveries, he went,
And left his Veſſel here to reſt
Till his return ſhall make it bleſt.
The bill of Lading he that looks
To know, may find it in his Books.

177. *On Doctor* Donnes *death.*

He that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And do it well, muſt firſt begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd ſo.
He muſt have wit to ſpare, and to hurle down:
Enough to keep the Gallants of the Town.
He muſt have learning Plenty; both the Laws,
Civil, and Common, to judge any Cauſe;
Divinity great ſtore, above the reſt;
None of the worſt edition, but the beſt;

He must have language, travail, all the Arts;
Judgment to use; or else he wants thy parts:
He must have friends the highest, able to do;
Such as *Mæcenas* and *Augustus* too;
He must have such a sickness, such a death,
Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.
Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,
He must be dead first; let alone for me.

176. *On Doctor* Whaly

What? is the young *Apollo* grown of late
Conscious, his tender years are nothing fit
To rule the now large *Heliconian* State,
Without a sage Competitor in it?
And therefore sent death, who might *Whaly* bring
To be a Guardian to this stripling King?
Sure so it is, but if we thought it might
Be worse then this: namely, that th' Gods for spight
To earth, had ta'n him hence; wee'd weep amain,
Wee'd weep a *Phlegethon*; an Ocean;
Which might without the help of *Charons* Oares,
Ferry his soul to the *Elysian* shoares.

179. *On Doctor* Bambrigg.

Were but this Marble vocal, there
Such an *Elogium* would appear
As might, though truth did dictate, move
Distrust in either faith or love;
As ample knowledge as could rest
Inshrined in a Mortals breast.
Which ne'retheless did open lye,
Uncovered by humility.
A heart which piety had chose,
To be her Alter, whence arose
Such smoaking Sacrifices, that
We here can only wonder at;
A honey tongue that could dispence,
Torrents of sacred Eloquence;

That

That 'tis no wonder if this ſtone
Becauſe it cannot ſpeak, doth groan;
For could Mortallity aſſent,
Theſe aſhes would prove eloquent.

180. *On Sir* Walter Rawleigh *at his Execution.*

Great heart, who taught thee ſo to dye?
Death yielding thee the victory?
Where took'ſt thou leave of life? if there,
How couldſt thou be ſo freed from fear?
But ſure thou dy'ſt, and quit'ſt the ſtate
Of fleſh and blood before the Fate.
Elſe what a miracle were wrought,
To triumph both in fleſh and thought?
I ſaw in every ſtander by,
Pale death, life onely in thine eye:
Th' example that thou left'ſt was then,
We look for when thou dy'ſt agen.
Farewell, truth ſhall thy ſtory ſay,
We dy'd, thou only liv'dſt that day.

181. *On Sir* Horatio Palavozeene.

Here lies Sir *Horatio Palavozeene*,
Who robb'd the Pope to pay the Queen,
And was a theif. A theif? thou ly'ſt:
For why? he robb'd but Antichriſt.
Him death with his beeſome ſwept from *Babram*,
Into the boſome of old *Abraham*:
But then came *Hercules* with his Club,
And ſtruck him down to *Belzebub*.

182. *On Sir* Francis Drake *drowned.*

Where *Drake* firſt found, there laſt he loſt his fame:
And for Tomb left nothing but his name.
His body's bury'd under ſome great wave,
The Sea that was his glory, is his grave:
Of him no man true Epitaph can make,
For who can ſay, *Here lies Sir Francis Drake.*

183. *Sir* Ph. Sidney *on himself.*

t is not I that that dye, I do but leave an Inn,
Where harbour'd was with me, all filthy sin;
It is not I dye, I doe but now begin
Into etenal joy by faith to enter in.
Why mourn you then my Parents, Friends, and Kin?
Lament you when I lose, not when I win.

184. *On Sir* Walter Rawleigh

Spight be pleas'd, when as her object's dead,
Or malice pleas'd, when it hath bruis'd the head,
Or envy pleas'd, when it hath what it would,
Then all are pleas'd, for *Rawleigh*'s blood is cold,
Which were it warm and active, would o'rcome,
And strike the two first blind, the other dumb.

185. *On Sir* Philip Sidney

Reader: within this ground Sir *Philip Sidney* lyes.
Nor is it fit, that more
I should acqaint;
Lest superstition rise,
And men adore
A Lover, Scholler, Souldier; and a Saint.

186. *On a Learned Nobleman.*

He that can read a sigh, and spell a tear,
Pronounce amazement, or accent will fear,
Or get all grief by heart, he, onely he,
Is fit to write, or read thy Elegie,
Unvalued Lord! that wert so hard a text,
Read in one age, and understood i'th' next.

187. *On Tombs in* Westminster

Mortality, behold, and fear,
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many Royal bones,
Sleep within these heaps of Stones;
Here they lye, had Realms, and Lands;
Who now want strength to stir their hands.

Where

Where from their Pulpits ſeal'd with duſt,
They preach, in greatneſs is no truſt.
Here's an acre ſown indeed,
With the richeſt, royal'ſt ſeed,
That the earth did e're ſuck in,
Since the firſt man dy'd for ſin:
Here the bones of birth have cry'd,
Though Gods they were, as men they dy'd:
Here are Sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd ſides of Kings,
Here's a world of Pomp and State
Buried in duſt, once dead by fate.

188. *On Queen* Elizabeth

Kings, Queens, Mens, Virgins eyes
See where the mirrour lyes.
In whom her friends have ſeen,
A Kings State in a Queen:
In whom her foes ſurvai'd,
A Mans heart in a Maid.
Whom leſt Men for her piety,
Should grow to think ſome Deity;
Heaven hence by death did ſummon
Her, to ſhew that ſhe was Woman.

189. *On* Queen Anne *who dyed in* March, *was kept all* April, *and buried in* May.

March with his winds hath ſtruck a Cedar tall,
And weeping *April* mourns the Cedars fall:
And *May* intends her month no flow'r ſhall bring,
Since ſhe muſt loſe the flow'r of all the Spring.
Thy *March* his winds, have cauſed *April* ſhow'rs
And yet ſad *May* muſt loſe his flow'r of flow'rs.

190. *On Prince* Henry.

Reader; wonder think it none,
Though I ſpeak, and am a ſtone,
Here is ſhrin'd Cœleſtiall duſt,
And I keep it but in truſt:

Should I not my treasure tell,
Wonder then you might as well,
How this Stone could chuse but break,
If it had not learn'd to speak:
Hence amaz'd and ask not me
Whose these sacred ashes be,
Purposely it is conceal'd,
For alass! were that reveal'd,
All that read would by and by
Melt themselves to tears and dye.

191. *On King* James *his death.*

We justly, when a meaner subject dyes,
Begin his Epitaph with, Here he lyes,
But when a King, whose memory remains
Triumphant over death; with, Here he reigns:
Now he is dead, to whom the world imputes
Deservedly, eternal Attributes.
For shall we think his glory can decease,
That's honour'd with the stile, The King of Peace:
Whose happy union of Great Britanny?
Calls him the blessed King of Unity.
And in whose Royal Title it ensu'th,
Defender of the Faith, and King of Truth,
These girt thy brows with an immortal Crown,
(Great *James*) and turn thy Tomb into a Throne.

192. *On the King of* Sweeden.

The world expects *Swede's* monumental stone
Should equal the Philosophers; each groan
Should breath a golden vein, and every verse
Should draw *Elixir* from his fatal Herse.
No fitter subject where strong lines should meet,
Than such a noble Center: could the feet
Of able Verse but trace his Victories,
Where all's transcendent, who out parallel'd
Plutarchs selected *Heroes*, and is held

The

The tenth of Worthies: who hath over-acted
Great *Cæsars German*-Comment, and contracted
His expeditions by preventing aw,
He often overcame before he saw:
And (what of his great Son, *Jove* us'd to say)
He alwayes either found or made his way.
Such was his personal and single fight,
As if that death it self had ta'n her flight
Into brave *Swedens* scabbard, when he drew,
Death with that steel enevitable flew.
His Camp a Church, wherein the General's life
Was the best Sermon, and the only strife
Amongst his, was to repeat it; bended knee
Was his prime posture, and his enemy
Found this most prevalent; his discipline
Impartial and exact, it did out-shine
Those Antique Martial Grecian, Roman lamps
From which most of the worlds suceeding Camps
Have had their borow'd light; this, this was he,
All this and more; yet even all this can dye.
Death surely ventur'd on the *Swede* to try,
If heav'n were subject to mortallity;
And shot his soul to Heav'n, as if that she
Could (if not kill) unthrone a Deity.
Both Death's deceiv'd, 'tis in another sense
That Heaven is said to suffer violence.
No it'n Chain-shot, but 'tis the golden chain
Of Vertue, and the Graces are the main,
That doe unhinge the everlasting Gates,
All which like yoked undivided mates,
Were lin'd in *Sweden*; where then were enchain'd
Like Orthodoxal, Volumes nothing feign'd:
Though fairly bound, his story is not dipt
In oyle, but in his own true Manuscript.
It is enough to name him, surely we
Have got that *Romans* doting Lethargy:
And may our names forget, if so we can
Forget the name of *Sweden*; renown'd man?

Thou hadſt no ſooner made the Worthies ten,
But Heaven did claim the tenth; jealous that men
Would Idolize thee, but their Inſtrument.
Thus thy Meridian prov'd thy Occident:
Had longer dayes been granted by the Fates,
Rome had heard this *Hannibal* at her gates.

Farewell thou *Auſtrian* ſcourge,
Thou modern wonder,
Strange rain hath followed
Thy laſt clap of thunder,
A ſhower of tears;
And yet for ought we know,
The Horn that's left,
May blow down *Jericho*.

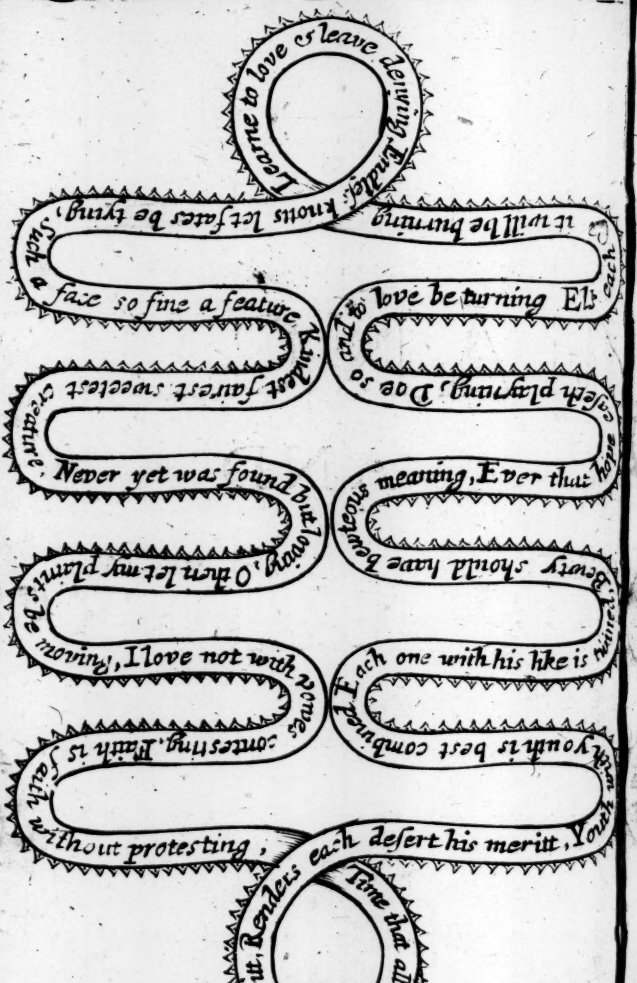
163. *To Death.*

Death. art thou mad? or having loſt thine eyes,
Now throw'ſt thy dart at wild uncertainties?
Which hits thoſe men, who hadſt thou eyes or ſenſe
Would challenge from thee mild obedience.
Their prudent looks gilt with Divinity,
Thy trembling hand would caſt thy dart away,
And grant the wearied Bells a holy day;
And thou greiv'd for thy former cruelty,
Wouldſt to the world proclaim a Jubilee.
But thou art blind and deaf: yet one or two
At moſt, me thinks, had been enow
To ſatisfie thy bloody Tyranny.
But thou wouldſt fain rob poor mortality
Of all true worth, that men might be as baſe
As thou art, and the Devils of thy race.
Art thou Coward grown? why didſt not dart
Thy ſpight at luſty youth? whoſe valiant heart
Would ſcorn thy fond Alarums, and would ſlight
Thy mighty malice, and thy puny might.

This

This had bin fair enough: but thou go'ſt further:
That had been but man-ſlaughter, this is murther;
To kill thoſe rich-ſoul'd men, who ſweetly do
Whiſper unto their willing ſouls to go.
But knowledge of thy weakneſs makes thee wiſe,
Thou ſeek'ſt not triumphs now, but ſacrifice.
Thy malice fools the too, thou hop'ſt they'd grieve
Becauſe they ſhould be forc'd behind to leave
Their honour'd worth; but (fond fool) they be
Now crown'd and cloath'd with immortality.
Nor ſhalt thou kill their fames; here we will raiſe
A Monument to them, ſhall out-laſt days;
Nor ſhall decay, until the Trumpets call
The world to ſee thy long-wiſh'd Funeral:
Till then ſleep bleſt ſouls, freed from hopes and fears,
Whilſt we do write your *Epitaphs* in tears.

FANCIES AND Fantasticks.



Learne to love & leave denying, Endless knots let fates be tying,

Such a face so fine a feature, Kindest fairest sweetest creature,

Never yet was found but loving, O then let my plaints be moving, I love not with vowes contesting, Faith is faith without protesting,

Time that all things doth inheritt, Renders each desert his meritt, Youth with youth is best combined, Each one with his like is twined, Bewty should have bewteous meaning, Ever that hope easeth playning, Doe so and to love be turning Elsewhere it will be burning

FANCIES AND FANTASTICKS.

ÆNIGMA.

AS often as I pleaſe it changeth form,
It is no Coward, though it do no harm;
'Tis never hurt, nor ever doth it feed;
'Tis nothing worth, yet nothing doth it need.
Swiftly it runs, yet never maketh ſound,
And once being loſt, again 'tis never found.
'Tis a fit Servant for a Gentleman,
And a true pattern for a Serving-man.
'Tis born a Gyant, lives a Dwarf, and nigh
Unto its death, a Gyant doth it dye.

Another on the ſix Caſes.

No. *Nanta* was nominated for a W.
Gen. For ſhe that had been *Genitive* before:
Da. Notice hereof was *to the Juſtice* given,
Acc. *Who her accuſ'd*, that ſhe had looſly liven.
Voc. But ſhe *Cry'd mercy*, and her fault up ript.
Abl. And ſo was *ta'n away* and ſoundly whipt.
Her Caſe was ill; yet will the queſtion be,
Being thus declin'd, in what a Caſe was ſhe.

If V 2 I, as I 2 V am true,
I
V muſt lye, and V

Thoughts — } c
Searching }

Valued }
Love — } may **B**

Truth never ties
Too A fool yy

If V 2 have part

And

Vbb

Y'ave 1. 2. many than I. C.
And R not worth
Write } Q Q
I'le — } not yours V V
V

A Riddle.

A begger once exceeding poor,
A penny pray'd me give him,
And deeply vow'd ne'r to ask more
And I ne'r more to give him,
Next day he begg'd again, I gave,
Yet both of us our Oaths did ſave.

Another.

There was a man beſpake a thing,
Which when the owner home did bring,
He that made it, did refuſe it,
He that bought it, would not uſe it;
He that hath it doth not know
Whether he hath it, yea or no.

Another.

One evening, as cold, as cold might be,
With Froſt and Snow, and pinching weather,
Companions about three times three,
Lay cloſe all in a bed together;
Yet one after other they took heat,
And dy'd that night all in a ſweat.

One is myrth
Blisse in
Like a wille
beginning ne ever ending,
Never br
ommending, Still
measure still in
Each partaking others blisses
More and more
Twyning armes exch
Vorth commending
but, whose everie angle
Has is love and worth
but lovinge
Laughing we
d shuts up all
loth still intangle
bending,
Clarin. h and

A doubtfull meaning.

The *Fæminine* kind is counted ill:
And is I ſwear: The contrary;
No man can find: That hurt they will;
But every where: Do ſhow pity;
To no kind heart: They will be curſt;
To all true friends: They will be truſty;
In no part: They work the worſt;
With tongue and mind: But honeſty;
They do deteſt: inconſtancy;
They do embrace: Honeſt intent;
They like leaſt: Lewd fantaſie;
In every caſe: Are penitent;
At no ſeaſon: Doing amiſs;
To it truly: Contrary;
To all reaſon: Subject and meek;
To no body: Malicious;
To friend or foe: Or gentle ſort;
They be never: Doing amiſs;
Inweal and woe: Of like report;
They be ever: Be ſure of this;
The *Fæminine* kind: Shall have my heart;
Nothing at all: Falſe they will be;
In word and mind: To ſuffer ſmart;
And ever ſhall: Believe you me.

2 A

goe

That doth

That's
rul'd by 1.

whose sayes no

I'le try ere truſt
ward left

my

A

Find ſlight regard.

The a

whilſt

I 2 Lovers

That
gazed me.

There was nor

Nor loathſome

That might diſturb or break de-
(light,

Nor nor

in that ſame road,
And yet to me they ſeem'd affright.
favour
Then them I told,
True love cannot be
bold.

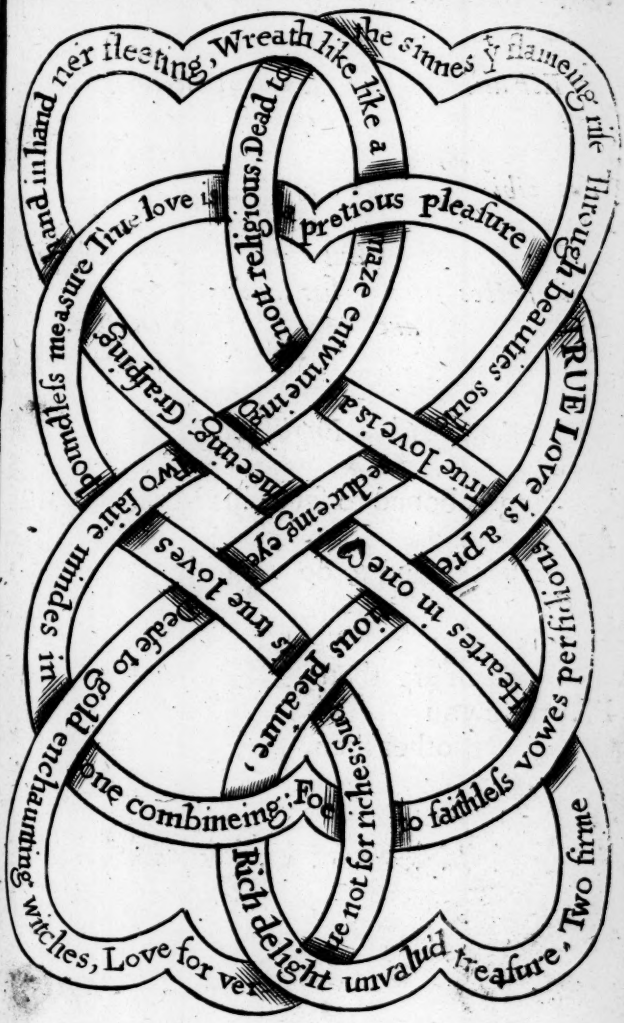
Theſe may be read two or three wayes

Your face	Your tongue	your wit
ſo fair	ſo ſmooth	ſo ſharp
firſt drew	then mov'd	then knit
mine eye	mine ear	my heart
Mine eye	Mine ear	My heart
thus drawn	thus mov'd	thus kint
affects	hangs on	yields to
Your face	Your tongue	your wit

Theſe may be read backward or forward.

Joy, Mirth, Triumphs, I do defie,
Deſtroy me Death; fain would I dye:
Forlorn am I, love is exil'd,
Scorn ſmiles thereat; hope is beguild:
Men baniſh'd bliſs, in woe muſt dwell,
Then Joy, Mirth, Triumphs all farewell.

TRUE



hand in hand ner fleeting, Wreath like like a the sinnes ẏ flameing rise Through beauties sou

Dead to

Not religious, Dead to

pretious pleasure

True love is

maze entwineing

boundless measure True love is

RUE Love is a pre

True love is a

Grasping

Two faire mindes in

educeing eye

True loves

Hearts in one

Dease to gold enchaunting witches, Love for ver

ous pleasure,

one combineing; Fo

to faithless vowes perfidious

Rich delight unvalid treasure, Two firme

ue not for riches; Su

Est aliis *servire tenetur*
Jure *qui*
sum *servire necesse est*
Jure tibi *me*
Te nulli *cunctos*
aut *are videris*
Qui cunctos *hos laude*
aut *fero cunctis.*

Thus Englished.

-ling is bound to serve his Mris. hands
An-
you & bound to do your high commands
I'm
None's you
you all are then
I'll praise you
other men,

A New-

A New-years-Gift.

That our loves may never alter,
Tye it fast with this strong Halter.

The Answer.

The Rope is old, the Jest is new,
I'll take the Jest, the Rope take you.

A Gentleman to his Love.

Tell her I love; and if she ask how well;
Tell her my tongue told thee no tongue can
(tell.

Her Answer.

Say not you love, unless you do,
For lying will not honour you.

His Reply.

Madam, I love, and love to do,
And will not lye, unless with you.

To his Mistress.

A constant heart within a womans breast,
Is Ophir gold within an Ivory Chest.

Her answer.

Of such a Treasure then thou art possest,
for thou hast such a heart in such a Chest.

On

On Chloris *walking in the Snow.*

I ſaw fair *Chloris* walk alone,
When feather'd rain came ſoftly down,
Then *Jove* deſcended from his Tower,
To court her in a ſilver ſhower:
The wanton Snow flew to her breaſt,
Like little birds into their neſt;
But overcome with whiteneſs there
For grief it thaw'd into a tear;
Then falling down her garment hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

Upon Clarinda *begging a lock of her Lovers Hair.*

Faireſt *Clarinda*, ſhe whom truth calls fair,
Begg'd my heart of me, and a lock of hair;
Should I give both, ſaid I, how ſhould I live?
The lock I would, the heart I would not give:
For that, leſt thieving love ſhould ſteal away,
Diſcretion had lock'd up, and kept the key;
As for the lock of hair which lovers uſe,
My head laid on her knee, I pray'd her chuſe,
Taking her Scizars by a cunning art, (heart
Firſt pick'd the lock, and then ſhe ſtole my

Those y never love but one
true lovers knot
Love without crosse
Begins this
Knot
Love
Crosse
Begins Love's crosse
Crosse
Crosse

A Loving Bargain.

Give me a kiſs, I'l make that odd one even,
Then trebble that which you have given;
Be ſure I'l anſwer you, and if I miſs,
Then take a thouſand forfeits for a kiſs,
And a thouſand be too few, than take more:
Kiſs me with your kiſſes, make me poor:
When I am begger'd, ſome hope will remain,
You will for Pity give me ſome again.

A Queſtion.

Between two Suiters ſat a Lady fair,
Upon her head a Garland ſhe did wear:
And of the enamoured two, the firſt alone,
A Garland wore like hers, the ſecond none;
From her own head ſhe took the wreath ſhe wore,
And on him plac'd it that had none before.
And then mark this, their brows were both about
Beſet with Garlands, and ſhe ſate without:
Beholding now theſe Rivals on each ſide
Of her thus plac'd and deck'd with equal pride:
She from the firſt mans head the wreath he had
Took off, and therewith her own brow ſhe clad.
And then (not this) ſhe and the ſecond were
With Garlands deck'd; and ſhe firſt man ſate bare.
Now which did ſhe love beſt? of him to whom
She gave the wreath? or him ſhe took it from?

The Anſwer.

In my conceit, ſhe would him ſooneſt have,
From whom ſhe took, not him to whom ſhe gave.
For to beſtow, many reſpects may move;
But to receive, none can Perſwade but love.
She grac'd him much on whom the wreath ſhe plac'd,
But him whoſe wreath ſhe wore, ſhe much more grac'd.
For where ſhe gives, ſhe there a ſervant makes,
But makes her ſelf a ſervant where ſhe takes.

Then

Then where she takes, she honours most: and where
She doth most honour, she most love doth bear.

An incomparable Kiss.

Give me a Kiss from those sweet lips of thine,
And make it double by enjoyning mine,
Another yet, nay yet another,
And let the first Kiss be the seconds brother.
Give me a thousand kisses, and yet more;
And then repeat those that have gone before;
Let us begin while day-light springs in heav'n
And Kiss till night descends into the Ev'n,
And when that modest Secretary, Night;
Discolours all but thy heav'n-beaming bright,
We will begin Revels of hidden love,
In that sweet Orbe where silent pleasures move.
In high, new strains, unspeakable delight,
We'l vent the dull hours of the silent night.
Were the bright day no more to visit us,
O then for ever would I hold thee thus;
Naked, inchain'd, empty of idle fear,
As the first Lovers in the Garden were.
I'l dye betwixt thy breasts that are so white,
For, to dye there, would do a man delight.
Embrace me still, for time runs on before,
And being dead we shall imbrace no more.
Let us kiss faster then the hours do flye,
Long live each kiss, and never know to dye.
Yet if that fade, and fly away too fast.
Impress another, and renew the last:
Let us vie kisses, till our eye-lids cover,
And if I sleep, count me an idle Lover;
Admit I sleep, I'l *still* pursue the Theam,
And eagerly I'l kiss *thee* in a dream.
O give me way; *grant love to me thy friend,*
Did hundred thousand Suiters all contend
For thy Virginity, there's none shall woe
With heart so firm as mine; none better do

Than I with your sweet sweetness; if you doubt,
Pierce with your eyes my heart, or pluck it out.

To his Mistress.

Dearest, thy twin'd hairs are not threads of gold,
Nor thine eyes Diamonds; nor do I hold
Thy lips for Rubies, nor thy cheeks to be
Fresh Roses; nor thy Duggs, of Ivory;
The skin that doth thy dainty body sheath,
Not Alabaster is; nor dost thou breath
Arabian odours; these the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with thine, they would impair thy worth;
Such then are other mistresses; but mine
Hath nothing earth, but all divine.

The Answer.

If earth doth never change, nor move,
There's nought of earth sure in thy love;
Sith heavenly bodies with each one,
Concurr in generation;
And wanting gravity are light,
Or in a borrowed lustre bright;
If meteors and each falling star
Of heavenly matter framed are,
Earth hath thy Mistress, but sure thine
All heavenly is, though not divine.

To his Mistress.

I love, because it comes to me by kind;
And much, because it much delights my mind:
And thee, because thou art within my heart:
And thee alone, because of thy desert.
I love, and much, and thee, and thee alone,
By kind, mind, heart, and every one.

Her Answer.

Thou loveſt not, because thou art unkind,
Nor much, 'cause it delighteth not thy mind:

Nor

Nor me, becauſe I am not in thy heart:
Nor me alone, becauſe I want deſert:
Thou lov'ſt nor much, nor me, nor me alone,
By kind, mind, heart, deſert, nor any one.

Clowniſh Courtſhip.

Excellent Miſtreſs, brighter than the Moon,
Then ſcoured Pewter, or the Silver-ſpoon,
Fairer than *Phœbus*, or the morning Star;
Dainty fair Miſtreſs, by my troth you are:
As far excelling *Dian* and her Nymphs,
As Lobſters Crawfiſh, and as Crawfiſh Shrimps:
Thine eyes like Diamonds, do ſhine moſt clearly,
As I'm an honeſt Man, I love thee dearly.

A Compariſon.

Like to the ſelf-inhabiting Snail,
Or like a Squirrel pent-hous'd under his tail,
Even ſuch is my Miſtreſs face in a vail:
Or like to a Carp that's loſt in mudding:
Nay, more like to a black-pudding:
For as the pudding, the skin lies within,
So doth my Miſtreſs beauty in a taffity gin.

A Queſtion.

Tell me (Sweet-heart) how ſpell'ſt thou *Jone?*
Tell me but that, 'tis all I crave;
I ſhall not need to be alone,
If ſuch a lovely mate I have;
That thou art one, who can deny?
And all will grant that I am I,
If I be I, and thou art one,
Tell me (Sweet-heart) how ſpell'ſt thou *Jone?*

The Anſwer.

I tell you Sir, and tell you true,
That I am *J*, and I am *one*,
So can I ſpell *Jone* without you,
And ſpelling ſo, can lye alone:

My eye to one is conſonant,
But as for yours it is not ſo;
If that your eye agreement want,
I to your eye muſt anſwer no;
Therefore leave off your loving plea,
And let your I be, I *per ſe*.

Loves prime.

Dear Love, do not your fair beauty wrong
With thinking ſtill you are too young,
The Roſe and Lilly in your cheek
Do flouriſh, and no ripening ſeek:
Thoſe flaming beams ſhot from your eye,
Do ſhow Loves Midſumer is nigh.
Your cherry-lip, red, ſoft and ſweet,
Proclaim ſuch fruit for taſt is meet:
Then loſe no time, for love hath wings,
And flies away from aged things.

Another to his Miſtreſs.

When firſt I ſaw thee, thou didſt ſweetly play
The gentle thief, and ſtol'ſt my heart away;
Render me mine again, or leave thy own,
Two are too much for thee, ſince I have none:
But if thou wilt not, I will ſwear thou art
A ſweet-fac'd creature with a double heart.

Another.

Sweeteſt fair be not too cruel,
Blot not beauty with diſdian,
Let not thoſe bright eyes add fewel
To a burning heart in vain;
Leſt men juſtly when I dye,
Deem you the Candle, me the Fly.

Another.

I cannot pray you in a ſtudyed ſtile,
Nor ſpeak words diſtant frommy heart a mile;

I cannot visit Hide-Park every day,
And with a Hackney court my time away;
I cannot spaniolize it week by week,
Or wait a month to kiss your hand or cheek;
If when you'r lov'd, you cannot love again,
Why, do but say so, I am out of pain.

Excuse for absence.

You'l ask perhaps wherefore I stay,
(Loving so much,) so long away;
I doe not think 'twas I did part,
It was my body, not my heart:
For like a Compass in your love,
One foot was fixt, and cannot move;
Th'other may follow the blind guide
Of giddy fortune, but cannot slide
Beyond your service; nor will venter
To wander far from you the Center.

To a fair, but unkind Mistress.

I Prethee turn that face away,
Whose splendor but benights my day;
Sad eyes like mine, and wounded hearts,
Shun the bright rayes that beauty darts;
Unwelcome is the Sun that pries
Into those shades where sorrow lyes.
Go shine on happy things, to me
The blessing is a misery;
For your bright Sun, not warms, but burns;
Like that the Indian sooty turns.
I'l serve the night, and there confin'd,
Wish thee less fair; or else more kind.

To himself.

Retreat sad hart, breed not thy further pain;
Admire, but fonder thoughts seek to refrain.

To ſome Ladies.

Ladies, you that ſeem ſo nice,
And in ſhow as cold as ice,
And perhaps have held out thrice,
Do not think, but in a trice,
One or other may entice;
And at laſt by ſome device,
Set your honour at a price.
You whoſe ſmooth and dainty skin,
Roſie lips, or cheeks, or chin,
All that gaze upon you win,
Yet inſult not, ſparks within
Slowly burn e're flames begin,
And preſumption ſtill hath bin
Held a moſt notorious ſin.

A Heart loſt.

Good folk, for love or hire,
But help me to a Cryer,
For my poor heart is gone aſtray
After two eyes that went that way.
O yes! if there be any man
In Town or Countrey, can
Bring me my heart again,
I'l pay him for his pain.
And by theſe marks I will you ſhow
That only I this heart do owe:
It is a wounded heart,
Wherein yet ſticks the dart,
Every part ſore hurt throughout:
Faith and troth writ round about.
It is a tame heart and a dear,
That never us'd to roam,
But having got a haunt, I fear
Will never ſtay at home,
For love-ſake walking by this way,
If you this heart do ſee;

Either impound it for a ſtray,
Or ſend it home to me.

The ſad Lover.

Why ſhould I wrong my judgment ſo,
As for to love where I do know
There is no hold for to be taken?

For what her wiſh thirſts after moſt,
If once of it her heart can boaſt,
Streight by her folly 'tis forſaken.

Thus whilſt I ſtill purſue in vain,
Me thinks I turn a child again,
And of my ſhadow am a-chaſing.

For all her favours are to me
Like apparitions which I ſee,
But never can come near th'imbracing.

Oft had I wiſh'd that there had been
Some Almanack whereby to have ſeen
When love with her had been in ſeaſon.

But I perceive there is no art
Can find the Epact of the heart,
That loves by chance, and not by reaſon.

Yet will I not for this deſpair,
For time her humour may prepare
To grace him who is now neglected.

And what unto my conſtancy
She now denies: one day may be
From her inconſtancy expected.

A Watch ſent to a Gentlewoman.

Go and count her happy hours,
They more happy are than ours:
That day that gets her any bliſs,
Make it twice as long as 'tis:

The hour ſhe ſmiles in, let it be
By thine art increas'd to thee:
But if ſhe frown on thee or me,
Know night is made, by her, not thee:
Be ſwift in ſuch an hour, and ſoon
Make it night, though it be noon:
Obey her time, who is the free,
Fair Sun that governs thee and me.

On a Fairing.

Let them whoſe heart diſtruſts a Miſtreſs ſaith,
Bribe it with gifts: mine no ſuſpition hath:
It were a ſin of as much ſtain in me,
To think you falſe, as ſo my ſelf to be.
If to reward that thou haſt expreſt,
Thou doſt expect a preſent: 'tis confeſt
'Twere juſtice from another, but I am
So poor; I have not left my ſelf a name
In ſubſtance; not made thine by gift before:
He that beſtows his heart, can give no more
If thou wouldſt have a fairing from me, then
Give me my ſelf back, I'le give it thee agen.

Poſies for Rings.

We are agreed
In time to ſpeed.

I truſt in time
Thou wilt be mine.

In

In thy breaſt
My heart doth reſt.

This and the giver
Are thine for ever.

'Tis love alone
Makes two but one.

Loves knot once ti'd
Who can divide?

Where hearts agree
No ſtrife can be.

God above
Increaſe our love.

Though time do ſlide
Yet in true love abide.

Nought ſo ſweet
As when we greet.

Thy affection,
My perfection.

With a ◯ *to* Julia.

Julia, I bring
To thee this Ring,
Made for thy *finger* fit;
To ſhew by this,
That our love is
Or ſhou'd be, like to it.

Cloſe though it be
Thy joynt is free:
So when lov's yoke is on

It must not gall,
Or fret at all
With hard oppression.

But it must play
Still either way;
And be, too, such a yoke,
As not too wide,
To over-slide;
Or be so strait to choak.

So we, who bear,
This beam, must rear
Our selves to such a height:
As that the stay
Of either may
Create the burden light.

And as this round
Is no where found
To flaw or else to sever:
So let our love
As endless prove;
And pure as Gold for ever.

True beauty.

May I find a woman fair,
And her mind as clear as air,
If her beauty gone alone,
'Tis to me, as if 'twere none.

May I find a woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch:
If that pride should cause disdain,
Tell me, Lover, where's thy gain?

May I find a woman wise,
And her falshood not disguise;
Hath she wit, as she hath will?
Double arm'd she is to ill.

May I find a woman kind,
And not wav'ring like the wind;
How should I call that love mine,
When 'tis his, and his, and thine?

May I find a woman true,
There is beauties fairest hue;
There is beauty, love and wit,
Happy he can compass it.

Choice of a Mistress.

Not that I wish my Mistriss
More or less than what she is,
Write I these lines, for 'tis too late
Rules to prescribe unto my fate.

But yet as tender stomachs call
For some choice meat, that bears not all
A queazie lover may impart,
What Mistress 'tis that please his heart.

First I would have her richly spread,
With natures blossoms white and red;
For flaming hearts will quickly dye,
That have not fewel from the eye.

Yet this alone will never win,
Except some treasure lies within;
For where the spoil's not worth the stay,
Men raise their siege and go away.

I'd have her wise enough to know
When, and to whom a grace to show:
For she that doth at random chuse,
She will, as soon her choice refuse.

And yet methinks I'd have her mind
To flowing courtesie inclin'd;
And tender hearted as a maid,
Yet pity onely when I pray'd.

And I would wish her true to be,
(Mistake me not) I mean to me;
She that loves me, and loves one more,
Will love the Kingdom o're and o're

And I could wish her full of wit,
Knew she how to huswife it:
But she whose wisdom makes her dare
To try her wit, will sell more ware.

Some other things, delight will bring,
As if she dances, Play, and sing.
So they be safe, what though her parts
Catch ten thousand foreign hearts.

But let me see, should she be proud;
A little pride should be allow'd.
Each amorous boy will sport and Prate
Too freely, where he finds not state.

I care not much though she let down
Sometime a chiding, or a frown.
But if she wholly quench desire,
'Tis hard to kindle a new fire.

To smile, to toy, is not amiss,
Sometimes to interpose a kiss;
But not to cloy; sweet things are good;
Pleasant for sawce, but not for food.

Wishes to his supposed Mistress.

Who e're she be,
That is the only She,
That shall command my heart and me.

Might you hear my wishes
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be call'd my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,
That owes not all his duty
To gawdy tire, or some such folly.

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest;
And can alone command the rest.

Smiles, that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm
That chastity shall take no harm.

Joyes that confess,
Vertue her Mistress,
And have no other head to dress.

Dayes, that in spight
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind, are day all Night.

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it's come, say, Welcome friend.

Soft silken Hours,
Open Suns; shady Bowers,
'Bove all; Nothing within that lowers,

I wish her store
Of wealth may leave her poor,
Of wishes; and I wish no more.

Now if time knows,
That her whose radiant brows,
Weave them a Garland of my vows.

Her that dare be,
What these lines wish to see,
I seek no further, it is she.

Such worth as this is,
Shall fix my flying wishes
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
(My fancies) fly before ye,
Be ye my fiction, but her my ſtory.

To a Lady.

Madam,

Should I not ſmother this ambitious fire,
Which actuates my verſe: it would aſpire
To blear your vertues, in a glimm'ring line;
And your perfections in its meaſures twine.
But I have check'd my fancy Muſe, nor dares
Dull Poetry attempt to ſcan the Sphears;
Or in a cloudy Rhime invail the light,
Or court the trembling Watchmen of the night;
Some vulgar vertue, or a ſingle blaze,
Might ſtand in Verſe; and would endure a gaze:
But when both Art, and Nature, ſhall agree
To ſumme them all in one Epitome:
When the perfections of both ſexes, are
Lock'd in one female ſtore-houſe; who ſhall dare
In an audacious rapture, to untwine
Into looſe numbers, what Heaven doth enſhrine,
In one rich breaſt? Dazled invention ſay,
Canſt thou embowel either *India*,
In one poor Rhime? Or can thy torch light fire,
Shew us the Sun; or any Star that's higher?
If thou wilt needs ſpend thy officious flame,
Do it in admiration; but diſclaim
Thy power to praiſe, thy fenders wiſhes, bear,
And be the Herauld of the new-born year:
Wiſh that each riſing Sun, may ſee her more
Happy, than when he roſe the morn before;
And may, when e're he gilds the envious Weſt,
Leave her more bleſt, than when he grac'd the feaſt?
Wiſh higher yet, that her felicity
May equalize her vertues: Poetry

Thou

Thou art too low; canst thou not swell a strain
May reach my thoughts: good Madam, since 'tis vain,
(And yet my verse to kiss your hand presum'd)
Let it to be your Sacrifice be doom'd:
And what it wants in true Poetick fire,
Let the flame add, till so my Muse expire.

An Eccho.

Come Eccho I thee summon,
Tell me truly what is Woman?
If worn, she is a feather,
If woo'd she's frosty weather;
If worn, the wind not slighter:
If weigh'd, the Moons not lighter:
If lain withal, she's apish:
If not lain with, she's snappish.

Come Eccho I thee summon,
Tell me once more what is woman;
If fair, she's coy in courting,
If witty, loose in sporting,
If ready, she's but cloathing,
If naked, she's just nothing,
If not belov'd, she horns thee;
If lov'd to well, she scorns thee.
The Eccho still replyed,
But still me thought she lyed.

Then for my Mistress sake,
I again reply did make.
If worn, she is a Jewel,
If woo'd, she is not cruel,
If won, no Rock is surer,
If weigh'd, no gold is purer,
If lain withal, delicious;
If not, yet no way vitious.
False Eccho go, you lye,
See, your errours I descry.

And

And for the ſecond ſummon I
This for woman do reply.
If fair, ſhe's heavenly treaſure,
If witty, ſhe's all pleaſure,
If ready, ſhe is quainteſt,
If not ready, ſhe's daintieſt,
If lov'd, her heart ſhe ſpares not,
If not belov'd, ſhe cares not.
Falſe Eccho, go you lye,
See, your errours I deſcry.

To Fortune.

Since Fortune thou art become ſo ki nd,
To give me leave to take my mind,
Of all thy ſtore.
Firſt it is needful that I find
Good meat and drink of every kind;
I ask no more.
And then that I may well digeſt
Each ſeveral morſel of the feaſt:
See thou my ſtore.
To eaſe the care within my breaſt,
With a thouſand pound at leaſt:
I ask no more.
A well born and a pleaſing Dame,
Full of beauty, void of ſhame;
Let her have ſtore
Of wealth, diſcretion, and good fame;
And able to appeaſe my flame
I ask no more.
Yet one thing more do not forget,
Afore that I do do this feat,
Forgot before;
That ſhe a Virgin be, and neat,
Of whom two Sons I may beget;
I ask no more.

Let

Let them be Barons, and impart
To each a Million for his part;
I thee implore.
That when I long life have led,
I may have Heaven when I am dead:
I ask no more.

A Dialogue between Icaris, *and surprized* Phillida.

Phil. Pretty Sweet-one look on me,
Fain I would thy captive be;
Bound by thee is *Liberty.*

Icar. Be not so unkindly wise,
For your looks will bribe my eyes,
To divulge where my heart lyes.

Phil. If they do, thou need'st not fear,
By my innocence I swear,
I'l but place another, there.

Icar. That's my fear, I dare not prove,
Nor my resolution move,
Cause I know you are in love.

Phil. Lov'd *Icaris*, and if I be,
I know it cannot injure thee
Love and beauty will agree.

Icar. Oh you do my hearing wrong,
I have turn'd my eyes, thus long
To be captiv'd by your tongue.

Phil. Then my hours are happy spent,
If my tongue give such content,
It shall be thy *Instrument.*

Icar. But be sure you use it then,
Thus unto no other men,
Lest that I grow deaf agen.

Fidelius *and his silent Mris.* Flora.

Fid. My dearest *Flora* can you love me
Flo Prethee prove me.

Fid. Shall I have your hand to kiſs?
Flo. Yes, yes.
Fid. On this witneſs let me ſwear,
Flo. No, pray forbear.
Fid. I love you dearer than mine eyes.
Flo. Be wiſe.
Fid. I prize no happineſs like you.
Flo. Will you be true?
Fid. As is the Turtle to her Mate.
Flo. I hate.
Fid. Who, my divineſt *Flora*, me?
Flo. No flattery.
Fid. He that flatters, may he dye.
Flo. Perpetually.
Fid. And his black urn be the Cell,
Flo. Where Furies dwell.
Fid. May his name be blaſphemous,
Flo. To us.
Fid. His memory for ever rot;
Flo. And be forgot.
Fid. Leſt it keep our age and youth,
Flo. From love and truth.
Fid. Thus upon your Virgin hand,
Flo. Your vows ſhall ſtand.
Fid. This kiſs confirms my act and deed.
Flo. You may exceed.
Fid. Your hand, your lip, I'l vow on both;
Flo. A dangerous Oath.
Fid. My reſolution ne're ſhall ſtart;
Flo. You have my heart.

Fears and Reſolves of two Lovers.

A. What wouldſt thou wiſh? tell me dear lover?
I. How I might but thy thoughts diſcover.
A. If my firm love I were denying
Tell me, with ſighs wouldſt thou be dying;
I. Thoſe words in jeſt to hear thee ſpeaking,
For very grief, this heart is braking.

A. Yet

A. Yet would'ſt thou change? I prethee tell me,
In ſeeing one that doth excell me?
I. O no, for how can I aſpire,
To more than to my own deſire?
This my miſhap doth chiefly grieve me;
Though I do ſwear't, you 'l not believe me.
A. Imagine that thou doſt not love me;
But ſome beauty that's above me.
I. To ſuch a thing Sweet do not will me;
The naming of the ſame will kill me.
A. Forgive me fair one, Love hath fears:
I. I do forgive, witneſs theſe tears.

A Sonnet.

Who can define, this all things, nothing love,
Which hath ſo much of every thing in it?
Which wat'ry, with the Planets oft doth move,
And with the *Zone* it hath a fiery fit;
Oft ſeizes men, like maſſy ſtupid earth,
And with the Air, it filleth every place;
Which had no Midwife, nor I think no birth,
No ſhrine, no arrows, but a womans face.
A God he is not, for he is unjuſt;
A boy he is not, for he hath more power;
A Fiction 'tis not, all will yeild I truſt;
What is it then, that is ſo ſweetly ſower?
No law ſo wiſe, that can his abſence prove?
But (ah) I know there is a thing call'd Love.

A Love-ſick-ſonnet.

Love is a Sickneſs full of woes,
All remedies refuſing:
A Plant that with moſt cutting grows,
Moſt barren with beſt uſing.
Why ſo?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoy'd, it ſighing cries
Hey ho!

Love

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempeſt everlaſting;
And *Jove* hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full nor faſting.
Why ſo?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoy'd, it ſighing cries
Hey ho!

A Queſtion.

Fain would I learn of men the reaſon why
They ſwear they dye for love, yet lowly lye?
Or why they fondly dote on, and admire
A painted face, or a fantaſtick tire.
For while ſuch Idols they fall down before,
They prove more fools than thoſe they thus adore.

Anſwer.

The reaſon why men loving lowly lye;
Is hope to gain their purpoſes thereby.
And that they fondly dote on paint and tires;
'Tis juſt in love, to ſhew mens fond deſires.
And form the reſt, this have I heard from Schools,
That love makes fooliſh wiſe, and wiſe men fools.

Sighs.

All night I muſe, all day I cry,
ay me.
Yet ſtill I wiſh, thô ſtill deny,
ay me.
I ſigh, I mourn, and ſay that ſtill,
I only live my joys to kill.
ay me.
I feed the pain that on me feeds,
ay me.
My wound I ſtop not thô it bleeds;
ay me.

Heart

Heart, be content, it muſt be ſo,
For Springs were made to overflow.
ay me.
Then ſigh and weep, and mourn thy fill,
ay me.
Seek no redreſs, but languiſh ſtill.
ay me.
Their griefs more willing they endure,
That know when they are paſt recure.
ay me.

To Celia *weeping.*

Faireſt, when thine eyes did pour
A Chryſtal Shower;
I was perſwaded that ſome ſtone
Had liquid grown;
And thus amazed, ſure thought I,
When Stones are moiſt, ſome rain is nigh.
Why weep'ſt thou? 'cauſe thou cannot be
More hard to me;
So Lioneſſes Pity, ſo
Do Tygers too:
So doth that Bird, which when ſhe's fed
On all the man, pines o're the Head.
Yet I'le make better omens till
Event beguile;
Thoſe Pearly drops in time ſhall be
A precious Sea;
And thou ſhalt like thy Coral prove,
Soft under water, hard above.

An Hymne to Love.

I will confeſs
With cheerfulneſs,
Love is a thing ſo likes me,

That

That let her lay
On me all day,
I'le kiſs the hand that ſtrikes me.

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring cry,
It (ah!) too late repents me
That I did fall
To love at all,
Since love ſo much contents me.

No, no, I'le be
In fetters free;
While others they ſit wringing
Their hands for pain
I'le entertain
The wounds of love with ſinging.

With flowers and Wine,
And Cakes Divine
To ſtrike me I will tempt thee:
Which done; no more
I'le come before
Thee and thine Altars empty.

Loves Diſcoveries.

With much of pain, and all the Art I knew,
Have I endeavoured hitherto
To hide my Love; and yet all will not do.

The World perceives it, and it may be, ſhe;
Though ſo diſcreet and good ſhe be.
By hiding it, to teach that ſkill to me.

Men without love have oft ſo cunning grown,
That ſomething like it they have ſhown,
But none that had it ever ſeem'd t' have none.

Love's of a ſtrangely open, ſimple kind,
Can no arts or diſguiſes find,
But thinks none ſees it 'cauſe it ſelf is blind.

The very eye betrays our inward ſmart;
Love of him ſelf left there a part,
When through it he paſt into the heart.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
But keep the ſecret wiſely, yet,
Like drunkenneſs into the tongue 'twill get.

Heart-breaking.

It gave a piteous groan, and ſo it broke;
In vain it ſomething would have ſpoke:
The love within too ſtrong for't was,
Like poyſon put into a *Venice* Glaſs.

I thought that this ſome Remedy might prove,
But, oh the mighty Serpent Love,
Cut by this chance in pieces ſmall,
In all ſtill liv'd, and ſtill it ſtung in all.

And now (alas) each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my heart:
And every ſmalleſt corner ſtill
Lives with that torment which the whole did kill.

Even ſo rude Armies when the field they quit,
And into ſeverial Quarters get;
Each Troop does ſpoyl and ruine more
Than all joyn'd in one body did before.

How many loves reign in my boſom now?
How many loves, yet all of you?
Thus have I chang'd with evil fate
My Monarch Love into a Tyrant State.

A Tear ſent his Miſtreſs.

Glide gentle ſtreams, and bear
Along with you my tear
To that Coy Girl;
Who ſmiles, yet ſlayes
Me with delayes;
And ſtrings my tears as Pearl.

See! ſee ſhe's yonder ſet,
Making a Carkanet
Of mayden-flowers!
There, there preſent
This Orient,
And Pendant Pearl of ours.

Then ſay, I've ſent one more
Jem, to enrich her ſtore;
And that is all
Which I can ſend,
Or vainly ſpend,
For tears no more will falk.

Nor will I ſeek ſupply
Of them, the ſprings once dry;
But I'le deviſe,
(Among the reſt)
A way that's beſt
How I may ſave mine eyes.

Yet ſay, ſho'd ſhe condemn
Me to ſurrender them;
Then ſay; my part
Muſt be to weep
Out them; to keep
A poor, yet loving heart.

Say too, ſhe wo'd have this;
She ſhall: Then my hope is,
That when I'm poor
And nothing have
To ſend, or ſave;
I'm ſure ſhe'll ask no more.

A Song.

To thy lover
Deer, diſcover
That ſweet bluſh of thine that ſhameth

(When those Roses
It discloses)
All the flowers that Nature nameth.
In free Air
Flow thy Hair,
That no more Summers best dresses,
Be beholden
For their Golden
Locks to *Phœbus* flaming Tresses.

O deliver
Love this Quiver,
From thy Eyes he shoots his Arrows,
Where *Apollo*
Cannot follow,
Feathered with his Mothers Sparrows.

O envy not,
(That we dye not)
Those dear lips whose door encloses,
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother Pearls, and Sister Roses.

From these Treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to clear the weather.
Earth and Heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The Air does wooe thee,
Winds cling to thee,
Might a word once fly from out thee;
Storm and Thunder
Would sit under,
And keep silence round about thee.

But if natures
Common Creatures
So dear Glories dare not borrow;

Yet thy Beauty
Owes a duty,
To my loving lingring Sorrow.

When my dying
Life is flying;
Those sweet Airs that often slew me;
Shall revive me,
Or reprive me,
And to many deaths renew me.

The Cruel Maid.

Now, Cruel Maid, because I see
You scornful of my love and me;
I'le trouble you no more; but go
My way, where you shall never know
What is become of me, there I
Will find me out a path to dye;
Or learn some way how to forget
You, and your name for ever: Yet
Ere I go hence, know this from me,
What will in time your fortune be:
This to your coyness I will tell,
And having spoke it once, farewell.
The Lilly will not long endure;
Nor the Snow continue pure:
The Rose, the Violet, one day
See both these Lady-flowers decay:
And you must fade as well as they.
And it may chance that Love may turn,
And (like to mine) make your heart burn,
And weep to see't; yet this thing do,
That my last vow commends to you:
When you shall see that I am dead,
For Pity let a tear be shed;
And (with your Mantle o're me cast)
Give my cold lips a kiss at last:
If twice you kiss you need not fear,
That I shall stir, or live more here.

Next hollow out a Tomb to cover
Me; me, the most despised Lover;
And write thereon, *This, Reader know,*
Love kill'd this man: No more but so.

Silence.

No; to what purpose should I speak?
No, wretched heart, swell till you break!
She cannot love me if she would;
And to say truth, 'twere pity that she should.
No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear,
As silent as they will be there:
Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound doth give.
So handsomely the thing contrive,
That she may guiltless of it live.
So perish, that her killing thee
May a chance Medley, and no murther be.

'Tis nobler much for me, that I
By her beauty, not her anger dye;
This will look justly, and become
An Execution, that a Martyrdome.
The censuring world will ne're refrain
From judging men by Thunder slain.
She must be angry sure, if I should be
So bold to ask her to make me
By being hers happier than she;
I will not; 'tis a milder fate
To fall by her not loving, than her hate.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear:
When, found in every other part,
Her sacrifice is found without an Heart;
For the last tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that too, with my breath.

His Misery

Water, water I espie:
Come, and coole ye: all who fry
In your loves; but none as I.

Though a thousand showers be
Still a falling, yet I see
Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you, who can have seas
For to quench ye, or some ease
From your kinder Mistresses.

I have one, and she alone
Of a thousand thousand known,
Dead to all compassion.

Such an one, as will repeat
Both the cause, and make the heat
More by provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I despaire
Of my cure, do you beware
Of those Girles, which cruel are.

The Call.

Marina, stay,
And run not thus like a young Roe away,
No Enemy
Pursues thee (foolish Girle) 'tis onely I,
I keep off harmes,
If thou'l be pleas'd to garrison mine arms;
What dost thou fear
I'l turn a Traytour? may these Roses here
To paleness shred,
And Lillies stand disguised in new red,
If that I lay
A snare, wherein thou wouldst not gladly stay;

See,

See, ſee the Sun
Doth ſlowly to his Azure lodging run;
Come ſit but here
And preſently he'l quit our Hemiſphere;
So ſtill among
Lovers, time is too ſhort or elſe too long;
Here will we ſpin
Legends for them, that have love Martyrs been;
Here on this plain
Wee'l talk *Narciſſus* to a flower again;
Come here and chooſe
On which of theſe proud plats thou wouldſt repoſe;
Here mayſt thou ſhame
The ruſty Violets, with the Crimſon flame
Of either cheek;
And Primroſes white as thy fingers ſeek;
Nay, thou mayſt prove
That mans moſt noble paſſion, is to love.

A Check to her delay.

Come, come away
Or let me goe;
Muſt I here ſtay,
Becauſe y'are ſlow;
And will continue ſo?
Troth Lady, no.

co ru t o be
A ſlave to ſtate:
And ſince I'm free
I will not wait,
Henceforth at ſuch a rate,
For needy fate.

If you deſire
My ſpark ſho'd glow,
The peeping fire
You muſt blow;

Or I ſhall quickly grow
To froſt or ſnow.

The Lure.

Farewel, nay prethee turn again,
Rather than looſe thee, I'l arraign
My ſelf before thee; thou (moſt fair) ſhall be
Thy ſelf the Judge;
I'l never grudge
A law, ordain'd by thee.

Pray do but ſee, how every Roſe
A ſanguine viſage doth diſcloſe,
O ſee, what Aromatick guſts they breath;
Come here wee'l ſit,
And learn to knit,
Them up into a wreath.

With that wreath, crowned ſhalt thou be;
Not grac't by it, but it by thee;
Then ſhall the fawning Zephirs wait to hear
What thou ſhalt ſay,
And ſoftly play,
While Newes to me they bear.

Come, prethee come, wee'l now aſſay
To piece the ſcantneſs of the day;
Wee'l pluck the wheels from th'charry of the Sun,
That he may give
Us time to live;
Till that our Scene be done.
Wee'l ſuffer viperous thoughts, and cares,
To follow after ſilver haires;
Let's not anticipate them long before;
When they begin,
To enter in,
Each minute they'l grow more.

No, no, *Marina*, ſee this brook
How't would its poſting courſe revoke,

Ere

Ere it ſhall in the Ocean mingled lie,
And what I pray,
May cauſe this ſtay;
But to atteſt our joy?

Far be't from luſt; ſuch wild fire, ne're
Shall dare to lurk or kindle here;
Diviner flames ſhall in our fancies roule,
Which not depreſſe
To earthlineſſe,
But elevate the ſoule.

Then ſhall a grandiz'd love, confeſſe,
That ſouls can mingle ſubſtances;
That hearts can eaſily counter-changed be,
Or at the leaſt,
Can alter breaſts,
When breaſts themſelves agree.

To Julia.

'Tis Ev'ning my ſweet,
And dark; let us meet;
Long time w'have here been a toying,
And never as yet,
That ſeaſon co'd get,
Wherein t'have had an enjoying.

For pitty or ſhame,
Then let not loves flame,
Be ever and ever a ſpending;
Since now to the Port
The path is but ſhort;
And yet our way has no ending:

Time flyes away faſt;
Our hours do waſt;
The while we never remember

How ſoon our life, here,
Grows old with the year,
That dyes with the next *December*.

Of Beauty.

What do I hate, what's Beauty? laſſe
How doth it paſſe!
As flowers, as ſoon as ſmelled at
Evaporate,
Even ſo this ſhadow, ere our eyes
Can view it, flies.

What's colour, las the ſullen Night
Can it affright;
A Roſe can more Vermilion ſpeak,
Than any cheek;
A richer white on Lillies ſtands,
Than any hands.

Then what's the worth, when any flower
Is worth far more?
How conſtant's that which needs muſt dye,
When day doth flye?
Glow-worms, can lend ſome petty light,
To gloomy night.

And what's proportion? we deſcry
That in a fly;
And what's a lip? 'tis in the teſt
Red clay at beſt.
And what's an Eye? an Eaglets are
More ſtrong by far.

Who can that ſpecious nothing heed,
Which flies exceed?
Who would his frequent kiſſes lay
On painted clay?
Wh' would not if eyes affection move
Young Eglets love?

Is beauty thus? then who would lye
Love-ſick and dye?
And's wretched ſelf annihilate
For knows not what?
And with ſuch ſweat and care invade
A very ſhade?

Even he that knows not to poſſeſs
True happineſſe,
But has ſome ſtrong deſires to try
What's miſery,
And longs for tears, oh he will prove
One fit for love.

Farewell to Love.

Well-ſhadow'd Landskip, fare-ye-well:
How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
At leaſt ſo well
As he, that nows hates more
Than e're he lov'd before.

But my dear nothings, take your leave,
No longer muſt you me deceive,
Since I perceive
All the deceit, and know
Whence the miſtake did grow.

As he whoſe quicker eye doth trace
A falſe Star ſhot to a Market-place,
Do's run apace,
And thinking it to catch,
A Gelly up do's ſnatch.

So our dull ſouls taſting delight
Far off, by ſenſe, and appetite,
Think that is right
And real good; when yet
'Tis but the counterfeit.

Oh! how I glory now; that I
Have made this new discovery?
Each wanton eye
Enflam'd before: no more
Will I increase that score.

If I gaze, now, 'tis but to see
What mannner of Death's-head 'twill be,
When it is free
From that fresh upper-skin,
The gazers joy and sin.

A quick Coarse me-thinks I spy
In ev'ry woman: and mine eye,
At passing by,
Check, and is troubled, just
As if it rose from Dust.

They morifie, not heighten me:
These of my sins the Glasses:
And here I see,
How I have lov'd before,
And so I love no more.

To a proud Lady.

Is it birth puffs up thy mind?
Women best born are best inclin'd.
Is it thy breeding? No, I ly'd;
Women well bred are foes to pride.
Is it thy beauty, foolish thing?
Lay by Cloaths, there's no such thing?
Is it thy vertue? that's deny'd,
Vertue's an opposite to pride.
Nay, then walk on, I'l say no more,
Who made thee proud, can make thee poor.
The Devil only hath the skill
To draw fair fools to this foul ill.

On Women.

Find me an end out in a Ring,
Turn a ſtream backwards to its ſpring,
Recover minutes paſt and gone,
Undo what is already done,
Make Heaven ſtand ſtill, make mountains fly,
And teach a woman conſtancy.

An Apologetique Song.

Men, if you love us, play no more
The Fools or Tyrants, with your Friends,
To make us ſtill ſing o're and o're,
Our own falſe Praiſes, for your ends.
We have both wits and fancies too,
And if we muſt, let's ſing of you.

Nor do we doubt but that we can,
If we would ſearch with care and pain,
Find ſome one good, in ſome one man;
So going thorough all your ſtrain,
We ſhall at laſt of parcels make
One good enough for a Song ſake.

And as a cunning Painter takes
In any curious piece you ſee,
More pleaſure while the thing he makes,
Than when 'tis made; why, ſo will we.
And having pleas'd our art, we'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

Canto.

Like to a Ring without a Finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer;
Like a Horſe was never ridden,
Or a Feaſt and no Gueſt bidden;

Like

Like a Well without a Bucket,
Or a Roſe if no man pluck it:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, not loves, but dies a Maid.

The Ring if worn, the Finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer ſpeaks,
The Horſe doth eaſe, if he be ridden,
The Feaſt doth pleaſe, if Gueſt be bidden,
The Bucket draws the water forth,
The Roſe when pluck'd, is ſtill moſt worth:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're ſhe dies.

Like a Stock not graffed on,
Or like a Lute not play'd upon,
Like a Jack without a weight,
Or a Bark without a fraight,
Like a Lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the day:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, not loves, but dies a Maid.

The graffed Stock doth bear beſt fruit,
There's Muſick in the finger'd Lute,
The weight doth make the Jack go ready,
The fraight doth make the Bark go ſteady,
The Key the Lock doth open right,
A Candle's uſeful in the Night:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're ſhe dies.

Like a Call without a Non-ſir,
Or a Queſtion without an Anſwer,
Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
Or a Mine was never digg'd;
Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing not long preferr'd.
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, not loves, but dies a Maid.

The Non-ſir doth obey the Call,
The Queſtion Anſwer'd pleaſeth all,
Who rigs a Ship ſails with the wind,
Who digs a Mine doth treaſure find,
The Wound by wholſome Tent hath eaſe,
The Box perfum'd the ſenſes pleaſe:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives,loves,marries ere ſhe dies.

Like Marrow-bone was never broken,
Or Commendation and no Token,
Like a Fort and none to win it,
Or like the Moon, and no man in it;
Like a School without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit and no Preacher.
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives,ne'r loves,but dies a Maid.

The broken Marrow-bone is ſweet,
The Token doth adorn the greet,
There's triumph in the Fort being won,
The Man rides glorious in the Moon;
The School is by the Teacher ſtill'd,
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd.
Such is the Virgin in mine eyes,
That lives,loves,marries,e're ſhe dies.

Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd:
Like the Gold was never try'd,
Or the ground unoccupi'd;
Like a houſe that's not poſſeſſed
Or the Book was never preſſed.
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives,ne'r love,but dies a Maid.

The Bird in Cage doth ſweetly ſing,
Due ſeaſon prefers every thing,
The Gold that's try'd from droſs is pur'd,
There's profit in the Ground manur'd,

The

The House is by possession graced;
The Book when prest, is then embraced.
Such is the Virgin in mine eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies.

A Dissuasive from Women.

Come away, do not pursue
A shadow that will follow you.
Women lighter than a feather,
Got and lost, and altogether.
Such a Creature may be thought,
Void of Reason, a thing of nought.

2.

Come away, let not thine eyes
Gaze upon their fopperies,
Nor thy better Genius dwell
Upon a subject known so well:
For whose folly at the first,
Man and Beast became accurst.

3.

Come away, thou canst not find,
One of all that's fair and kind,
Brighter be she than the day,
Sweeter than a Morn in *May*,
Yet her heart and tongue agrees
As we and the *Antipodes*.

4.

Come away, or if thou must
Stay a while: yet do not trust,
Nor her sighs, nor what she swears,
Say she weep, suspect her tears,
Though she seem to melt with passion
Tis old deceipt, but in new fashion

5.

Come away, admit there be
A natural necessity;
Do not make thy self a Slave
For that which she desires to have.
What she will, or do, or say,
Is meant the clean contrary way.

6.

Come away, or if to part
Soon from her, affects thy heart,
Follow on thy sports a while,
Laugh and kiss, and play a while:
Yet as thou lov'st me, trust her not,
Lest thou becom'st a — I know not what.

An Answer to it.

Stay, O stay, and still pursue,
Bid not such happiness adieu,
Know'st thou what a woman is?
An Image of Celestial bliss.
Such a one is thought to be
The neareſt to Divinity.

2.

Stay, O stay, how can thine eye
Feed on more felicity?
Or thy better Genius dwell
On subjects that do this excell?
Had it not been for her at first,
Man and Beast had liv'd accurst.

3.

Stay, O stay, has not there been
Of Beauty, and of Love a Queen?
Does not sweetness term a she
Worthy it's onely shrine to thee?

And where will vertue chuſe to ly,
If not in ſuch a Treaſury?

4.

Stay, O ſtay, wouldſt thou live free?
Then ſeek a Nuptial deſtiny:
'Tis not natures bliſs alone,
(She gives) but Heavens, and that in one;
What ſhe ſhall, or do, or ſay,
Never from truth ſhall go aſtray.

5.

Stay, O ſtay, let not thine heart
Afflicted be, unleſs to part
Soon from her. Sport, kiſs and play
Whilſt no flowers enrich the day:
And if thou doſt a Cuckold prove,
Impute it to thy want of love.

The Poſtſcript:

Good Women are like Stars in darkeſt night,
Their vertuous actions ſhining as a light
To guide their ignorant ſex, which oft times fall,
And falling oft, turns Diabolical.
Good Women ſure are Angels on the earth,
Of theſe good Angels we have had a dearth:
And therefore all you men that have good wives,
Reſpect their Vertues equal with your lives.

The Description of Women.

Whose head befringed with be-scattered tresses,
Shews like *Apolloes*, when the Morn he dresses:
Or like *Aurora* when with Pearl she sets
Her long dischevell'd Rose-crown'd Trammelets:
Her forehead smooth, full, polish'd, bright and high,
Bears in it self a graceful Majesty;
Under the which two crawling eye-brows twine
Like to the tendrils of a flatt'ring Vine:

Under

Under whoſe ſhade, two ſtarry ſparkling eyes
Are beautifi'd with fair fring'd Canopies.
Her comely noſe with uniformal grace,
Like pureſt white, ſtands in the middle place,
Parting the pair, as we may well ſuppoſe,
Each cheek reſembling ſtill a damaſk Roſe:
Which like a Garden manifeſtly ſhown,
How Roſes, Lillies, and Carnations grown;
Which ſweetly mixed both with white and red,
Like Roſe-leaves, white and red, ſeem mingled.
Then nature for a ſweet allurement ſets
Two ſmelling, ſwelling, baſhful Cherry-lets;
The which with Ruby-redneſs being tip'd,
Do ſpeak a Virgin merry, Cherry-lip'd.
Over the which a neat ſweet ſkin is drawn,
Which makes them ſhew like Roſes under Lawn.
Theſe be the Ruby-portals and divine,
Which ope themſelves, to ſhew an holy ſhrine,
Whoſe breath is rich perfume, that to the ſenſe
Smells like the burn'd *Sabean* Frankincenſe;
In which the tongue, though but a member ſmall,
Stands guarded with a Roſie-hilly-wall.
And her white teeth, which in the gums are ſet,
Like Pearl and Gold, make one rich Cabinet.
Next doth her chin, with dimpled beauty ſtrive
For his white, plump, and ſmooth prerogative.
At whoſe fair top, to pleaſe the ſight there grows
The faireſt image of a bluſhing roſe;
Mov'd by the chin, whoſe motion cauſeth this,
That both her lips do part, do meet, do kiſs.
Her ears, which like two Labyrinths are plac'd
On either ſide, with which rare Jewels grac'd;
Moving a queſtion whether that by them
The Jem is grac'd, or they grac'd by the Jem.
But the foundation of the Architect,
Is the Swan-ſtaining, fair, rare ſtately neck,
Which with ambitious humbleneſs ſtands under,
Bearing aloft this rich round world of wonder.

Her

Her breast a place for beauties throne most fit,
Bears up two Globes, where love and pleasure sit;
Which headed with two rich round Rubies, show
Like wanton Rose-buds growing out of Snow,
And in the milky valley that's between,
Sits *Cupid* kissing of his mother Queen.
Then comes the belly, seated next below,
Like a fair mountain in *Riphean* snow:
Where Nature in a whiteness without spot,
Hath in the middle ti'd a Gordian knot.
Now love invites me to survey her thighes,
Swelling in likeness like two Chrystal skyes;
Which to the knees by nature fastned on,
Derive their ever well 'greed motion.
Her Legs with two clear Calves, like silver try'd,
Kindly swell up with little pretty pride;
Leaving a distance for the comely small
To beautifie the leg and foot withall.
Then lowly, yet most lovely stand the feet,
Round, short and cleer, like pounded Spices sweet;
And whatsoever thing they tread upon,
They make it scent like bruised Cynamon.
The lovely shoulders now allure the eye,
To see two Tablets of pure Ivory:
From which two arms like branches seem to spread
With tender vein'd, and silver coloured,
With little hands, and fingers long and small,
To grace a Lute, a Vial, Virginal.
In length each finger doth his next excell,
Each richly headed with a pearly shell.
Thus every part in contrariety
Meet in the whole, and make an harmony:
As divers strings do singly disagree,
But form'd by number make sweet melody.

Her supposed Servant, described.

I would have him if I could,
Noble; or of greater Blood:

Titles,

Titles, I confeſs, do take me;
And a woman God did make me,
French to boot, at leaſt in faſhion,
And his manners of that Nation.

Young I'd have him too, and fair,
Yet a man; with cripſed hair
Caſt in a thouſand ſnares, and rings
For loves fingers, and his wings:
Cheſt-nut colour, or more ſlack
Gold, upon a ground of black.
Venus and *Minerva*'s eyes,
For he muſt look wanton-wiſe.

Eye-brows bent like *Cupid*'s bow,
Front, an ample field of Snow;
Even noſe, and cheek (withall)
Smooth as is the Biliard Ball;
Chin, as wholly as the Peach;
And his lip ſhould kiſſing teach,
Till he cheriſh'd too much beard,
And make love or me affeard.

He ſhould have a hand as ſoft
As the Down, and ſhew it oft;
Skin as ſmooth as any ruſh,
And ſo thin to ſee a bluſh
Riſing through it e're it came;
All his blood ſhould be a flame
Quickly fir'd as in beginners
In Loves School, and yet no ſinners.

'Twere too long to ſpeak of all
What we Harmony do call,
In a body ſhould be there.
Well he ſhould his Cloaths to wear;
Yet no Taylor help to make him
Dreſt, you ſtill for man ſhould take him;
And not think h' had eat a Stake,
Or were ſet up in a brake.

Valiant he should be as fire,
Shewing danger more than ire.
Bounteous as the Clouds to Earth;
And as honest as his birth.
All his actions to be such
As to do nothing too much.
Nor o're-praise, nor yet condemn;
Nor out-value, nor contemn;
Nor do wrongs, nor wrongs receive;
Nor tye knots, nor knots unweave;
And from baseness to be free,
As he durst love Truth and Me.

Such a man with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one, if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

Another Ladies Exception.

For his mind I do not care,
That's a toy that I could spare;
Let his Title be but great,
His Cloaths rich, and Band sit neat,
Himself young, and face be good,
All I wish 'tis understood.
What you please you parts may call,
'Tis one good part I'd lye withall.

Abroad with the Maids.

Come, sit we under yonder Tree,
Where merry as the Maids we'l be,
And as on Primroses we sit,
We'l venture (if we can) at wit:
If not, at Draw-gloves we will play;
So spend some Minutes of the day;
Or else spin out the thread of sands,
Playing at Questions and Commands:
Or tell what strange tricks Love can do,
By quickly making one of two.

Thus

Thus we will sit and talk; but tell
No cruel truths of *Philomel*,
Or *Phillis*, whom hard fate forc'd on,
To kill her self for *Demophon*;
But Fables we'l relate; how *Jove*
Put on all shapes to get a Love;
As now a Satyr, then a Swan,
A Bull but then: and now a Man.
Next we will act how young men woe;
And sigh and kiss as Lovers do.
And talk of Brides, and who shall make
That Wedding Smock, this Bridal-Cake;
That dress this sprig, that leaf, this vine;
That smooth and silken Columbine.
This done, we'l draw lots who shall buy
And guild the Bayes and Rosemary:
What Posies for our Wedding Rings;
What Gloves we'l give, and Ribbonings:
And smiling at our selves, decree,
Who then the joining Priest shall be.
What short sweet Prayers shall be said;
And how the Posset shall be made
With Cream of Lillies, (not of Kine)
And Maidens-blush, for spiced Wine.
Thus having talkt, we'l next commend
A kiss to each, and so we'l end.

The Shepheards Holy-day.

Mopſo *and* Marina.

Mop. Come *Marina* let's away,
For both Bride, and Bridegroom ſtay:
Fie for ſhame, are Swains ſo long
Pinning of their Head-gear on?
Prethee ſee,
None but we
'Mongſt the Swains are left unready:
Fie, make haſt,
Bride is paſt,
Follow me, and I will lead thee.

Mar. On, my loving *Mopſus*, on,
I am ready, all is done,
From my head unto my foot,
I am fitted each way too't;
Buskins gay,
Gown of Gray,
Beſt that all our flocks do render;
Hat of Straw,
Platted through,
Cherry lip, and middle ſlender.

Mop. And I think you will not find
Mopſus any whit behind,
For he loves as well to goe,
As moſt part of Sheapheards do.
Cap of brown,
Bottle-crown,
With the leg I won at dancing,
And a pump,
Fit to jump,
When we Shepheards fall a prancing.

And I know there is a ſort
Will be well provided for't;
For I hear, there will be there,
Livelieſt Swaines within the ſhere:
Jetting *Gill*,
Jumping *Will*;
O'r the floore will have their meaſure:
Kit and *Kate*
There will waite,
Tib and *Tom* will take their pleaſure.

Mar. But I feare;
Mop. What doſt thou feare?
Mar. *Crowd* the Fidler is not there:
And my mind delighted is
With no ſtroke ſo much as his.

Mop. If not he,
There will be
Drone the Piper that will trounce it.
Mar. But if *Crowd*
Struck alowd,
Lord me-thinks how I could bounce it.

Mop. Bounce it *Mall* I hope thou will,
For I know that thou haſt skill;
And I am ſure, thou there ſhalt find
Meaſures ſtore to pleaſe thy mind.
Roundelayes,
Iriſh hayes,
Cogs and Rongs, and Peggie Ramſy,
Spaniſetto,
The Venetto,
John come kiſſe me, *Wilſons* fancy.

Mar. But of all there's none ſo ſprightly
To my ear, as *Touch me lightly*;
For it's this we Shepheards love,
Being that which moſt doth move;
There, there, there,
To a haire;
O *Tim Crowd*, me thinks I hear thee,
Young nor old,
Ne're could hold,
But muſt leak if they come near thee.

Mop. Bluſh *Marina*, fie for ſhame,
Blemiſh not a Shepheards name;
Mar. *Mopſus*, why, is't ſuch a matter,
Maids to ſhew their yielding nature?
O what then,
Be ye men,
That will hear your ſelves ſo forward
When you find
Us inclin'd
To your bed and board ſo toward?

Mop. True indeed, the fault is ours,
Though we term it oft time yours.
Mar. What would Shepheards have us do,
But to yield when they do woe?
And we yield
Them the field,
And endow them with their riches.
Mop. Yet we know
Oft times too,
You'l not ſtick to wear the Breeches.

Mar. Fools they'l deem them, that do hear thee
Say their wives are wont to wear them;
For I know, there's none has wit,
Can endure or ſuffer it;
But if they
Have no ſtay,
Nor diſcretion (as 'tis common)
Then they may
Give the ſway,
As is fitting, to the Woman.

Mop. All too long (dear Love) I ween,
Have we ſtood upon this Theam:
Let each Laſſe, as once it was,
Love her Swain, and Swain his Laſſe:
So ſhall we
Honour'd be,
In our mating, in our meeting,
While we ſtand
Hand in hand,
Honeſt Swainling, with his Sweeting.

Alvar and *Anthea.*

Come *Anthea* let us two
Go to Feaſt, as others do.
Tarts and Cuſtards, Cream and Cakes,
Are the junkets ſtill at Wakes,

Unto

Unto which the Tribes resort,
Where the businesse is the sport;
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
Marian too in Pageantrie:
And a Mimick to devise
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and those
Base in action as in clothes:
Yet with strutting they will please
The incurious Villages.
Near the dying of the day
There will be a Cudgel-play,
Where a Coxcomb will be broke,
Ere a good word can be spoke:
But the anger ends all here,
Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beer,
Happy Rusticks, best content
With the cheapest Merriment:
And possesse no other fear,
Than to want the Wake next year.

The Wake.

I, and whither shall we goe?
To the Wake I trow:
'Tis the Village Lord Maiors show,
Oh! to meet I will not faile;
For my pallate is in hast
Till I sip again and tast
Of the Nut-browne Lasse and Ale.

Feel how my Temples ake
For the Lady of the Wake;
Her lips are as soft as a Medler
With her posies and her points,
And the Ribbons on her joynts,
The device of the fields and the Pedler.

Enter Maurice-Dancer.

With a noyſe and a Din,
Comes the Maurice-Dancer in:
With a fine linnen ſhirt, but a Buckram skin.
Oh! he treads out ſuch a Peale
From his paire of legs of Veale,
The Quarters are Idols to him.
Nor doe thoſe Knaves inviron
Their Toes with ſo much iron,
Twill ruine a Smith to ſhooe him,
I, and then he flings about,
His ſweat and his clout,
The wiſer think it two Ells:
While the Yeomen find it meet,
That he jangle at his feet;
The Fore-horſes right Ear Jewels

Enter

Enter Fidler.

But before all be done,
With a Chriſtopher ſtrong,
Comes Muſick none, though Fidler one,
While the Owle and his Granchild,
With a face like a Manchild,
Amaz'd in their Neſt,
Awake from the Reſt,
And ſeek out an Oak to laugh in.
Such a diſmal chance,
Makes the Church-yard dance,
When the Screech-Owle guts ſtring a Coffin.
When a Fidlers coarſe,
Catches cold and grows hoarſe,
Oh ye never heard a ſadder,
When a Rattle-headed Cutter,
Makes his will before Supper,
To the Tune of the Nooze and the Ladder.

Enter the Taberer

I, but all will not do,
Without a paſſe or two,
From him that pipes and Tabers the Tattoo.
He's a man that can tell 'em,
Such a Jigge from his Vellam;
With his Whiſtle and his Club,
And his brac't half-Tub,
That I think there ne're came before ye;
Though the Moths lodged in't,
Or in Manuſcript or print,
Such a pitifull parchment ſtory.
He that hammers like a Tinker
Kettle Muſick is a ſtinker,
Our Taberer bids him heark it;
Though he thraſh till he ſweats,
And out the bottoms beats
Of his two Doſſer-Drums to the Market.

Enter

Enter the Bag-piper.

Bag-piper, good luck on you,
Th'art a Man for my Money;
Him the Bears love better than honey.
How he tickles up his skill,
With his bladder and his quill;
How he ſwells till he bliſter,
While he gives his mouth a Gliſter,
Nor yet does his Phyſick grieve him;
His chops they would not tarry
For a try'd Apothecary,
But the Harper comes in to relieve him.
Whoſe Muſick took its fountain,
From the Bog or the Mountain,
For better was never afforded.
Strings hop and rebound,
Oh the very ſame ſound
May be ſtruck from a Truckle-bed coarded.

Cock-throwing.

Cock-a-doodle-doo, 'tis the bravest game,
Take a Cock from his Dame,
And bind him to a stake,
How he struts, how he throwes,
How he swaggers, how he crowes,
As if the day newly brake,
How his Mistriss Cackles,
Thus to find him in shackles,
And ty'd to a Pack-threed Garter;
Oh the Bears and the Bulls,
Are but Corpulent Gulls
To the valiant Shrove-tide Martyr.

Canto.

Let no Poet Critick in his Ale,
Now tax me for a heedlesse Tale,
For ere I have done, my honest *Ned*,
I'll bring my matter to a head.

The Brazen Head speaks through the Nose
More Logick than the Colledge knowes:
Quick-silver Heads run over all,
But Dunces Heads keep *Leaden-hall*;

A Quiristers Head is made of aire,
A Head of wax becomes a Player,
So pliant 'tis to any shape,
A King, a Clown, but still an Ape.

A melancholy head it was
That thought it self a *Venice* glasse;
But when I see a drunken sot,
Methinks his Head's a Chamberpot.

A Poets Head is made of Match,
Burnt-Sack is apt to make it catch;
Well may he grind his houshold bread,
That hath a Windmill in his Head.

There

There is the tongue of ignorance,
That hates the time it cannot dance;
Shew him dear wit in Verſe or proſe,
It reeks like Brimſtone in his noſe;
But when his Granhams will is read,
O dear! (quoth he) and ſhakes his head.
French heads taught ours the gracefull ſhake,
They learn'd it in the laſt Earth-quake.

The gentle head makes mouths in ſtate,
At the Mechanick Beaver-pate.
The empty head of meer Eſquire,
Scorns wit; as born a title higher.
In *Capite* he holds his Lands,
His wiſdome in Fee-ſimple ſtands.
Which he may call for, and be ſped,
Out of the Footmans running head.

The *Saracens*, not *Gorgons* head,
Can look old ten in th'hundred dead;
But deaths-head on his fingers ends,
Afflicts him more than twenty Fiends;
An *Oxford* Cook that is well read,
Knows how to dreſſe a Criticks head.
Take out the brains, and ſtew the notes,
O rare Calves-head for Pupils throats.

Prometheus would be puzled,
To make a new Projectors head:
He hath ſuch ſubtile turns and nooks,
Such turn-pegs, mazes, tenter-hooks:
A trap-door here, and there a vault,
Should you go in, you'ld ſure be caught;
This head, if e'r the heads-man ſtick,
He'll ſpoile the ſubtile politick.

Six heads there are will ne'r be ſeen,
The firſt a Maids paſt twice ſixteen:
The next is of an Unicorn,
Which when I ſee, I'll truſt his horn;

A Beggers in a Beaver; and
A Gyant in a Pigmies hand;
— A Coward in a Ladies lap,
A good man in a Fryers cap.

The plural head of multitude,
Will make good hodge-podge when 'tis stu'd;
Now I have done my honest *Ned*,
And brought my matter to a Head.

Interrogative Cantilena,

If all the World were Paper,
And all the Sea were Ink;
If all the Trees were Bread and Cheese,
How should we do for drink?

If all the World were sand'o,
Oh then what should we lack'o?
If as they say there were no clay,
How should we take Tobacco?

If all our vessels ran'a,
If none but had a crack'a;
If *Spanish* Apes eat all the Grapes,
How should we do for Sack'a?

If Fryers had no bald pates,
Nor Nuns had no dark Cloysters;
If all the Seas were Beans and Pease,
How should we do for Oysters?

If there had been no Projects
Nor none that did great wrongs;
If Fidlers shall turn Players all,
How should we do for Songs?

If all things were eternal,
And nothing their end bringing;
If this should be, then how should we
Here make an end of singing?

The

The seven Planets.

♄ ♃ ♂ ☉ ♀ ☿ ☽

SATURN disease'd with age, and left for dead;
Chang'd all his Gold to be involv'd in Lead.

JOVE, *Juno* leaves, and loves to take his range,
From whom man learns to love, and loves to change.

JUNO checks *Jove*, that he to earth should come,
Having her self to sport withall at home.

MARS is disarm'd, and is to *Venus* gon,
Where *Vulcan*'s Anvil must be struck upon.

SOL sees, yet cause he may not be allow'd,
To say he sees, he hides him in a Cloud.

VENUS tells *Vulcan*, *Mars* shall shooe her Steed,
For he it is that hits the Nail o'th' Head.

The Aery-nuntius, fly *MERCURIUS*,
Is stoln from Heav'n to *Galobelgicus*.

LUNA is deemed chast, yet she's a Sinner,
Witness the man that she receives within her:
But that she's horn'd it cannot well be fed,
Since I ne'r heard that she was married.

The twelve Signs of the Zodiack.

♈

Venus to *Mars*, and *Mars* to *Venus* came,
Venus contriv'd, and *Mars* confirm'd the same:
Ida, the place, the game what best did please,
Whiles *Vulcan* found the Sun in ARIES.

♉

TAURUS, as it hath been alleadg'd by some,
Is fled from Neck and Throat to roar at *Rome*,
But now the Bull is grown to such a rate,
The price has brought the *Bull* quite out of date.

CAN-

♋

CANCER the backward *Crab* is figur'd here,
O're Stomach, Breaſt and Ribs to domineer.
Eve on a Rib was made, whence we may know,
Women from *Eve* were crab'd and backward too.

♍

VIRGO the Phœnix ſign, (as all can tell ye)
Has Regiment o're Bowels, and o're Belly.
But now ſince *Virgo* could not her belly tame,
Belly has forc'd *Virgo* to loſe her name.

♏

SCORPIO Serpent-like, moſt ſlily tenders
What much ſeduceth man, his privy members:
Which mov'd our Grandam *Eve* give ear unto
That ſecret-member-patron *Scorpio*.

♑

The Goatiſh CAPRICORN that us'd to preſs
'Mongſt naked Mermaidens, now's faln on's knees,
Where creſt-faln too (poor Snake) he lies as low,
As thoſe on whom he did his horns beſtow.

♊

With arm in arm our GEMINI enwreath,
Their individuate parts in life and death:
The arms and ſhoulders ſway, O may I have
But two ſuch friends to have me to my Grave.

♌

LEO a Port-like Prelate now become,
Imperiouſly retires to th' See of *Rome*:
A Sea, and yet no *Levant*-ſea, for than
He were no *Leo*, but *Leviathan*.

♎

LIBRA the reins, which we may justly call
A sign which Tradesmen hate the worst of all:
For she implies even weights, but do not look
To find this sign in every Grocers-book.

♐

If thou wouldst please the Lass that thou dost marry,
The sign must ever be in SAGITTARY:
Which rules the thighs, an influence more common
'Mongst Marmosites and Monkies, than some women.

♒

AQUARIUS (as I informed am)
Kept *Puddle-wharfe*, and was a Waterman,
But being one too honest for that kind,
He *row'd* to Heaven, and left those knaves behind.

♓

PISCIS the fish is said to rule the feet,
And Socks with all that keep the feet from sweat;
One that purveyes provision enough,
Of *Ling*, *Poor-John* and other Lenten stuff.

A Hymn to Bacchus.

I sing thy praises *Bacchus*,
Who with thy *Thyrse* dost thwack us:
And yet thou so dost black us

With boldness that we fear,
No *Brutus* entring here;
Nor *Cato* the severe.

What though the *Lictors* threat us,
We know they dare not beat us;
So long as thou dost heat us.

When

When we thy *Orgies* ſing,
Each Cobler is a King:
Nor dreads he any thing.

And though he doth not rave,
Yet he'l the courage have
To call my Lord Maior Knave;
Beſides too, in a brave,

Although he has no riches,
But walks with dangling breeches,
And ſkirts that want their ſtitches;
And ſhews his naked flicthes;

Yet he'l be thought or ſeen,
So good as *George-a Green*;
And calls his Blouze, his Queen,
And ſpeaks in a Language keen.

O *Bacchus*, let us be
From cares and troubles free;
And thou ſhalt hear how we
Will chant new Hymns to thee.

The

The Welſhmans praiſe of Wales.

I's not come here to tauke of *Prut*,
From whence the *Welſe* dos take hur root?
Nor tell long Pedegree of Prince *Camber*,
Whoſe Linage would fill full a Chamber,
Nor ſing the deeds of ould Saint *Davie*,
The Urſip of which would fill a Navie.
But hark you me now for a liddell tales,
Sall make a gread deal to the credit of *Wales*.

For

For her will tudge your ears,
With the praiſe of hur thirteen Seers,
And make you as clad and merry,
As fouteen pot of Perry.

'Tis true, was wear him Sherkin freize,
But what is that? we have ſtore of ſeize;
And Got is plenty of Coats Milk
That ſell him well, will by him ſilk
Inough, to make him fine to quarrell
At *Herford* Sizes in new apparrell;
And get him as much green Melmit perhap,
Sall give it a face to his Momouth Cap.
But then the ore of *Lemſter*;
Py Cot is uver a Sempſter,
That when he is ſpun, or did
Yet match him with hir thrid.

Aull this the Backs now, let us tell yee,
Of ſome proviſions for the Belly:
As Cid, and Goat, and great Goats Mother,
And Runt, and Cow, and good Cows uther.
And once but taſt on the *Welſe* Mutton,
Your *Englis* Seeps not worth a button.
And then for your Fiſſe, ſhall ſhooſe it your Diſſe,
Look but about, and there is a Trout,
A Salmon, Cor, or Chevin,
Will feed you ſix or ſevin,
As taul man as ever ſwagger
With *Welſe* Club, and long dagger.

But aull this while, was never think
A word in praiſe of our *Welſe* Drink:
Yet for aull that is a Cup of *Bragat*,
Aull *Englaid* Seer may caſt his Cap at.
And what you ſay to Ale of *Webley*,
Toudge him as well, you'll praiſe him trebly,
As mell as *Metheglin*, or *Syder*, or *Meath*,
S'all take it your Dagger quite out o' the ſeath.

And

And Oat-cake of *Guarthenion*,
With a goodly Leek or Onion,
To give as ſweet a rellis
As e'r did Harper *Ellis*.

And yet is nothing now all this,
If of our Muſicks we do miſs;
Both Harps, and Pipes too, and the Crowd;
Muſt aull come in, and tauk aloud,
As low as *Bangu*, *Davies* Bell,
Of which is no doubt you have here tell:
As well as our lowder *Wrexam* Organ,
And rumbling Rocks in the Seer of *Glamorgan*,
Where look but in the ground there,
And you ſall ſee a ſound there;
That put hur all togedder,
Is ſweet as meaſure pedder.

Hur in Love.

A modeſt Shentle when hur ſee
The great laugh hur made on mee,
And fine wink that hur ſend
To hur come to ſee hur friend:
Her could not ſtroſe py Got apove,
Put was entangle in hur love.
A hundred a time hur was about
To ſpeak to hur, and lave hur out,
Put hur being a *Welſhman* porne,
And therefore was think hur woud hur ſcorn;
Was fear hur think, nothing petter,
Than cram hur love into a Letter,
Hoping he will no ceptions take
Unto hur love for Countrey ſake:
For ſay hur be *Welſhman*, whad ten?
Py Got they all be Shentlemen.
Was decend from *Shoues* nown line,
Par humane, and par divine;

And

And from *Venus*, that fair Goddeſs,
And twenty other Shentle poddys;
Hector ſtout, and comely *Parris*,
Arthur, *Prute*, and King of *Fayris*,
Was hur nown Coſins all a kin,
We have the *Powels* Iſſue in:
And for ought that hur con ſee,
As goot men as other men pee:
But whot of that? Love is a Knave,
Was make hur do whot he woud have;
Was compel hur write the Rhime
That ne'r was writ before the time,
And if he will nod pity hur pain,
As Got ſhudge hur ſoul, ſall ne'r write again:
For Love is like an Ague-fit,
Was brin poor *Welſeman* out on hur wit:
Till by hur onſwer, hur do know
Whother hur do love hur, ai or no.
Hur has not bin in *England* lung,
And conna ſpeak the *Englis* tongue:
Put hur is hur friend, and ſo hur will prove,
Pray a ſend hur word, if hur con love.

Of

Of Melancholly.

When I go muſing all alone,
Thinking of divers things fore-known,
When I build Caſtles in the Air,
Void of ſorrow and void of fear,
Pleaſing my ſelf with Phantaſms ſweet,
Me thinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought ſo ſweet as Melancholly.

When

When I lye waking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and ſorrow me ſurprize,
Whether I tarry ſtill or go,
Me thinks the time moves very ſlow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought ſo ſad as Melancholly.

When to my ſelf I act and ſmile,
With pleaſing thoughts the time beguile
By a brook ſide, or wood ſo green,
Unheard, unſought for, or unſeen,
A thouſand pleaſures do me bleſs,
And crown my ſoul with happineſs.
All my joyes beſides are folly,
None ſo ſweet as Melancholly.

When I lye, ſit, or walk alone,
I ſigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irkſome den,
With diſcontents and Furies then,
A thouſand Miſeries at once,
Mine heavy heart, and ſoul enſconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None ſo ſowre as Melancholly.

Me thinks I hear, me thinks I ſee
Sweet Muſick, wondrous Melody,
Towns, Palaces, and Cities fine,
Here now, then there, the World is mine,
Rare Beauties, gallant Ladies ſhine,
What e're is lovely or divine.
All other joyes to this are folly,
None ſo ſweet as Melancholly.

Me thinks I hear, me thinks I ſee
Ghoſts, Goblins, Fiends, my Phantaſie
Preſents a thouſand ugly ſhapes,
Headleſs Bears, black Men and Apes,

Doleful out-cryes, and fearful ſights,
My ſad and diſmal Soul affrights,
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None ſo damn'd as Melancholly.

Me thinks I court, methinks I kiſs,
Methinks I now embrace my Miſtriſs,
O bleſſed dayes, O ſweet content,
In Paradiſe my time is ſpent.
Such thoughts may ſtill my fancy move,
So may I ever be in love.
All my joyes to this are folly,
Nought ſo ſweet as Melancholly.

When I reccunt Love's many frights,
My ſighs, my tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits; O mine hard fate,
I now repent, but 'tis too late.
No torment is ſo bad as love,
So bitter to my Soul can prove.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought ſo harſh as Melancholly.

Friends and Companions, get you gone,
'Tis my deſire to be alone,
Ne're well but when my thoughts and I,
Do domineer in privacy:
No Jem, no Treaſure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my Crown, my Bliſs.
All my joyes to this are folly,
Nought ſo ſweet as Melancholly.

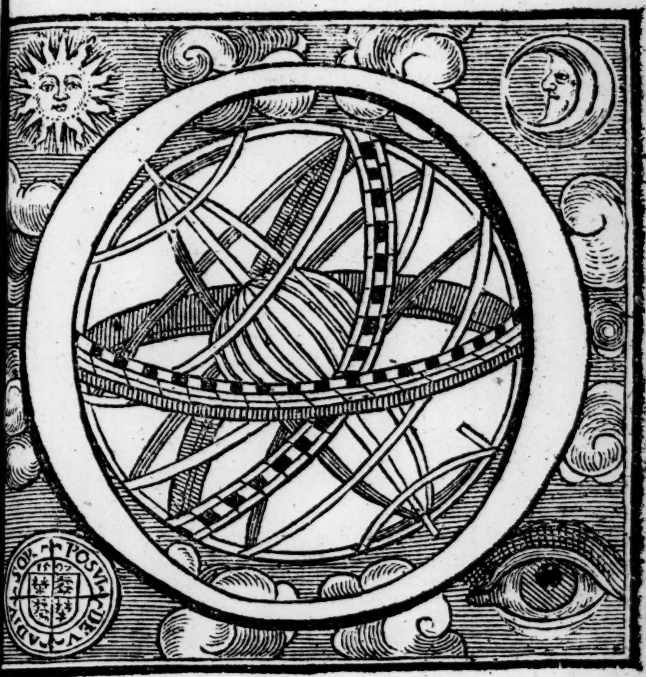
'Tis my ſole plague to be alone,
I am a beaſt, a monſter grown,
I will no light nor company,
I find it now my miſery.
The ſcene is turn'd, my joyes are gone,
Fear, diſcontent, and ſorrows come.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought ſo fierce as Melancholly.

I'le

I'le not change life with any King,
I raviſht am: Can the World bring
More joy, than ſtill to laugh and ſmile,
In pleaſant toyes, time to beguile?
Do not, O do not trouble me,
So ſweet content I feel and ſee.
All my joyes to this are folly,
None ſo divine as Melancholly.

I'le change my ſtate with any wretch,
Thou canſt from Gaol or dung-hill fetch:
My pain's paſt cure, another Hell,
I may not in this torment dwell.
Now deſperate I hate my Life,
Lend me an Halter or a Knife.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought ſo damn'd as Melancholly.

On



On the Letter O.

Run round my lines, whilſt I as roundly ſhow
The birth, the worth, the extent of my round O.
That O which in the indigeſted Maſs
Did frame it ſelf when nothing framed was.
But when the Worlds great Maſs it ſelf did ſhow,
In largeneſs, fairneſs, roundneſs a great O.
The Heavens, the element a box of O's,
Where ſtill the greater doth the leſs incloſe.

The imaginary Center in ○'s made
That ſpeck which in the World doth ſtand or fade.
The Zodiack Colours, and Equator Line,
In Tropick and Meridian ○ did ſhine,
The lines of breadth, and lines of longitude,
Climate from Climate, doth by ○ ſeclude.
And in the ſtarry ſpangled ſky the ○
Makes us the day from night diſtinctly know.
And by his motion, round as in a ring,
Light to himſelf, light to each ○ doth bring:
In each dayes journey, in his Circle round,
The framing of an ○ by ſenſe is found.
The Moon hath to the ○'s frame moſt affection:
But the Sun's envy grudgeth ſuch perfection.
Yet *Dian* hath each month, and every year,
Learned an ○'s frame in her front to bear.
And to requite *Sol*'s envy with the like,
With oft Eclipſes at his ○ doth ſtrike.
In our Inferior Bodies there doth grow
Matter enough to ſhew the worth of ○.
Our brains and heart either in ○ doth lye,
So that the neſt of ○'s the ſparkling eye.
The ribs in meeting faſhion an ○'s frame,
The mouth and ear, the noſtrils bear the ſame.
The *Latins* honouring the chiefeſt parts,
Gloried to make our ○ the heart of hearts;
Fronting it with three words of deepeſt ſenſe,
Order, Opinion, and Obedience.
Oft have I ſeen a Reverend dimmed eye,
By the help of ○ to read moſt legibly.
Each drop of rain that falls, each flower that grows,
Each Coin that's currant doth reſemble ○'s.
Into the Water if a Stone we throw,
Mark how each Circle joins to make an ○.
Cut but an Orange, you ſhall eaſily find,
Yellow with white and watry ○'s combin'd.
○ doth preſerve a trembling Conjurer,
Who from his Circle ○ doth never ſtir.

○ from a full-throat Cryer, if it come,
Strikes the tumultuous roaring people dumb.
The thundring Cannon from this dreadful ○,
Ruine to walls, and death to men doth throw.
○ utters woes, ○ doth expreſs our joyes,
○ wonders ſhews, ○ riches, or ○ toyes.
And ○ ye women which do faſhions fall,
○ ruffe, ○ gorget, and ○ farthingall,
And ○ ye ſpangles ○ ye golden ○'s
That art upon the rich embroydered throws,
Think not we mock, though our diſpleaſing pen
Sometime doth write, you bring an ○ to men.
'Tis no diſparagement to you ye know,
Since *Ops* the Gods great Grandame bears an ○;
Your ſexes glory (Fortune) though ſhe reel,
Is ever conſtant to her ○, her wheel,
And you Carroches through the ſtreet that glide,
By art of four great ○'s do help you ride.
When tables full, and cups do overflow,
Is not each cup, each ſalt, each diſh an ○?
What is't that dreadful makes a Princes frown,
But that his head bears golden ○ the Crown?
Unhappy then th' Arithmetician, and
He that makes ○ a barren Cipher ſtand.
Let him know this, that we know in his place,
An ○ adds number, with a figures grace;
And that ○ which for Cypher he doth take,
One daſh may eaſily a thouſand make.
But ○ enough, I have done my reader wrong,
Mine ○ was round, and I have made it long.

Pure Nonſence.

When *Neptune*'s blaſts, and *Boreas* blazing ſtorms,
When *Tritons* pitchfork cut off *Vulcans* horns,
When *Eolus* boyſt'rous Sun-beams grew ſo dark,
That *Mars* in Moon-ſhine could not hit the mark:
Then did I ſee the gloomy day of *Troy*,
When poor *Æneas* legleſs ran away,

Who took the torrid Ocean in his hand,
And ſailed to them all the way by land:
An horrid ſight to ſee *Achilles* fall,
He brake his neck, yet had no hurt at all.
But being dead and almoſt in a trance,
He threatned forty thouſand with his lance.
Indeed 'twas like ſuch ſtrange ſights then were ſeen,
An ugly, rough, black Monſter all in green.
That all about the white, blew, round, ſquare, ſky,
The fixed Stars hung by Geometry.
Juno amazed, and *Jove* ſurpriz'd with wonder,
Caus'd Heaven to ſhake, and made the mountains thun-
Which caus'd *Æneas* once again retire, (der.
Drown'd *Ætna's* hill, and burnt the Sea with fire,
Nilus for fear to ſee the Ocean burn,
Went ſtill on forward in a quick return.
Then was that broyl of *Agamemnon's* done,
When trembling *Ajax* to the battel come.
He ſtruck ſtark dead (they now are living ſtill)
Five hundred muſhrooms with his martial bill.
Nor had himſelf eſcap'd, as ſome men ſay,
If he being dead, he had not run away.
O monſtrous, hideous Troops of Dromedaries,
How Bears and Bulls from Monks and Goblins varies!
Nay would not *Charon* yield to *Cerberus*,
But catch'd the Dog, and cut his head off thus:
Pluto rag'd, and *Juno* pleas'd with ire,
Sought all about, but could not find the fire:
But being found, well pleas'd, and in a ſpight
They Slept at *Acharon*, and wakt all night:
Where I let paſs to tell their mad bravadoes,
Their meat was toſted cheeſe and carbonadoes.
Thouſands of Monſters more beſides there be
Which I faſt hoodwink'd, at that time did ſee;
And in a word to ſhut up this diſcourſe,
A Rudg-gowns ribs are good to ſpur a horſe.

A meſs of Non-ſenſe.

Like to the tone of unſpoke ſpeeches,
Or like a Lobſter clad in logick breeches,
Or like the gray freeze of a crimſon cat,
Or like a Moon-calf in a ſlipſhooe-hat,
Or like a ſhadow when the Sun is gon,
Or like a thought that ne'r was thought upon:
Even ſuch is man, who never was begotten,
Until his children were both dead and rotten.

Like to the fiery touchſtone of a Cabbage,
Or like a Crablouſe with his bag and baggage,
Or like th'abortive iſſue of a Fizle,
Or the bag-pudding of a Plow-mans whiſtle,
Or like the fourſquare circle of a ring,
Or like the ſinging of Hey down a ding;
Even ſuch is man, who breathleſs, without doubt,
Spake to ſmall purpoſe when his tongue was out.

Like to the green freſh fading Roſe,
Or like to Rhime or Verſe that runs in proſe,
Or like the Humbles of a Tinder-box,
Or like a man that's ſound, yet hath the Pox,
Or like a Hob-nail coyn'd in ſingle pence,
Or like the preſent preterperfect tenſe:
Even ſuch is man who dyed, and then did laugh
To ſee ſuch ſtrong lines writ on's Epitaph.

An Encomium.

I ſing the praiſes of a Fart;
That I may do't by rules of Art,
I will invoke no Deity
But butter'd Peaſe and Furmity,
And think their help ſufficient
To fit and furniſh my intent.
For ſure I muſt not uſe high ſtrains,
For fear it bluſter out in grains:

When *Virgils* Gnat, and *Ovids* Flea,
And *Homers* Frogs ſtrive for the day,
There is no reaſon in my mind,
That a brave Fart ſhould come behind;
Since that you may it parallel
With any thing that doth excel:
Muſick is but a Fart that's ſent
From the guts of an Inſtrument:
The Scholler but farts, when he gains
Learning with cracking of his brains.
And when he has ſpent much pain and toil,
Thomas and *Dun* to reconcile;
And to learn the abſtracting Art,
VVhat does he get by't? not a fart.
The Souldier makes his foes to run
VVith but the farting of a Gun;
That's if he make the Bullet whiſtle,
Elſe 'tis no better than a Fizle:
And if withall the wind do ſtir up
Rain, 'tis but a Fart in Syrrup.
They are but Farts, the words we ſay,
VVords are but wind, and ſo are they.
Applauſe is but a Fart, the crude
Blaſt of the fickle multitude.
Five boats that lye the *Thames* about,
Be but farts ſeveral Docks let out;
Some of our projects were, I think,
But politick farts, ſoh how they ſtink!
As ſoon as born, they by and by,
Fart-like but only breath, and dye.
Farts are as good as Land, for both
VVe hold in tail, and let them both:
Only the difference here is, that
Farts are let at a lower rate.
I'll ſay no more, for this is right,
That for my Guts I cannot write,
Though I ſhould ſtudy all my dayes,
Rhimes that are worth the thing I praiſe.

VVhat

VVhat I have ſaid, take in good part,
If not, I do not care a fart.

The Drunken Humors.

One here is bent to quarrel, and he will
(If not prevented) this his fellow kill :
He fumes, and frets, and rages ; in whoſe face
Nothing but death and horror taketh place.
But being parted, 'tother odd jugg, or two,
Makes them all friends again with ſmall ado.
Another he makes deaf your ears to hear
The vain tautologies he doth declare ;

That, had you as many ears as *Argus* eyes ;
He'd make them weary all with tales, and lyes :
And at the period of each idle fable,
He gives the on-set to out-laugh the Table.

One he sits drinking healths to such a friend,
Then to his Mistriss he a health doth send :
This publick Captains health he next doth mean,
And then in private to some nasty Quean ;
Nothing but healths of love is his pretence,
Till he himself hath lost both health and sense.

To make the number up amongst the crew,
Another being o're-fill'd, begins to spue
Worse than the brutish beast ; (O fy upon it !)
It is a qualme forsooth doth cause him vomit.
So that his stomack being over-prest,
He must disgorge it, e're he can have rest.
Here sits one straining of his drunken throat
Beyond all reason, yet far short of note.
Singing is his delight, then hoops and hallows,
Making a Garboyle worse then *Vulcans* bellows.
Now for a Counter-tenor he takes place,
But straining that too high, falls to a base.
Then screws his mouth an inch beyond his form,
To treble it, just like a Gelders-horn :
He's all for singing, and he hates to chide,
Till blithfull *Bacchus* cause his tongue be ti'd.

One like an Ape shews many tricks and toyes,
To leap, and dance, and sing with ruefull noise;
O're the forme skips, then crosse-leg'd sits
Upon the Table, in his apish fits.
From house to house he rambles in such sort,
That no Baboon could make you better sport :
He pincheth one, another with his wand
He thrusts, or striketh, or else with his hand :
Pisses the room, and as he sleeping lyes
VVaters his Couch (not with repenting eyes.)

A ſeventh, he ſits mute, as if his tongue
Had never learn'd no other word but mum;
And with his mouth he maketh mops and mews,
Juſt like an Ape his face in form he ſcrews:
Then nods with hum and hah; but not one word
His tongue-ti'd fooliſh ſilence can afford.
To note his geſture, and his ſnorting after,
Twould make a Horſe break all his girts with laughter.
But queſtionleſſe he'd ſpeak more were he able,
Which you ſhall hear, having well ſlept at table.

Sir reverence, your ſtomacks do prepare
Againſt ſome word, or deed, ill-ſcent doth beare.
So this moſt ſordid beaſt being drunk, doth miſs
The Chamber-pot, and in his hoſe doth piſs.
Nay, ſmell but near him, you perhaps may find
Not onely piſs'd before, but———behind;
Each company loaths him, holding of their noſe,
Scorning, and pointing at his filthy hoſe:
As no condition of a Drunkard's good,
So this ſmells worſt of all the loathſom brood.

The Poſt of the Signe.

Though it may ſeem rude
For me to intrude,
With theſe my Bears by chance-a;
'Twere ſport for a King,
If they could ſing
As well as they can dance-a.
Then to put you out
Of fear or doubt,
He came from St. *Katharin*-a.
Theſe dancing three,
By the help of mee,
Who am the Poſt of the Signe-a

We

We sell good ware,
And we need not care,
Though Court and Countrey knew it;
Our Ale's o'th best:
And each good guest
Prayes for their souls that brew it.

For any Alehouse,
We care not a Louse,
Nor Tavern in all the Town-a;
Nor the *Vintry-Cranes*,
Nor St. *Clement Danes*,
Nor the *Devill* can put us down-a.

Who has once there been,
Comes hither agen,
The liquor is so mighty.
Beer strong and stale,
And so is our Ale;
And it burns like *Aqua-vitæ*.

To a stranger there,
If any appear,
Where never before he has bin;
We shew th'Iron gate,
The wheele of St. *Kate*,
And the place where they first fell in.

The wives of *Wapping*,
They trudge to our tapping,
And still our Ale desire;
And there sit and drink,
Till they spue and stink,
And often pis's out the fire.

From morning to night
And about to day-light,
They sit and never grudge it;
Till the Fish-wives joyn
Their single coyn,
And the Tinker pawns his budget.

If their brains be not well,
Or bladders do ſwell,
To eaſe them of their burden,
My Lady will come
With a bowl and a broom,
And their handmaid with a Jourden.

From Court we invite,
Lord, Lady, and Knight,
Squire, Gentleman, Yeoman, and Groom,
And all our ſtiff drinkers,
Smiths, Porters and Tinkers,
And the Beggers ſhall give ye room.

If you give not credit,
Then take you the Verdict
Of a gueſt that came from St. *Hallow*'s;
And you then will ſwear,
The man has been there,
By his ſtory now that follows.

A Bal-

A Ballad.

A Diſcourſe between two Countrey-men.

I Tell thee, *Dick*, where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen;
Oh things beyond compare!
Such ſights again cannot be found
In any place on *Engliſh* ground,
Be it at Wake or Fair.
At *Charing-Croſs*, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our Hay,
There is a houſe with ſtairs;

And

And there did I ſee coming down
Such volk as are not in our Town,
Vorty at leaſt in pairs.

Amongſt the reſt, one peſt'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walkt on before the reſt:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bleſs him) 'twould undo him
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At Courſe-a-park, without all doubt,
He ſhould at firſt been taken out
By all the Maids i'th Town:
Though luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the Green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what, the Youth wasgoing
To make an end of all his wooing;
The Parſon for him ſtaid:
Yet by his leave (for all his haſte)
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt
(Perchance) as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For ſuch a Maid no Whidſon Ale
Could ever yet Produce:
No Grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of juice.

Her finger was ſo ſmall, the Ring
Would not ſtay on which he did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to ſay truth (for out it muſt)
It look't like the great Collar (juſt)
About our young Colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her Peticoat,
Like little mice, ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But *Dick* ſhe dances ſuch a way!
No Sun upon an *Eaſter*-day
Is half ſo fine a ſight.

He would have kiſs'd her once or twice,
But ſhe would not, ſhe was ſo nice
She would not do it in ſight,
And then ſhe lookt as who would ſay,
I will do what I liſt to day,
And you ſhall do't at night.

Her checks ſo rare a white was on,
No Dazy make compariſon,
(Who ſees them is undone)
For ſtreaks of red were mingled there,
(Such as are on a *Katherine* Pear,
The ſide that's next the Sun.)

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to heat was next her chin;
(Some Bee had ſtung it newly)
But (*Dick*) her eyes ſo guard her face,
I durſt no more upon them gaze,
Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her mouth ſo ſmall when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thou'dſt ſwear her teeth her words did break,
That they might paſſage get,
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any ſin
The Parſon himſelf had guilty bin,
(She look't that day ſo purely)

And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him surely.

Passion, oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
(I trow) besides the Bride.
The business of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice
His summons did obey,
Each Serving man with dish in hand,
Marcht boldly up like our Train'd band,
Presented and away.

When all the meat was on the Table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was
Before the Parson could say Grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The Brides came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
(And who could help it, *Dick?*)

O'th suddain up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance:
Then dance again and kisse:
Thus sev'ral wayes the time did pass,
Whil'st every woman wisht her place,
And every man wisht his.

By this time all were stoln aside,
To counsel and undress the Bride;
But that he must not know:

But 'twas thought he gheſt her mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an hour or ſo.

When in he came (*Dick*) there ſhe lay
Like new-faln ſnow melting away,
('Twas time I trow to part)
Kiſſes were now the only ſtay,
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who would ſay,
God B'w'y'! with all my heart.

But juſt as Heavens would have to croſs it,
In came the Bride-maids with the Poſſet:
The Bridegroom eat in ſpight;
For had he left the woman to't
It would have coſt two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the Candle's out and now,
All that they had not done, they do:
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Then thou and I have done before
With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

The Good Fellow.

When ſhall we meet again to have a taſt
Of that tranſcendent Ale we drank of laſt?
What wild ingredient did the woman choſe
To make her drink withall? it made me loſe
My wit, before I quencht my thirſt; there came
Such whimſies in my brain, and ſuch a flame
Of fiery drunkenneſs had ſing'd my noſe,
My beard ſhrunk in for fear; there were of thoſe
That took me for a Comet, ſome afar
Diſtant remote thought me a blazing Star;

The

The earth me thought, juſt as it was, it went
Round in a wheeling courſe of merriment.
My head was ever drooping, and my noſe
Offering to be a ſuiter to my toes.
My pock-hole face, they ſay, appear'd to ſome,
Juſt like a dry and burning Honey-comb:
My tongue did ſwim in Ale, and joy'd to boaſt
It ſelf a greater Sea-man than the toaſt.
My mouth was grown awry, as if it were
Lab'ring to reach the whiſper in mine ear.
My guts were mines of ſulphur, and my ſet
Of parched teeth, ſtruck fire as they met;
Nay, when I piſt, my Urine was ſo hot,
It burnt a hole quite through the Camber-pot:
Each Brewer that I met, I kiſs'd, and made
Suit to be bound apprentice to the Trade:
One did approve the motion, when he ſaw,
That my own legs could my Indentures draw.
Well Sir, I grew ſtark mad, as you may ſee
By this adventure upon Poetry.
You eaſily may gueſs, I am not quite
Grown ſober yet, by theſe weak lines I write:
Only I do't for this, to let you ſee,
Whos'ere paid for the Ale, I'm ſur't paid me.

Canto, *In the praiſe of Sack.*

Liſten all I pray,
To the words I have to ſay,
In memory ſure inſert um:
Rich Wines do us raiſe
To the honour of Bayes,
Quem non fecere diſertum?

Of all the juice
Which the Gods produce,
Sack ſhall be preferr'd before them;
'Tis Sack that ſhall
Create us all,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

We abandon all Ale,
And Beer that is ſtale,
Roſa-ſolis, and damnable Hum:
But we will rack
In the praiſe of Sack,
Gainſt *Omne quod exit in um.*

This is the Wine,
Which in former time,
Each wiſe one of the *Magi*
Was wont to carouſe
In a frolick blouſe,
Recubans ſub tegmine fagi.

Let the hop be their bane,
And a Rope be their ſhame,
Let the Gout and Colick pine 'um,
That offer to ſhrink,
In taking their drink,
Seu Græcum, ſive Latinum.

Let the glaſs go round,
Let the quart-pot ſound,
Let each one do as he's done to:
Avaunt ye that hugg
The Abominable Jugg,
Mongſt us *Heteroclita ſunto.*

There's no ſuch diſeaſe,
As he that doth pleaſe
His palate with Beer for to ſhame us:
'Tis Sack makes us ſing,
Hey down a down ding,
Muſa paulo majora canamus.

He is either mute,
Or doth poorly diſpute,
That drinks ought elſe but wine'o,
The more wine a man drinks,
Like a ſubtle *Sphinx*,
Tantum valet ille loquendo.

'Tis

'Tis true, our souls,
By the lowsie bowls
Of Beer that doth nought but swill us,
Do go into swine,
(*Pythagoras*, 'tis thine).
Nam vos mutastis & illos.

VVhen I've Sack in my brain,
I'm in a merry vain,
And this to me a bliss is:
Him that is wise,
I can justly despise:
Mecum confertur Ulisses?

How it chears the brains,
How it warms the vains,
How against all crosses it arms us!
How it makes him that's poor,
Couragiously roar,
Et mutatas dicere formas.

Give me the Boy,
My delight and my joy,
To my *tantum* that drinks his *tale*:
By Sack he that waxes
In our Syntaxes,
Est verbum personale.

Art thou weak or lame,
Or thy wits to blame?
Call for Sack, and thou shalt have it,
'Twill make thee rise,
And be very wise,
Cui vim natura negavit.

VVe have frolick rounds,
VVe have merry go downs,
Yet nothing is done at random,
For when we are to pay,
VVe club and away,
Id est commune notandum.

The

The blades that want caſh,
Have credit for craſh,
They'l have Sack whatever it coſt 'um,
They do not pay,
Till another day,
Manet alta mente repoſtum.

VVho ne're fails to drink,
All clear from the brink,
With a ſmooth and even ſwallow,
I'le offer at his ſhrine,
And call it divine,
Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks ſtill,
And never hath his fill,
With a paſſage like a Conduit,
The Sack doth inſpire,
In rapture and fire,
Sit æther æthera fundit.

VVhen you merrily quaff,
If any do off,
And then from you needs will paſs the,
Give their noſe a twitch,
And kick them in the britch,
Non componuntur ab aſſe.

I have told you plain,
And tell you again,
Be he furious as *Orlando*,
He is an Aſs,
That from hence doth paſs,
Qui bibit ad oſtia ſtando,

The vertue of Sack.

Fetch me *Ben Johnſons* ſkull, and fill't with Sack,
Such as the ſame he drank when the whole pack
Of jolly Siſters pledg'd, and did agree,
It was no ſin to be as drunk as he.

If

If there be any weakness in the VVine,
There's vertue in the Cup to make't divine;
This muddy drench of Ale does tast too much
Of earth, the Mault retains a scurvy touch
Of the dull hand that sows it; and I fear,
There's heresie in hops; give Block-heads Beer,
And silly *Ignoramus*, such as think
There's Powder-treason in all *Spanish* drink;
Call Sack an Idol; we will kiss the Cup,
For fear the Conventicle be blown up
VVith Superstition; away with Brew-house alms,
VVhose best mirth is six shillings Beer, and qualms,
Let me rejoyce in sprightly Sack, that can
Create a brain even in an empty pan.
Canary! it's thou that dost inspire
And actuate the soul with heavenly fire.
Thou that sublim'st the Genius-making wit,
Scorn Earth, and such as love, or live by it.
Thou mak'st us Lords of Regions large and fair,
VVhilst our conceits build Castles in the air.
Since fire, earth, air, thus thy Inferiors be,
Henceforth I'l know no element but thee:
Thou precious *Elixar* of all Grapes,
Welcome by thee our Muse begins her scapes,
Such is the worth of Sack; I am (methinks)
In the *Exchequer* now, hark how it chinks,
And do esteem my venerable self
As brave a fellow as if all the pelf
Were sure mine own; and I have thought a way
Already how to spend it; I would pay
No debts, but fairly empty every Trunk;
And change the Gold for Sack to keep me drunk;
And so by consequence till rich *Spain*'s Wine
Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine;
And when my brains are once a-foot (heaven bless us
I think my self a better man than *Crœsus*.
And now I do conceit my self a Judge,
And coughing laugh to see my Clients trudge

After my Lordships Coach unto the Hall
For Justice, and am full of Law withall,
And do become the Bench as well as he
That fled long since for want of honesty:
But I'll be Judge no longer, though in jest,
For fear I should be talkt with like the rest
When I am sober; who can chuse but think
Me wise, that am so wary in my drink?
Oh admirable Sack! here's dainty sport,
I am come back from *Westminster* to Court;
And am grown young again; my Ptysick now
Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow
Is smooth'd; and I turn'd amorous as *May*,
When she invites young lovers forth to play
Upon her flowry bosom: I could win
A Vestall now, or tempt a Queen to sin.
Oh for a score of Queens! you'd laugh to see,
How they would strive which first should ravish me:
Three Goddesses were nothing: Sack has tipt
My tongue with charms like those which *Paris* sipt
From *Venus*, when she taught him how to kiss
Fair *Helen*, and invite a fairer bliss:
Mine is *Canary Rhetorick*, that alone
Would turn *Diana* to a burning stone,
Stone with amazement, burning with loves fire,
Hard to the touch, but short in her desire.
Inestimable Sack! thou mak'st us rich,
Wise, amorous, any thing; I have an itch
To t'other cup, and that perchance will make
Me valiant too, and quarrel for thy sake.
If I be once inflam'd against thy foes
That would preach down thy worth in small-beer prose,
I shall do miracles as bad, or worse,
As he that gave the King an hundred Horse:
T'other odd Cup, and I shall be prepar'd
To snatch at Stars, and pluck down a reward
With mine own hands from *Jove* upon their backs
That are, or *Charles* his enemies, or Sacks:

Let

Let it be full, if I do chance to ſpill
Over my Standiſh by the way, I will
Dipping in this diviner Ink, my pen,
VVrite my ſelf ſober, and fall to't agen.

The Anſwer of Ale *to the Challenge of* Sack.

COme, all your brave wights,
That are dubbed Ale-knights
Now ſet out your ſelves in ſight:
And let them that crack
In the praiſes of Sack,
Know *Malt* is of mickle might.
Though Sack they define
To holy divine,
Yet it is but natural liquor:
Ale hath for its part
An addition of art,
To make it drink thinner or thicker.
Sack's fiery fume
Doth waſt and conſme
Mens *humidum radicale*;
It ſcaldeth their livers,
It breeds burning feavers,
Proves *vinum venenum reale*.
But Hiſtory gathers,
From aged fore-fathers,
That Ale's the true liquor of life:
Men liv'd long in health,
And preſerved their wealth,
Whilſt Barley-broth only was rife.
Sack quickly aſcends,
And ſuddenly ends
What company came for at firſt:
And that which yet worſe is,
It empties mens purſes
Before it half quencheth their thirſt.

Ale

Ale is not so costly,
Although that the most lye
Too long by the Oyl of Barley,
Yet may they part late
At a reasonable rate,
Though they came in the morning early.
Sack makes men from words
Fall to drawing of swords,
And quarrelling endeth their quaffing;
Whilst dagger-ale barrels
Bear off many quarrels,
And often turn chiding to laughing.
Sack's drink for our Masters:
All may be Ale-tasters;
Good things the more common the better,
Sack's but single broth:
Ale's meat, drink, and cloth,
Say they that know never a letter.
But not to entangle
Old friends till they wrangle,
And quarrel for other mens pleasure;
Let Ale keep his place,
And let Sack have his grace,
So that neither exceed the due measure.

The Triumph of Tobacco *over* Sack *and* Ale.

NAy, soft, by your leaves,
Tobacco bereaves
You both of the Garland; forbear it:
You are two to one,
Yet Tobacco alone
Is like both to win it, and wear it.
Though many men crack,
Some of Ale, some of Sack,
And think they have reason to do it;

Tobacco hath more,
That will never give o're
The honour they do unto it.
Tobacco engages
Both ſexes, all ages,
The poor as well as the wealthy,
From the Court to the Cottage,
From childhood to dotage,
Both thoſe that are ſick and the healthy.
It plainly appears
That in a few years
Tobacco more cuſtom hath gained,
Than Sack, or than Ale,
Though they double the tale
Of the times, wherein they have reigned.
And worthily too,
For what they undo
Tobacco doth help to regain,
On fairer conditions,
Than many Phyſicians,
Puts an end to much grief and pain.
It helpeth digeſtion,
Of that there's no queſtion,
The gout, and the toothach it eaſeth:
Be it early, or late,
'Tis never out of date,
He may ſafely take it that pleaſeth.
Tobacco prevents
Infection by ſcents,
That hurt the brain, and are heady,
An Antidote is,
Before you're amiſs,
As well as an after remedy.
The cold it doth heat,
Cools them that do ſweat,
And them that are fat maketh lean:

The hungry doth feed,
And, if there be need,
Spent ſpirits reſtoreth again.
Tobacco infuſed
May ſafely be uſed
For purging, and killing of lice:
Not ſo much as the aſhes
But heals cuts and ſlaſhes,
And that out of hand, in a trice.
The Poets of old,
Many fables have told,
Of the Gods and their *Sympoſia*:
But Tobacco alone,
Had they known it had gone
For their *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*.
It is not the ſmack
Of Ale, or of Sack,
That can with Tobacco compare:
For taſte, and for ſmell,
It bears away the bell
From them both where ever they are.
For all their bravado,
It is Trinidado
That both their noſes will wipe
Of the praiſes they deſire,
Unleſs they conſpire
To ſing to the tune of his Pipe.

Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas.

A Farewel to Sack.

FArewell thou thing, time paſt ſo true and dear
To me, as blood to life, and ſpirit, and near,
Nay thou more near than kindred, friend, or wife,
Male to the female, ſoul to the body, life

To quick action, or the warm ſoft ſide
Of the yet chaſt, and undefiled Bride.
Theſe and a thouſand more could never be
More near, more dear, than thou wert once to me.
'Tis thou above, that with thy myſtick fan
Work'ſt more than Wiſdom, Art, or Nature can;
To raiſe the holy madneſs, and awake
The froſt-bound blood and ſpirits, and to make
Them frantick with thy raptures, ſtretching through
The ſouls like lightning, and as active too.
But why, why do I longer gaze upon
Thee, with the eye of admiration,
When I muſt leave thee, and inforc'd muſt ſay,
To all thy witching beauties, go away?
And if thy whimpring looks do ask me, why?
Know then, 'tis Nature biddeth thee hence, not I;
'Tis her erroneous ſelf hath form'd my brain,
Uncapable of ſuch a Soveraign,
As is thy powerful ſelf; I prethee draw in
Thy gazing fires, leſt at their ſight the ſin
Of fierce Idolatry ſhoot into me, and
I turn Apoſtate to the ſtrict command
Of Nature; bid me now farewel, or ſmile
More ugly, leſt thy tempting looks beguile
My vows pronounc't in zeal, which thus much ſhows thee,
That I have ſworn, but by thy looks to know thee,
Let others drink thee boldly, and deſire
Thee, and their lips eſpous'd, while I admire
And love, but yet not taſt thee: let my Muſe
Fail of thy former helps, and only uſe
Her inadulterate ſtrength, what's done by me,
Shall ſmell hereafter of the Lamp, not thee.

A fit of Rhime againſt Rhime.

Rhime the rack of fineſt wits,
That expreſſeth but by fits
True conceit.

Spoyling

Spoiling senses of their treasure,
Cousening judgment with a measure,
But false weight.
Wresting words from their true calling,
Propping verse for fear of falling
To the ground.
Joynting Syllables, drowning Letters,
Fastning Vowels, as with fetters
They were bound.
Soon as lazie thou wer't known,
All good Poetry hence was flown,
And art banish'd.
For a thousand years together
All *Parnassus* green did wither,
And wit vanish'd.
Pegasus did fly away,
At the wells no muse did stay,
But bewail'd,
So to see the fountain dry,
And *Apollo*'s Musick dye,
All light fail'd.
Starveling Rhimes did fill the stage,
Not a Poet in an age
Worth crowning.
Not a work deserving Bayes,
Nor a line deserving praise,
Pallas frowning,
Greek was free from Rhimes infection,
Happy Greek by this protection
Was not spoiled.
VVhilst the Latine, Queen of Tongues,
Is not free from Rhimes wrongs;
But rests foiled.
Scarce the hill again doth flourish,
Scarce the VVorld a VVit doth nourish,
To restore,

Phœbus to his Crown again,
And the Muſes to their brain,
As before.
Vulgar languages that want
Words, and ſweetneſs, and be ſcant
Of true meaſure,
Tyrant Rhime hath ſo abuſed,
That they long ſince have refuſed
Other ceaſure.
He that firſt invented thee,
May his joynts tormented be,
Cramp'd for ever.
Still may Syllables join with time,
Still may reaſon war with rhime,
Reſting never.
May his ſenſe when it would meet,
The cold tumor in his feet,
Grow unſounder:
And his title be long fool,
That in rearing ſuch a School,
Was the Founder.

A Letany.

From a proud Woodcock, and a peeviſh Wife,
A pointleſs Needle, and a broken Knife;
From lying in a Ladies lap,
Like a great fool that longs for pap,
And from the fruit of the three-corner'd tree,
Vertue and goodneſs ſtill deliver me.

From a conſpiracy of wicked Knaves,
A knot of Villains, and a crew of Slaves,
From laying plots for to abuſe a Friend,
From working humors to a wicked end,
And from the Wood where Wolves and Foxes be,
Vertue and goodneſs ſtill deliver me.

From reſty Bacon, and ill roaſted Eels,
And from a madding wit that runs on wheels;

A vap'ring humour, and a beetle head,
A smoaky Chimny, and a lowsie bed,
A blow upon the Elbow and the Knee,
From each of these, Goodness deliver me

From setting Vertue at too low a price,
From losing too much coin at Cards and Dice;
From Surety-ship, and from an empty purse,
Or any thing that may be termed worse;
From all such ill wherein no good can be,
Vertue and Goodness still deliver me.

From a fool, and serious toyes,
From a Lawyer three parts noise;
From impertinence like a Drum
Beat at Dinner in his room.
From a Tongue without a file,
Heaps of *Phrases* and no stile;
From a Fidler out of tune,
As the *Cuckoo* is in *June*.
From a Lady that doth breath
Worse above than underneath.
From the Bristles of a Hog,
Or the Ring-worm in a Dog:
From the Court-ship of a Bryer,
Or St. *Anthony*'s old fire.

From the mercy of some Jaylors,
From the long bills of all Taylors,
From Parasites that will stroke us,
From Morsels that will choak us,
From all such as purses cut,
From a filthy durty slut,
From Canters and great eaters,
From Patentees and Cheaters,
From men with reason tainted,
From women which are painted,
From all far-fetch'd new fangles,
From him that ever wrangles,

From rotten Cheese, and addle Eggs,
From broken Shins, and gouty Leggs,
From a Pudding hath no end,
From bad men that never mend,
From the *Compter* or the *Fleet*,
From doing penance in a Sheet,
From Jesuites, Monks, and Fryers,
From Hypocrites, Knaves, and Lyers,
From *Rome*'s Pardons, Bulls, and Masses,
From Bug-bears, and broken Glasses,
From *Spanish* Pensions, and their Spies,
From weeping Cheese with *Argus* eyes,
From forraign foes invasions,
From papistical perswasions,
From private gain by publick loss,
From coming home by weeping cross,
From all these I say agen,
Heaven deliver me. *Amen.*

The

The Gypſies.

The Captain ſings.

FRom the famous *Peak of Darby*,
And the *Devils-arſe* there hard by,
Where we yearly keep our Muſters,
Thus the *Ægyptians* throng in Cluſters.

Be not frighted with our faſhion,
Though we ſeem a tattered Nation;
We account our raggs our Riches,
So our tricks exceed our ſtitches.

Give us Bacon, rinds of Walnuts,
Shells of Cockles, and of ſmall Nuts;

Ribbands, bells, and ſaffran'd linen,
All the world is ours to win in.
Knacks we have that will delight you,
Slight of hand that will invite you.

To endure our tawny faces,
Quit your places, and not cauſe you cut your laces.

All your fortunes we can tell ye,
Be they for the back or belly;
In the Moods too and the Tenſes,
That may fit your fine five ſenſes.

Draw but then your Gloves we pray you,
And ſit ſtill, we will not fray you;
For though we be here at *Burley*,
VVee'd be loath to make a hurley.

Another ſings.

STay my ſweet Singer,
The touch of thy finger,
A little and linger;
For me that am bringer
Of bound to the border,
The rule and Recorder,
And mouth of the order,
As Prieſt of the Game,
And Prelate of the ſame.
There's a *Gentry Cove* here,
Is the top of the Shiere,
Of the Bever *Ken*,
A man among men;
You need not to fear,
I have an eye and an ear
That turns here and there,
To look to our gear.
Some ſay that there be,
One or two, if not three,
That are greater than he,

And

And for the *Rome-Morts*,
I know by their Ports
And their jolly resorts
They are of the sorts
That love the true sports
Of King *Ptolomeus*,
Or great *Coriphæus*,
And Queen *Cleopatra*,
The *Gypsies* grand *Matra*.
Then if we shall shark it,
Here Faire is, and Market.
Leave Pig, Py and Goose,
And play fast and loose,
A short cut and long,
Some inch of a Song,
Pythagoras lot,
Drawn out of a pot;
With what says *Albindus*
And *Pharaotes Indus*,
John de Indagine
With all their *Pagine*,
Of faces and Palmestrie,
And this is *Allmysterie*.
Lay by your Wimbles
Your boring for Thimbles.
Or using your nimbles,
In diving the Pockets,
And sounding the sockets
Of Simper the *Cockets*;
Or angling the purses,
Of such as will curse us;
But in the strict duell
Be merry, and cruell,
Strike fair at some Jewell
That mine may accrew well
For that is the fuell,
To make the Town brew well.

And the Pot wring well,
And the brain ſing well,
Which we may bring well
About by a ſtring well,
And do the thing well.
It is but a ſtrain
Of true legerdemain,
Once twice and again.
Or what will you ſay now,
If with our fine play now,
Our knack and our dances,
We work on the Fancies
Of ſome of your Nancies,
Theſe trinckets, and tripſies,
And make 'em turn Gypſies?
Here's no Juſtice *Lippus*
Will ſeek for to nip us,
In *Cramp-ring* or *Cippus*,
And then for to ſtrip us,
And after to whip us.
His juſtice to vary,
VVhile here we do tarry,
But be wiſe and wary,
And we may both carry
The *Kate* and the *Mary*,
And all the bright aie'ry,
Away to the Quarry.
Or durſt I goe further
In method and order,
There's a Purſe and a Seal,
I have a great mind to ſteal;
That when our tricks are done,
VVe might ſeal our own pardon;
All this we may do,
And a great deal more too,
If our brave *Ptolomæe*,
VVill but ſay, follow me.

To thoſe that would be Gypſies too.

FRiends not to refell ye,
Or any way quell ye,
To buy or to ſell ye,
I onely muſt tell ye,
Ye aim at a Myſtery
Worthy a Hiſtory;
There's much to be done,
Ere you can be a Sonne,
Or brother of the Moone.
'Tis not ſo ſoon
Acquir'd as deſir'd.
You muſt be *Ben-bouſie*,
And ſleepy and drowſie,
And laſie, and lowſie,
Before ye can rouſe ye,
In ſhape that arowſe ye.
And then you may ſtalk
The *Gypſies* walk;
To the *Coops* and the *Pens*,
And bring in the Hens,
Though the Cock be ſullen
For loſſe of the *Pullen*:
Take Turkie, or Capon,
And Gammons of Bacon
Let nought be forſaken;
We'l let you go looſe
Like a Fox to a Gooſe,
And ſhew you the ſtye
Where the little Figs lye;
Whence if you can take
One or two, and not wake
The Sow in her dreams,
But by the Moon beams;
So warily hie,
As neither do cry.

You

You shall the next day
Have license to play
At the hedge a flirt
For a sheet or a shirt;
If your hand be light,
I'le shew you the slight
Of our *Ptolomies* knot,
It is, and 'tis not.
To change your complexion
With the noble confection
Of Wallnuts and Hogs-grease,
Better then Dogs-grease:
And to milk the kine,
Ere the milkmaid fine
Hath opened her eyne,
Or if you desire
To spit, or fart fire,
I'l teach you the knacks,
Of eating of flax;
And out of their noses,
Draw ribbands and posies.
And if you inciline
To a cup of good wine,
When you sup or dine;
If you chance it to lack,
Be it Claret or Sack;
I'le make this snout,
To deale it about,
Or this to run out,
As it were from a spout.

On

On a patch'd up Madam.

Pigmaleons fate revers'd is mine,
His marble love took fleſh and blood,
What late I worſhip'd, I decline;
Your Beauty now is underſtood
To have no more in it of life,
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet who apprehend
Some ſuddain cauſe of cauſeleſs fear,
Although that ſeeming cauſe take end;
And they behold no danger near,
A ſhaking through their limbs they find
Like Leaves ſaluted by the wind.

So though your Beauties do appear
No Beauties which amaz'd me ſo,
Yet from my Breaſt I cannot tear
The paſſion which from thence did grow,
Nor yet out of my fancy raſe
The print of that ſuppoſed face.

A Real Beauty though too near
The fond *Narciſſus* did admire,
I dote on that which is no where,
The ſign of Beauty feeds my fire:
No mortal flame was e're ſo cruel
As mine which thus ſurvives the fuell.

The Reply on the Contrary.

Not caring to obſerve the wind,
Or the unfaithful Sea explore,
I now no painted colours find,
But ſettled ſtand upon the ſhoar;
And may not here new dangers lye,
To conquer and deceive the eye?
No, for ſhe looks ſo pure, ſo clear
That her rich Bottom doth appear.

Pav'd

Pav'd all with precious things, not torn
From ſhipwrack'd Veſſels, but there born;
Here Sweetneſs, Truth, and every Grace
Which time and Youth are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach
And read diſtinctly in her face;
Some other Nymph with colours faint
And with ſlow Penſils we may paint;
And a weak heart in time deſtroy,
But ſhe alone can print the Boy,
Can with a ſingle look inflame
The coldeſt Breaſt, the rudeſt tame.
Then Painter ſay, where couldſt thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
For colours of this glorious kind,
Come not from any mortal race.
In Heaven it ſelf ſhe ſure was dreſt,
With that Angel-like guiſe,
Thus not deluded, we are bleſt
And ſee with cleareſt eyes.

The Melancholy Lover.

It is not I that love you leſs
Than when before your feet I lay,
But to prevent the ſad increaſe
Of hopeleſs love, I keep away,
In vain (alas) for every thing
Which I have known, belongs to you;
Your form doth to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.
He in the Spring who from the Sun
Already hath a feaver got,
Too late begins thoſe heats to ſhun,
Which *Phœbus* through his Veins hath ſhot;
Too late he would the pain aſſwage,
And to his chamber doth retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire;

But

But vow'd I have, and never muſt
Your baniſh'd ſervant trouble you.
For if I break, you may miſtruſt
The Vow I made to love you too.
But tell me Lady, Deareſt ſoe,
Where your lovely ſtrength doth lye;
Is the Power that charms me ſo
In your Soul, or in your Eye,
In your ſnowy neck alone?
Or is that Grace in motion ſeen,
No ſuch wonders can be done,
But in your Voice that's Muſicks Queen;
Whileſt I do liſten to that Voice
I do feel my life decay,
For that ſweet and powerful noiſe
Calls my flitting ſoul away;
Oh ſuppreſs that Magick ſound
That deſtroyes without a wound,
Peace Lady, peace, or ſinging dye,
That together you and I
May arm in arm to Heaven go,
For all the Story we do know,
That the bleſſed do above
Is that they ſing, and that they love.

The Variable Lover; or a Reply to the Melancholy Lover.

Thrice happy pair, of whom we cannot know
Which firſt began to love, and which to woe,
Fair courſe of paſſion where two loves impart,
And run together, heart ſtill yoakt in heart;
Succeſsful Love, whom Love hath taught the way
To be victorious in the firſt aſſay:
Sure Loves an Art, beſt practiſed at firſt,
And where the ſad and pining proſper worſt:
Some with a different fate purſue in vain
Their Ladyes loves, whiles others juſt diſdain

Of

Of their neglect, above their paſſion born,
To pride to pride oppoſe, and ſcorn to ſcorn;
Then they relent, but all too late to move
A heart diverted to a nobler Love,
The Scales are turn'd, her beauties weigh no more
Than th'others Vows, and ſervices before;
So in ſome well-wrought hangings we may ſee
How *Hector* leads, and how the *Græcians* flee;
Here the fierce *Mars* his courage ſo inſpires,
That with bold hands the *Argive* Fleet he fires;
But there from Heaven the blew-ey'd Virgin falls,
And frighted *Troy* retires within her walls;
They who are foremoſt in that bloody place,
Retire anon, and give the Conquerours chaſe;
So like the chances are of Love and War,
That they in this alone diſtinguiſh'd are:
In love the Victors from the vanquiſh'd flye,
They fly that wound, and they purſue that dye.

The Ladyes Slave to his Miſtreſs.

Faireſt piece of well form'd Earth,
Urge not thus your haughty Birth;
The power which you have o're us lyes
Not in your face, but in your eyes;
None but a Lord! Alas that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice;
Should you no Honey vow to taſt,
But what the maſter Bees have plac'd
In compaſs of their Cells, how ſmall
A portion to your ſhare would fall?
Nor all appear amongſt thoſe few
Worthy the ſtock from whence they grew;
The Sap which at the Root is bred
In Trees, through all the Boughs is ſpread;
But Vertues which in Beauties ſhine,
Make not like progreſs through the line;
'Tis not from whom, but where we live,
The place doth oft the Graces give;

Had

Had *Cæsar* on the mountain bred
A flock perhaps, or herd had led,
He who the World subdu'd, had been
But the best Wrestler on the Green:
'Tis Art and knowledge which draw forth
The hidden seeds of humane worth;
They blow the sparks, and make them rise
Into such flames as touch the skyes:
To the old *Hero*'s hence was given
A Pedigree that touch'd the Heaven;
Of Mortal seed they were not held,
Which other Mortals so excell'd;
And beauty too in such excess
As yours (fair Lady) claims no less.
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
Your Slave I am, can paint the Grove
Where your lov'd Mother slept with *Jove*,
And yet excuse the faultless Dame,
Caught with her Spouses shape, and name;
Your matchless form will credit bring
To all the wonders I shall sing.

The Reply.

At last here for your sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart;
The passion which you had for me,
The Faith, the Love, the Constancy;
And that all may successful prove,
I'le turn my self to what you love.
Too much I do confess I priz'd
That which you thought all grace compriz'd;
Too much I with my Arrows strove
To reach, or hurt a yielding Dove;
It was your Constancy that still
Declin'd my force, and mock'd my skill;
No more I'le wander through the Air,
Nor mount, nor shop at every Fair.

And with a fancy unconfin'd,
And lawleſs as the Sea, or Wind,
Purſue you whereſoe're you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply;
The formal Stars do travail ſo,
As we their names and courſes know,
And he who on their Aſpects looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books;
But never were the Clouds reduc'd
To any Art their motion us'd;
For thoſe free Vapors are ſo light,
And frequent, that the conquer'd ſight
Deſpair to find the Rules that guide
Thoſe gilded ſhadows, as they ſlide;
And therefore of the ſpacious air,
Joves Royal Conſort had the care;
And by that power did once eſcape
The amorous bold *Ixion*'s Rape;
And ſhe with her reſemblance grac'd
A ſhining Cloud, which he imbrac'd;
Such was the Image, ſo it ſmil'd
With ſeeming kindneſs, which beguil'd
Your hugging thoughts, when as you thought
That you had me your Miſtriſs caught;
So ſhap'd it was, but for the Fair,
You fill'd your Arms with yielding Air;
For which you ſure may grieve the leſs
Becauſe the Gods had like ſucceſs;
For in their Story one we ſee
Purſues a Nymph, and takes a Tree;
A ſecond with a Lovers haſte,
Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;
But ſhe that did a Virgin ſeem,
Did prove to be a gliding ſtream;
For his ſuppoſed love a third
Layes greedy hold upon a Bird,
And ſtands amaz'd to find his Dear
A wild Inhabitant of th' Air;

To

To theſe bold tales ſuch youths as you
Give credit, and ſtill make them new.
But, *Sir*, if you do apprehend
Theſe words of your repenting friend,
Again, deceive me, and again,
For I do ſwear, I'le not complain;
For ſtill to be deluded ſo,
Is all the pleaſure Lovers know;
Who like good Faulkners take delight
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

The Cunning Curtezan.

Sir, tell me, why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter than the day?
Could we, which we never can,
Stretch our lives beyond their ſpan;
Beauty, like a ſhadow flyes,
And our youth before us dyes;
Or would youth and beauty ſtay,
Love hath Wings, and will away;
Love hath ſwifter wings than time,
Change in love, to Heaven doth clime;
Gods who never change their ſtate,
Varied oft their love and hate.
Sir, Unto this truth we owe,
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I enquire
What hath been our paſt deſire;
Or what Maidens you have ſmil'd,
Or what Youths I have beguil'd;
Leave it to the Planets too,
What we ſhall hereafter do;
And for the joyes we now ſhall prove,
Take advice of preſent Love.

The Reply.

See how the willing Earth gives way
To take th'Impreſſion where ſhe lay;

See how the ground as loath to leave
So sweet a burden, still doth cleave
Close to her stained Garments; here
The coming Spring would first appear,
And all this place with Roses strow,
If busie feet would let them grow;
Thus the first Lovers on the clay
Of which they were composed lay,
And in their prime, with equal grace
Met the first patterns of our Race;
Then blush not Lady, nor yet frown,
Nor wonder how you both came down;
The young man could not chuse but bend
When all his Heaven upon him lean'd;
If ought by him amiss were done,
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

On the French English *Ape.*

Mark him once more, and tell me if you can,
Look, and not laugh on yonder Gentleman.
Could I but work a transformation strange,
On him whose pride doth swell and rankle so,
I would his Carrion to a thistle change,
Which Asses feed on, and which Rusticks mow.

Another on the same.

What dost thou mean to revel, roar, and spend,
And drink, and drab, and swear so? wilt thou rend
Thy way to Hell? the Devil will spy day,
And at a small hole snatch thee quite away.

On a Brede of divers colours, woven by four Maids of Honour, and presented to the Queen on New-years-day last.

Twice twenty slender Virgin fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies shine;
As nature them, so they this Brede have wrought,
Soft as their hands, and various as their thoughts;

Not

Not *Juno*'s Bird when he his train doth ſpread,
And wooes the female to his painted Bed;
No, nor the Bow which ſo adorns the Skyes,
So glorious is, or boaſts ſo many dyes.
But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where thoſe immortal colours grow.
That could this deathleſs piece compoſe
In Lillies, or the fading Roſe?
No, for this Art they have climb'd higher,
Than did *Promethens* for his fire.

On deaf Small, the Ale-wife.

She prates to others, yet can nothing hear,
Juſt like a ſounding Jugg that wants an ear.

Another.

Small, my Hoſt doth to me ſuch reckoning make,
That I of *Small* my Hoſt ſmall reckoning take,
Henceforth, good *Small*, let reckonings leſſer be,
And greater reckoning I ſhall make of thee.

On a Tell-tale.

Such glowing tongues to hot contention bent,
Are not unlike Red Herrings broyl'd in *Lent*.

Cherry-pit.

Nicholas and *Nell* did lately ſit
Playing for ſport at Cherry-pit;
They both did throw, and having thrown,
He got the pit, and ſhe the ſtone.

A Vow to Cupid.

Cupid, I do love a Girl
Ruby lip'd, and tooth'd like Pearl;
If ſo be that I may prove
Lucky in this Maid I love,
I do promiſe there ſhall be
Myrtles offer'd up to thee.

On the Roſe.

Go lovely Roſe,
Tell her that waſts her time and me,
That now ſhe knows
When I reſemble her to thee
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.
Tell her that's young
And ſhuns to have her Graces ſpy'd,
That had'ſt thou ſprung
In deſarts where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncondemned dy'd.
Small is the worth
Of beauty from the Light retir'd,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her ſelf to be deſir'd,
And bluſh not to be ſo admir'd.
Then dye that ſhe,
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair.

Another.

Lately on yonder fragrant Buſh,
Big with many a coming Roſe,
This early Bud began to bluſh,
And did but half it ſelf diſcloſe;
I pluck'd it, though no better grown,
Yet now you ſee how full 'tis blown.
Still as I did the leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a purple light they ſhone
As if they had been made of fire,
And ſpreading ſo, would flame anon;
All that was meant by Air or Sun,
To the young flower my breath hath done;
And if looſe breath ſo much can do,
It may as well inform of Love,

Of

Of pureſt Love, and Muſick too,
When once your Beauties it ſhall move;
That breath may have the happy power
To work on you, as on a Flower.

Another.

Go happy Roſe, and interwove
With other Flowers bind my love;
Tell her too, ſhe muſt not be
Longer peeviſh, longer free,
That ſo long hath fetter'd me.

Say, if ſhe frets, that I have bands
Of Pearl and Gold to bind her hands;
Tell her if ſhe ſtruggles ſtill,
I have Myrtle Rods at will
That can tame, although not kill.

Take thou my bleſſing now, and go
And tell her this, but do not ſo,
Leaſt a handſome anger fly
Like a lightning from her eye,
And burn thee up, as well as I.

On the two Dwarfs that were marryed at Court, not long before Shrovetide.

The Sign or Chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive;
Eve might as well have *Adam* fled,
As ſhe denyed her little bed
To him, for whom Heaven ſeem'd to frame
And meaſure out this little Dame.

Thrice happy is this humble paire,
Beneath the level of all care;
For o're their heads all Arrowes fly
Of ſad Diſtruſt, and Jealouſie,
Secured in as high extream,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the faireſt Nymphs do ſhow
Like moving Mountains topt with ſnow;
And every man a *Polypheme*,
Doth to his *Galatæa* ſeem:
None may preſume her faith to prove,
He proffers death, who proffers love.

On the approaching Spring.

Chl. *Hilas*, Oh *Hilas*, why ſit we mute,
Now that each Bird ſaluteth the Spring?
Wind up the ſlackned ſtrings of thy Lute;
Never canſt thou want matter to ſing:
For love thy breaſt doth fill with ſuch a fire
That whatſoe're is fair, moves thy deſire.

Hil. Sweeteſt you know the ſweeteſt of things
Of various Flowers which the Bees do compoſe,
Yet no particular taſt it brings
Of Violet, Wood-bine, Pink or Roſe;
So love's the Reſultance of all the Graces
Which flow from a thouſand ſeveral faces.

Chl. *Hilas* the Birds which chant in this Grove
Could we but know the language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant muſe;
For love their breaſts doth fill with ſuch a fire,
That what they do chuſe, bounds their deſire.

Hil. *Chloris* this change the Birds do approve,
Which the warm ſeaſon hither does bring,
Time from your ſelf does further remove
You, than the Winter from the gay ſpring;
She that like lightning ſhin'd whiles her face laſted,
Looks like an Oak being old, which lightning hath blaſted.

To be ingraven under the Queens Picture.

Such *Helen* was, and who can blame the Boy
That in ſo bright a flame conſum'd his *Troy*?

But

But had like vertue ſhin'd in that fair *Greek*,
The amorous Shepherd had not dar'd to ſeek
Or hope for pity, but with ſilent moan
And better fate, had periſhed alone.

- How the Violets came blew.

The Violets, as Poets tell,
With *Venus* wrangling went,
Whether the Violets did excell
Or ſhe in ſweeteſt ſcent;
But *Venus* having loſt the day,
Poor Girl, ſhe fell on you,
And beat you ſo, as ſome do ſay,
Her blows did make you blew.

Violets in a Ladies Boſom.

Twice happy Violets, that firſt had birth
In the warm Spring, when no froſts nip the Earth;
Thrice happy now, ſince you tranſplanted are
Unto the ſweeter boſome of my Fair;
And yet poor Flowers, I pity your hard fate;
You have but chang'd, not better'd your eſtate:
What boots it you t'have ſcap'd cold Winters breath,
To find like me by flames a ſuddain death?

An Old Man to a Young Maid.

Scorn me not, fair, becauſe you ſee
My hairs are white; what if they be?
Think not, 'cauſe in your Cheeks appear
Freſh Springs of Roſes all the year;
And mine, like Winter, wan and old,
My Love like Winter, ſhould be cold;
See in the Garland which you wear,
How the ſweet bluſhing Roſes there
With paleſt Lillies do combine,
Be taught by them, and ſo let's join.

To the Wife, being married to that old Man.

Since thou wilt needs, bewitch'd with ſome ill charms,
Be buryed in thoſe monumental Arms,
All we can wiſh, is, may his Earth lye light
Upon thy tender limbs, and ſo good night.

The Surpriſal, or Loves Tyranny.

There's no dallying with Love
Though he be a Child, and blind;
Then let none the danger Prove;
Who would to himſelf be kind;
  Smile he does, when thou doſt play,
  But his ſmiles to death betray.

Lately with the Boy I ſported,
Love I did not, yet love feigned;
Had no Miſtriſs, yet I courted;
Sigh I did, yet was not pained,
  Till at laſt his love in jeſt
  Prov'd in earneſt, my unreſt.

When I ſaw my fair one firſt,
In a feigned fire I burn'd;
But true Flames my poor heart pierc'd,
When her eyes on mine ſhe turn'd;
  So a reall wound I took
  For my counterfeited look.

Slighted love his skill to ſhow
Struck me with a mortall Dart;
Then I learn'd that 'gainſt his Bow
Vain are all the Helps of Art:
  And thus captiv'd found that true,
  Doth diſſembled love purſue.

'Cauſe his fetters I diſclaim'd,
Now the Tyrant faſter bound me
With more ſcorching Bonds inflam'd,
'Cauſe in love ſo cold he found me;

And

And my ſighs more ſcalding made,
'Cauſe with winds before they play'd.

Who love not then, O make no ſhow;
Love's as ill deceiv'd as Fate,
Fly the Boy, hee'l cogge and woe;
Mock him, and hee'l wound thee ſtrait:
They who dally, boaſt in vain;
Falſe love wants not real pain.

On the Eyes and Breaſts of the Lady on whom he was inamoured.

Lady, on your eyes I gaz'd,
When amaz'd
At their brightneſſe,
On your Breaſts I caſt a look,
No leſſe took
With their whiteneſſe;
Both I juſtly did admire
Theſe all ſnow, and thoſe all fire.
Whileſt theſe wonders I ſurvey'd,
Thus I ſaid
In ſuſpence,
Nature could have done no leſſe
To expreſſe
Her providence,
Than that two ſuch fair worlds might
Have two Suns to give them light,

On an old Batchelour.

Mop-ey'd I am, as ſome have ſaid,
Becauſe I've liv'd ſo long a Maid;
But grant that I ſhould married be,
Should I one jot the better ſee?
No, I ſhould think that marriage might
Rather than mend me, blind me quite.

On Love.

Love scorch'd my finger, but did spare
The burning of my heart,
To tell me that in love my share
Should be a little part;
Little I love, but if that he
Would but that heat recall,
That Joynt to Ashes burnt should be,
E're I would love at all.

Vertue improved by suffering

'Tis but the Body that blind Fortune's spight
Can chain to Earth, the nobler soul doth slight
Her servile bonds, and takes to Heaven her flight.

So Heav'n through dark clouds lighteth, whiles the shade
Is but a file to its bright splendor made;
So Stars with greater lustre Night invade.

So sparkle Flints when struck, so mettles find
Hardness from hammering, and the closer bind;
So flames increase, the more suppress't by wind.

And as the Grindstone to unpolish'd Steel
Gives edge and lustre, so my mind I feel
Whetted and glaz'd, by Fortunes turning wheel.

The Braggadochio Captain

Whilst timorous *Ansa* led his Martial band
Gainst the Invader of his Native Land.
Thus he bespake his men before the fight,
Courage (my Friends) let's dine, for we to night
Shall sup, sayes he, in Heaven; this having said,
Soon as the threatning Ensigns were display'd,
And the loud Drums and Trumpets had proclaim'd
Defiance twixt the Hosts, he, who ne're sham'd
At losse of Honour, fairly ran away;
Who being ask'd, how chance he would not stay,

And

And go along with them to sup in Heaven,
Pardon me, Friends, said he, I fast this Even,

The choice of a Wife.

I would not have a Wife with such a waist
As might be well with a Thumb-ring imbrac'd;
Whose bonny hips which out on both sides stick,
May serve for Graters, and whose lean knees prick;
One who a Saw doth in her Back-bone bear,
Whose withered legs like kenes do appear;
Nor would I have her yet of bulk so grosse,
That weigh'd she'd break the Scales of th'Market Crosse,
A meer unfathom'd lump of grease, no, that
I do not relish, give me flesh, not fat.

A Debtor to his Creditor.

Thou thinkest, th'hast shown thy self a mighty friend,
Because to me thou fifty pounds didst lend;
But if thou rich, for lending, mayest be said
So great a friend, what I? who poor repay'd

On a vain fond Husband.

Thou wondrest thy Wives ears should smell so ill.
They may thank thee, thou whispereſt in them still.

On a Boy kill'd by the fall of an Ice-sickle.

Where *Thames* her waters through the Bridge doth pour
And th'upper building sweat with many a showr; (
A drop congealed to an Ice-sickle
On a Childs throat that stood beneath it fell;
And when the poor childs fate dissolv'd it had,
Melted away in the warm wound it made;
What may not cruell Fate? or where will not
Death find us out, if water cut the throat?

On the Statue of a Tyrant, which falling kill'd a Child.

Thy Statue, sad Usurper, doth present
To Tyrants a sad Document;

Though Marble, on it's Basis yet so fast
It stood not, but it fell at last.
And seems as when he liv'd as cruel still,
It could not fall, but it must kill.

On a Widdow.

Fain she'd have *Robert*, and who blame her can?
But he'l not have her, and who'l blame the man?

On one that wore a Leather Cap.

Whilst thou a Kids-skin Cap put'st on
To hide the baldness of thy Crown,
One jested handsomely who sed,
Thou wear'st thy Shooes upon thy head.

Ice and Fire.

Naked Love did to thine eye,
Fairest, once to warm him fly;
But its purer Flame and Light
Scorch'd his wings, and spoil'd his sight.

Forc'd from thence he went to rest
In the soft couch of thy Breast,
But there met a frost so great
As his Torch extinguisht strait.

When poor *Cupid* being constrain'd
His cold bed to leave, complain'd,
What a lodging's here for me
If all Ice and Fire she be?

Counsel not to love.

He that will not love must be
My Schollar, and learn this of me;
There be in Love as many fears
As the Summers Corn hath ears,
Sighs and tears, and sorrows more
Than the sand that make the shore;
Fiery colds, and freezing heats,
Fainting swounds, and deadly sweats,
Now an Ague, then a Feaver,
Both tormenting Lovers ever:

Wouldst

Wouldst thou know besides all these
How hard a Woman 'tis to please ?
How cross, how sullen, and how soon
She shifts and changes like the Moon,
How false, how hollow she's in heart,
And how she is in every part ;
How high she's priz'd, and worth but small,
Little thou't love, or not at all.

The Recantation.

Nay, let her go, can I endure all this ?
Yet dye to doat upon a Maidens kiss !
Is there such Magick in her looks that can
Into a fool transfigurate a man ?
Did'st not thou love her ? true, and she disdain
To meet thy vertue, let her meet her shame ;
Were she as fair as she her self would be,
Adorn'd with all the cost of Bravery ;
Could she melt hearts of flint, and from her eye
Give her beholders power to live or dye ;
I'd rather begg she would pronounce my death,
Than be her scorn, though that preserv'd my breath :
Rise heart, and be not fool'd ! S'foot, what a shame
Were it for thee to reincense one flame
From the declining spark ? dost thou not know
As she's a Woman, her whole sex doth owe
To thine all honour ? her false heart and pride
Dare not oppose thy faith, then turn high-tide,
And let her, since her scorn doth so deceive thee,
By her Repentance strive again to please thee.

Inconstancy defended.

Leave fairest, leave, I pray no more
With want of Love, or lightness charge me ;
'Cause your looks captiv'd me before,
May not anothers now inlarge me ?

He whose misguided Zeal hath long
Pay'd homage to some Stars pale light,

Better inform'd, may without wrong
Leave that t'adore the Queen of Night.

Then if my heart which long ſerv'd thee
Will to another now incline,
Why term'd inconſtant ſhould it be
For bowing 'fore a richer ſhrine?

Cenſure thoſe Lovers ſo, whoſe will
Inferior objects can entice,
Who changes for the better ſtill,
Makes that a vertue you call vice.

The Reply.

Shall I hopeleſs then purſue
A fair ſhaddow that ſtill flyes me?
Shall I ſtill adore and wooe
A proud heart that doth deſpiſe me?
Yes, a conſtant love may ſo,
Yet 'tis but a fruitleſs ſhow.

Shall I by the erring light
Of two croſſer Stars ſtill ſail?
That do ſhine, but ſhine in ſpight,
Not to guide, but make me fail?
I a wand'ring courſe may ſteer,
But the Harbour ne're come neer.

Whilſt theſe thoughts my Soul poſſeſs,
Reaſon paſſion would o'reſway,
Bidding me my flames ſuppreſs,
Or divert ſome other way;
But what reaſon would purſue,
When my heart runs counter too?

So a Pilot bent to make
Search for ſome unfound-out Land,
Does with him his Loadſtone take
Sailing to the unknown ſtrand;
But ſail he which way he will,
The Loadſtone to the North points ſtill.

The

The Vow.

By my life I vow
That my life art thou;
By my Heart, and by my Eyes,
But thy faith denyes
To my juster Oath t'incline,
For thou say'st, I swear by thine.
By this sigh I swear,
By this falling tear,
By the undeserved pains
My grieved soul sustains,
Thou mayest now believe thy moan,
They are too too much my own.

On a Maid in love with a Youth blind of one Eye.

Though a Sable Cloud benight
One of thy fair Twins of Light,
Yet the other brighter seems
As t'had robb'd his brothers beams,
Or both lights to one were run,
Of two Stars to make one Sun:
Cunning Archer! who knows yet
But thou wink'st my heart to hit;
Close the other too, and all
Thee the God of Love will call.

Love begotten by pity.

'Tis true, your Beauties which before
Did dazle each bold Gazers eye,
And forc'd even rebell hearts t'adore,
Or from its conquering splendor fly;
Now shines with new increase of light,
Like *Cynthia* at her full most bright.

Yet though you glory in th'increase
Of so much beauty, dearest Fair;
They err who think this great access,
Of which all Eyes th'admirers are;

Or

Or Arts or Natures gifts ſhould be,
Leave then the hidden cauſe from me.

Pity in thee, in me deſire,
Firſt bred (before I durſt but aime
At fair reſpect) now that cloſe fire
Thy love hath fann'd into a flame,
Which mounting to its proper place
Shines like a Glory 'bout thy face!

The Bag of a Bee.

To have the ſweet Bag of the Bee
Two *Cupids* fell at odds,
And whoſe the pretty prize ſhould be,
They vow'd to ask the Gods;
Which *Venus* hearing, thither came,
And for their boldneſſe ſtript them,
And taking from them each his flame,
With Myrtle rods ſhe whipt them;
Which done, to ſtill their wanton cryes,
When quiet grown ſh'had ſeen them,
She kiſs'd, and wip'd their Dove-like eyes,
And gave the Bag between them.

To make much of Time.

Gather your Roſe-buds whilſt you may,
Old Time is ſtill a flying;
And that ſame flower that ſmiles to day
To morrow may be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The ſooner will his race be run,
And nearer to his ſetting.

That Age is beſt which is the firſt,
When youth, and old are warmer;
And being ſpent, the worſe and worſt
Times ſtill ſucceed the former.

Then be not coy, but uſe your Time,
And while you may, go marry;

For

For having loſt but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

On the Picture of Icarus *in Wax*

What once did unto thee impart
The means of death, by happy Art
Now thee reſtores to life again;
Yet ſtill remember to refrain
Ambitious flights, nor ſoar too nigh
The Sun of an inflaming eye;
For ſo thou mayſt ſcorch'd by thoſe beams
In aſhes dye, as once in ſtreams.

The Farewell to Love, and to his Miſtreſſe.

What conſcience ſay, Is it in thee,
When I a Heart had one,
To take away that heart from me,
And to retain thy own?
For ſhame and pity now incline
To play a loving part,
Either to ſend me kindly thine,
Or ſend me back my Heart;
Court not both, for if thou doſt
Reſolve to part with neither,
Why yet to ſhew that thou art juſt,
Take me and mine together.

A Farewell to Folly.

FArewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd raggs, ye Chrystal bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow Eccho; Gold, pure clay;
Honour, the darling but of one short day;
Beauties chief Idol, but a Damask skin;
State, but a Golden Prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds; imbroydred trains,
But goodly Pageants: Proudly swelling veins,
And blood alai'd to greatness, is but loan,
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own.
Fame, Riches, Honour, Beauty, State, Trains, Birth,
Are but the fading blessings of the Earth.
I would be rich, but see man too unkind,
Diggs in the Bowels of the richest mine.
I would be great, but yet the Sun doth still
Level his beams against the rising Hill.
I would be fair, but see the Champion proud,
The Worlds fair eye, oft setting in a Cloud.
I would be wise, but that the Fox I see
Suspected guilty, when the Ass is free.

I would be poor, but ſee the humble graſs
Trampled upon by each unworthy Aſs.
Rich, hated; wiſe, ſuſpected; ſcorn'd if poor;
Great, fear'd; fair, temp'ted; high, ſtill envi'd more.
Would the World then adopt me for her Heir;
Would Beauty's Queen entitle me the fair;
Fame ſpeak me Honours Minion; and could I
With *Indian* Angels, and a ſpeaking eye,
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, ſtrike Juſtice dumb,
As well as blind, and lame, and give a Tongue
To Stones by Epitaphs; be call'd great Maſter
In the looſe lines of every Poetaſter:
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, Wiſe, Rich, Fair, all in Superlatives;
Yet I theſe favours would more free reſign,
Than ever Fortune would have had them mine.
I count one minute of my holy leiſure,
Beyond the Mirth of all this earthly Pleaſure.
Welcome pure thoughts, welcome ye careleſs Groves;
Theſe are my Gueſts, this is the Court Age loves.
The winged people of the skies ſhall ſing
Me Anthems, by my Sellers gentle Spring.
Divinity ſhall be my Looking-glaſs,
Wherein I will adore ſweet vertues face.
Here dwells no heartleſs Loves, no pale-fac'd Fears,
No ſhort joyes purchas'd with eternal Tears.
Here will I ſit and ſigh my hot youths folly;
And learn to affect an holy Melancholly:
And if Contentment be a Stranger, then
I'le ne're look for it but in Heaven agen.

An Invitation to the Reader.

HAving now fed thy youthful Frenzies with theſe Juvenilian Fancies; let me invite thee (with my ſelf to ſing *Altiora peto.* And then to meet with this thy noble reſolution; I would commend to thy ſharpeſt view

and

and ſerious conſideration, The Sweet Cœleſtial Sacred Poems by Mr. *Henry Vaughan*, intituled, *Silex Scintillans.*

There plumes from Angels wings, he'l lend thee,
Which every day to Heaven will ſend thee.

(Hear him thus invite thee home.)

If thou would'ſt thither, linger not,
Catch at the place,
Tell youth, and beauty, they muſt rot,
They'r but a Caſe:
Looſe, parcell'd hearts will freeze; the Sun
With ſcatter'd locks
Scarce warms, but by contraction
Can heat Rocks;
Call in thy powers; run, and reach
Home with the light;
Be there before the ſhadows ſtretch,
And ſpan up night;
Follow the Cry no more: there is
An ancient way
All ſtrewed with flowers and happineſſe,
And freſh as *May*;
There turn, and turn no more; let wits
Smile at fair eyes,
Or lips; but who there weeping ſits,
Hath got the prize.

Choice

CHOICE LETTERS
UPON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS
BOTH
SERIOUS and JOCOSE.

A Gentleman to a Young Lady Courting to Marry.

Honoured Madam,

SInce last I had the happiness to see your fair face, *Cupid* hath wounded my Heart with those Arrows which he borrowed from your Eyes: And unless you will be pleased to give Relief to my Miseries and Pain, which I thereby do undergo both Night and Day; Alas! I shall be of all men most miserable. My humble suit which I now beg, is this; that you would be pleased to make me for ever happy by giving me Admittance into your sweet Company, and meet my honest and lawful desires with smiles: I shall not Court you out of complaizance, but tell you, Madam, Honourably and plainly, that with your good liking, I intend to make you my Wife, which if you accept of my serious Proposition, I doubt not of being happy, and you Madam, I hope will never have cause to repent your Choice, thus expecting your kind reply, I for this time begging your pardon, do humbly take my leave and Remain, *Madam,*

The Humblest of your Servants
H. T.

The

The Ladyes Answer.

Sir,

I Cannot but bless my self with Admiration, that so wise a man as your self should talk so idly, to say, that my Eyes have wounded your Heart; I must needs tell you, I think you talk of impossibilities, and that want of rest occasions this Distraction of Mind: you pretend to be no complemental Courtier, yet appear to be the greatest that ever I met with, by this your Letter you sent me; I must confess according to Equality of Fortunes you out-do me, and I am not of Birth so highly descended; therefore you may presume, that a few Words from a Person of so much worth as your self, may win so silly a woman as I am; but flatter not your self with that, for I'le assure you, I think as well of my Virginity, as the best of them all do, and shall be as loth to part with it, except it be upon a good consideration: Therefore if you are real, as you pretend, concerning Marriage, your suit may be accepted; but if otherwise, you take your aim amiss. This, till I know you better, I hope may suffice from her who is

Your Servant on honourable terms,

S. L.

A Letter to Chastise a near kinsman who is given to Extravagancies.

Cousin James,

THe daily noise which rings about the Countrey of your Extravagancies, and great debaucheries, causes me at present to write to you, not in anger, but by way of advice, desiring that you would see your own folly, and learn to be wiser before it be too late. I had thought truly that the University had qualified you better

better than I perceive it has; for inſtead of growing better as you grow older, you now grow worſe, ſince you went to *London*: I muſt confeſs I have nothing to do with your concerns, only as a Relation, and inſtead of a Father, which indeed you want to give you good Counſel; and to deſire you in time to forſake bad company, for they in the end will Ruine both Soul and Body: And truly your Eſtate will ſoon decay, if you hold on ſpending as you begin, though at preſent it is large enough. I wiſh that Women and Wine be not your Maſter, which if you avoid, I ſhall not doubt in the leaſt but you will do well enough: how many fine young Gentlemen have I ſeen, that by over-drinking themſelves have been brought to ruine and untimely deaths! for when their brains are intoxicated, and the blood enflam'd with high drinking, then are they fit for all manner of Vice; ſome in that mad humour run to common Strumpets, where they get the foul diſeaſe, ſometimes uncurable, to their everlaſting ſhame and diſgrace; others in that heat of Blood engage themſelves by oath to kill the next perſon they meet, though not giving them the leaſt affront, which brings them deſervedly to the publick place of Execution, to ſuffer death, the due reward of ſuch Crying ſins. Therefore, dear Couſin, let the thoughts of theſe things reflect upon your Soul, that they may appear odious and terrible in your eyes and Apprehenſion; and that God may turn your heart, and let you ſee the evil of your wayes, is the Prayer of

Your ever loving Kinſman,

W. G.

The Young Mans Anſwer.

Good Couſin,

I Received your Letter, wherein I hear you find ſcandalous reports of me in the Countrey, I admire who ſhould be the meſſengr that brings this ill news to you;

I find my reputation is very much abuſed, and if you will be ſo kind to me as to let me know the Author of it, I ſhall make bold to require ſuch ſatisfaction of him, as ſhall become a Gentleman to demand; I am apt to think that you ground thoſe ill Characters you give me upon Suſpicion, for certainly, no Man nor Woman can be ſo audacious, as to blaze abroad ſuch infamous and undeſerved calumnies without the leaſt ground for their ſo doing; however, I am not the firſt that has been abuſed in this nature: I thank God I know my ſelf clear of thoſe great enormities which are alleadged againſt me, and laid to my charge, which is real ſatisfacti- to my ſelf though not to you, and the reſt of my Friends; and if I may be believed before thoſe Inſinuating Sychophants, who value not to ſtain a mans reputations for a Meals meat, I think I am as little given or addicted to keep ill company, as any Genleman in Town; I cannot deny but that I do drink Wine, and will do, if I can get money to buy it, and I hope I ſhall not want ſo much as will purchaſe a bottle or two of Wine all my life time, but if perchance I do, I muſt then leave it off, and not before; yet thus much I can ſafely ſay, that I never drank ſo much that I was thereby depri- ved of my Senſes, though I know there are too many which are guilty of that Crime; but as for a com- mon Whore or Strumpet as you call them, I defie and hate like the Devil. Neither am I a great Admi- rer of any Woman kind, though never ſo honeſt, there- fore free from thoſe debaucheries you lay to my charge: however, I give you many thanks for your good Admo- nition, and deſire that you will be ſatisfied, that I am not the man that report ſayes I am, but

Your Loving Kinſman,
O. C.

A

A Letter of Advice for Health.

Kind and Loving Friend,

I Am very well ſatisfyed that you are ſeldom well in health whilſt you live in *London*; and if I may be a Competent Judge, I ſuppoſe I know the Grounds and Reaſons of your Sickneſs, which are two-fold: In the firſt place, I imagine that the City Air is not agreeable to your conſtitution, and not only with you, but it is diſagreeable to thouſands more, and eſpecially to thoſe that are not naturalized in it, and bred up there; it choaks them up. Another reaſon is, that becauſe you have but little or no employment, you are forced to be continually in company, which draws you to drinking either at the Tavern or the Alehouſe, by reaſon whereof you loſe your Stomach, that you ſeldom have an appetite to eat, which much diſorders your Body; therefore let me adviſe you for your Health's ſake to betake your ſelf to a Countrey life: You know you may be welcome to me, who am at all times

A Well wiſher upon all occaſions,
W. J.

The Gentlemans Anſwer.

Sir,

I Muſt confeſs that you have alwayes been ſo generous and obliging to me, that now it remains on my behalf to ſtudy ſome way to gratifie all thoſe unmerited favours which I have received from you, and your good Wife; and truly I am apt to think, that you (like a ſkilful Doctor) have found out the principal cauſes of all my grievances, and have preſcribed a moſt ſafe, courteous remedy for my cure; and ſhould I refuſe to make uſe of your kind and free proffer, I ſhould be found injurious to my ſelf, and baſely ungrateful to ſo good a Friend; therefore ſo ſoon as I have diſpatcht

ſome

ſome concerns here in Town, and taken leave of my Friends, you may expect me in the Countrey. Let me beg the favour of you to ſend me up a Horſe, for I cannot endure to ride in the Coach. Thus with my humble Service to your ſelf and ſecond ſelf, I am

Your moſt Obliged Servant,
T. M.

A Letter full of Complements.

Moſt Worthy Friend,

I Being ſo infinitely obliged to you, for thoſe innumerable favours which you from time to time have been pleas'd to confer upon me, in common gratitude can do no leſs, but make an humble acknowledgement in token of my great thankfulneſs for thoſe unmerited kindneſſes; having no other way to retaliate them at preſent, but by telling you, that your unworthy Servant will be alwaies ready at your command, to obey and ſerve you to the very utmoſt of my poor power and ability: My daily Prayers ſhall be, that you may be ever proſperous in this World, and that you may receive the due reward of your Charitable Acts and good Hoſpitality in the World to come. What elſe I can ſay or do which may conduce to your happineſs, and add to your contentment, I ever ſhall be ready to act and pray for. Thus, deſiring that at preſent you will be pleas'd to accept of my well wiſhes, and this ſmall Token which I have ſent you, which is a Barrel of Oyſters; I heartily recommend you to the protection of the Almighty, who is the only keeper and preſerver of all men, and all things: I take my leave, preſuming to write my ſelf,

Yours to ſerve you by night or day,
A B.

The

The Somerſet-ſhire *Man's Clowniſh Anſwer in their own Countrey Language.*

Zir,

I Received a piece of Paper from you, which I think Volks call a Letter; but when I pull'd it open, I am zure I could not tell wone letter in it: I gave it to wone of our Town, that is to zay, wone that dwells within two or three doors off our door, a little thick way; and he being a better Scholler than my preſent zelf, made hard ſhift to pick out the words, but the Devil a bit of zenſe can I vind in it. You talk of Obliging, and Vavours; in my Conſcience, Zir, you be not like me wone jot, nor do I vavour you at all; you alſo talk of Gratitude and Merits; I'le zwear I do not know what to make of your Language; my Neighbour tells me that it is *Latine*, and I wonder that you would write *Latine* to me, you know I cannot ſtand under it; and in truth you ſhall be no Zervant of mine, I will have no ſuch Zervants: As for your writing, our Volks put it in the vire; and vor thoſe ſhells you zent, (I know not how you call them) I e'n mended our door with them; and zo I thank you vor 'em. When you come again you ſhall be welcome to

Your old Friend,
Dick Downright.

A Letter ſent to a Friend, Condoling his long continued Sickneſs.

Dear Friend,

I Am very ſorry and much grieved to hear that you thus long have lain languiſhing on the bed of Sickneſs; my heart participates of your dolorous Miſeries, feeling by way of ſympathy the ſelf ſame torments which you undergo: But that alas! I doubt, won't give you eaſe

ease, though it is a seeming comfort (or rather I may say, a satisfaction) to be pitied by our Friends. Let me admonish you to take the advice of the best learned and most eminent Physician you know of, and be not concerned for parting with your Money; though sickness I know is very chargeable, yet well you know now by sad experience, that the perfect enjoyment of your health, is far more pleasant and delightful than baggs full heaped with Gold and Silver; therefore be not sparing of your Coin so far as it may be available and conducing to the procuring of your welfare: And that you may recover your former strength, shall be the prayers of

Your most Affectionate Friend in Sorrow,
Z. F.

The Sick Man's thankful Answer.

Dear Friend,

THe very sight of your Letter did give some ease to my distressed miseries, for which you have the kind and hearty thanks of a sick, and almost dying man: 'Tis long since I considered, that worldly Wealth is but dross, neither do I esteem of it as any comfort, only to procure those necessaries which while we live on Earth we stand in need of; for well I know, that when my breath is departed from me, and my blood grown cold, and death hath brought my Body to the Grave; that then the wealth of *Cræsus* will not avail me any thing, nor stand me in any stead. My heart is fixed now upon a better Subject, which is, that after death my Soul may find rest and comfort in another VVorld, whither now I am going; endeavouring to repent of all my past Sins, consulting with my Maker concerning my happiness: For he is the best and only Physitian, that can give ease to these my sore Afflictions. This as a Farewel to you I do send, who am till death gives ease,

Your Friend in Torment,
H. N.

A Let-

A Letter of Excuſe.

Sir,

I Muſt beg your pardon that I could not be ſo good as my word, in waiting on you yeſterday, for an extraordinary buſineſs of great importance fell out juſt as I was coming to you, and prevented me of the great happineſs of ſeeing you, and enjoying your good Company; however, I know your good Nature will forgive what I could not perform; and on that I rely, giving my ſelf an aſſurance of a ſmile, and not a frown when I ſee you next, which ſhall be the very firſt opportunity I can ſteal from my urgent Affairs; having no greater felicity than to be in your good Company, and do takē it as a great favour, that my unworthy preſence is thought acceptable to a perſon of ſo great honour and worth as your ſelf; but that is your Humility to condeſcend to my undeſerts: But leſt I ſhould ſeem to be too prolix and tedious in making my Apology, I for this time humbly deſiſt, and write my ſelf

Your Humble Servitor,
H. M.

The Gentleman's Anſwer.

Kind Sir,

YOU need not have given your ſelf the trouble to make Apology for your not coming to me according to your promiſe, for I have had too large an experience of your love and friendſhip towards me, to believe that any frivolous concerns could have detained you from making good your word; neither am I ſo injurious to your intereſt, to diſoblige or hinder you from proſecuting your earneſt Affairs; though I muſt confeſs that I take a great delight in your Company: Therefore I deſire of you to be ſo kind to me, as to let me enjoy it as often as conveniency will permit and give leave. I deſign next Wedneſday (if health continue)

to go down to my Countrey House, and hunt a Buck; and if you have leisure from your own occasions, pray favour me with your pleasant Society: Your Welcome I hope you will not question, from

Your Loving Friend, R. K.

A Letter, with a Ring, sent as a Token to a Gentlewoman.

Faireſt of Creatures,

I Here present you with the Emblem of my Love: It is a Ring, which represents my Love to you is endless; that though you frown upon me, and seem to slight my proffered Services, yet still my Love endures as firm as at the first, neither can all your angry denials to my long continued Suit, alter or change my loving resolutions. This Ring is Gold, the purest of Mettals; which signifies, (if that you please to take it so) that my Love is pure, and the purest of all Love, not tainted or corrupted with any thoughts of Worldly Interest: But 'tis your Love alone, Madam, that I ask: How can you be so cruel to your Adorer, one that takes no delight in any Creature living but your self? I dare not call you unkind, nor speak the least ill thing against you; for my Love is so great, that I cannot call your Disdain unworthiness: Let Pity move to Compassion; which if I find, I shall not doubt but that I shall quickly be a Conqueror: Till then I restle's live

To object your scorn, L. C.

Her Answer.

Sir,

IF that you count it any kindness to be beloved of one so mean as I am, who hitherto have held you in disdain, and laught at all your discontent with scorn, then bless that happy hour when you did buy that Ring you sent me for a Token; not for the value of the Ring I love you, but those your kind expressions which you writ to me

me in your laſt Letter, have moved my heart to pity; you then now may aſſure your ſelf a Conqueror, for I do pity you, and not only ſo, but I love you too for your true Conſtancy: Had you been fickle, and had took denial in a ſhort time, I never would have granted you what now I do; then now be comforted, my Love, and caſt all Sorrow from thy heart, for I am thine, and will be to my death. Think not of any thing that has paſt between us, for I will love thee better for the time to come; and when you pleaſe to come and viſit me, you ſhall be welcome to her who is,

Your Affectionate Lover, B. Y.

A Letter to his angry Sweet-heart.

YOur frowns have ſo eclipſed my wonted comfort and conſolation, that without the ſpeedy Sun-ſhine of your ſmiles, my future hopes which I promiſed my ſelf, will be utterly blaſted: You know you have my heart, and all that ever I could call my own at your diſpoſing, therefore let me beg of you to be kind before it be too late, leſt certainly you hear that I died through your neglect and cruelties, who am,

Your Affectionated Lover, E. G.

Her ſhort, but loving Anſwer.

Sir,

IFancy when you wrote to me laſt you were in a dream, or elſe not thoroughly awake; for how can you taxe me with unkindneſs, that have no pleaſure but in your content and comfort: If you have undergone any by your own Imagination, I am very ſorry for it; for I'le aſſure you my heart participates of all your troubles: Your love to me I mutually accept, giving you mine again with this aſſurance, that I am,

Yours without diſſimulation, whileſt

J. L.

NEW SONGS, ALA-MODE.

SONG I.

OH! *Cœlia*, come tell me, how long it will be
Before you will grant my desire;
Is there no end of your Cruelty,
But must I consume in this Fire?
You'l not say you love, nor yet that you hate,
But delight for to see me languish;
Oh! *Cœlia*, take pity of my desperate State,
And remove the cause of my Anguish.

Ah! *Cœlia*, remember the pitiful moan
That came from your desperate Lover,
When I was sitting and sighing alone,
Nor did I my *Cœlia* discover:
The Hills with the Valleys took share of my grief,
And eccho'd my Lamentation;
Yet *Cœlia* unkind will not give me relief,
But takes pleasure in my vexation.

SONG II.

THou art ſo fair and cruel too,
I am amaz'd, what ſhall I do
To compaſs my deſire?
Sometimes thy eyes do me invite,
But when I venture kill me quite,
Yet ſtill encreaſe my fire.

Oft have I try'd my love to quell,
And thought it fury to repell,
Since I no hopes do find;
But when I think of leaving thee,
My heart as much doth torture me
As 'twould rejoyce if kind.

I ſtill muſt love though hardly us'd,
And never offer but refus'd;
Can any ſuffer more?
Be coy, be cruel me to torment,
To admire and love thee I am bent;
I muſt and will adore.

SONG III.

WHat ſhall we do?
When our Eyes are ſurrounded
With Beauties like you,
Our hearts muſt be wounded.
If we fly from the VVar,
Your Darts o'retake us;
And if we ſtay there,
Your Captives you make us.
Engaging or flying we're ſure to be ſlain;
Then who is ſo mad, ſuch a fight to maintain?

And yet oh how ſweet
Are the wounds of your Glances!

Then nobly we'l meet,
Though we fall by your Lances.
VVhen your ſmiles do evince
That our death will be pleaſant,
Better dye like a Prince,
Than live like a Peaſant.
If engaging or flying we are certain to dye,
'Tis courage to fight, and folly to flye.

SONG IV.

WHen *Aurelia* firſt I courted,
She had Youth and Beauty too;
Killing pleaſures when ſhe ſported,
And her Charms were ever new.
Conquering time hath now deceiv'd her,
VVhich her Glory did uphold;
All her Arts can ne're reprieve her,
Poor *Aurelia*'s growing old.

Thoſe Aiery Spirits which invited
Are retir'd, and move no more;
And thoſe eyes are now benighted
VVhich were Comets heretofore.
VVant of theſe abate her merits,
Yet I have paſſion for her name;
Only warm and vigorous Spirits
Kindle and maintain her flame.

SONG V.

WIth an old Song made by an old ancient Pate,
Of an old worſhipful Gentleman who had a great Eſtate;
VVho kept an old Houſe at a bountiful rate,
And an old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate;
Like an old Courtier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Courtier.

VVith

With an old Lady whose anger good Words asswages,
Who every Quarter payes her old Servants their Wages,
Who never knew what belong'd to Coachmen Footmen and Pages,
But kept twenty old Fellows with blew Coats and Badges:
Like an old, *&c.*

With an old Study fill'd full of learned Books;
With an old Reverend Parson, you may know him by his looks,
With an old Buttery Hatch worn quite off the Hooks,
And an old Kitchin which maintains half a dozen Cooks;
Like an old, *&c.*

With an old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pikes and Bows,
And old Swords and Bucklers which have born many shrewd blows;
With an old *Frisado* Coat to cover his Worships Trunk-hose,
And a Cup of old *Sherry* to comfort his Copper-nose;
Like and old, *&c.*

With an old Fashion when *Christmas* is come,
To call in his Neighbours with Bagpipe and Drum,
And good Chear enough to furnish every old Room,
And old Liquor able to make a Cat speak, and a wise man dumb,
Like an old, *&c.*

With an old Huntsman, a Faulkner, and a Kennel of Hounds,
Which never hunted nor hawk'd but in his own grounds,
Who like an old Wise man kept himself within his own Bounds,
And when he dy'd gave every Child 1000 old pounds;
Like an old, *&c.*

But to his Eldest Son his House and Lands he assign'd,
Charging him in his Will to keep the old bountiful mind,
To love his good old Servants, and to Neighbours be kind;
But in the ensuing you shall hear how he was inclin'd,
Like

Like a young Courtier of the Kings,
And the Kings young Courtier.

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
And keeps a brace of Whores at his own command,
And takes up a thousand Pounds upon's own Land,
And lieth drunk in a new Tavern till he can neither go
Like a young, *&c.* (nor stand;

With a neat Lady that's brisk and fair,
Who never knew what belong'd to good House-keeping or Care,
But buyes seven Fans to play with the wanton Air,
And seventeen or eighteen Dressings of other mens hair;
Like a young, *&c.*

With a new Hall built where the old one stood,
Wherein is burnt neither Coal nor Wood,
And a Shuffle-board Table smooth, and red as blood,
Hung round with Pictures, which do the poor little good;
Like a young, *&c.*

With a new Study stufft full of Pamphlets and Playes,
With a new Chaplain that swears faster than he prays,
With a new Buttry Hatch that opens once in four or five dayes,
With a new *French* Cook to make Kickshaws and Toys;
Like a young, *&c.*

With a new fashion when *Christmas* is come,
With a new Journey up to *London* we must be gone,
And leave no body at home but our new Porter *John*,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the Back with
Like a young, *&c.* (a stone;

With a Gentleman Usher whose carriage is compleat,
With a Footman, Coachman, Page to carry meat,
With a waiting Gentlewoman whose dressing is very neat,
Who when the Master has din'd lets the Servants not
Like a young, *&c.* (eat;

With

VVith a new Honour bought with his Fathers old Gold,
That many of his Fathers old Mannors had ſold,
And this is the occaſion that moſt men now hold,
That good Houſe-keeping is now grown ſo cold;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings,
And the Kings young Courtier.

SONG VI.

GOne are my happy dayes, all loſt; for ſhe
That ſtole my heart, ſtole then my Liberty;
Arm'd by the Spoils of a deforceleſs Breaſt,
And in the garb of Nature dreſt;
Crown'd by her conqueſt, now ſhe's gone before,
Ne're to remember loving *Thirſis* more.
Let her in Triumph ride, I'le be as brave
VVith humble pride, I'le follow like a Slave;
But if amidſt the pomp with ſcorn ſhe turn,
And ſee the Wretch that once for her did burn,
Juſt as ſhe backward caſts her Princely Head,
Then her reproachful eyes will ſtrike me dead.

SONG VII.

PHilander once a merry Swain,
A Charming Nymph did love;
Who never paid his Love again,
But did inconſtant prove:
Falſely the Shepherd ſhe forſook,
And did his Love diſdain;
Yet he in Love ſuch pleaſure took,
That he embrac'd the Pain.
Such was his Paſſion, ſuch his Flame,
So full of honour too,
That he ſtill lov'd to breath her name,
Although ſhe prov'd untrue.
Therefore beneath a Myrtle ſhade,
One pleaſant Summers Morn,
The too unhappy Shepherd lay'd,
And did lament her Scorn.

Thus

Thus to himſelf the wretched Swain,
Though tender of her Fame,
Of *Sylvia*'s falſhood did complain,
Yet durſt not blaſt her Name.
Dear *Sylvia*, why did'ſt thou give way
That I ſhould talk of Love,
Yet know thou couldſt not Love repay,
Nor wou'd'ſt my Flames remove.

When in it's youth my Paſſion was,
'Twas eaſie to remove;
But now 'tis grown to ſuch a paſs,
The taſk too hard will prove:
For in my heart the Love of you
So deeply rooted is;
'Twas the firſt grief I ever knew,
Yet is my greateſt bliſs.

SONG VIII.

AH! what can mean that eager joy,
Tranſports my Soul when you appear?
Ah! *Strephon*, you my thoughts imploy
With all that's charming, all that's dear:
When you your pleaſing Story tell,
A tenderneſs invades each part;
And I with bluſhes own I feel
Something too melting at my heart.

Each Sigh my reaſon doth ſurprize,
And I at once both wiſh and fear;
My wounded Soul mounts to my Eyes,
As if 'twould prattle Stories there.
Take, take that heart that needs would go,
But, Shepherds, ſee it kindly us'd:
For who ſuch Treaſures would beſtow,
If this, alas! ſhould be abus'd?

SONG

SONG IX.

Cupid *put to Flight.*

HEnce, fooliſh Boy, my anger ſhun,
Thy Triumphs are no more;
No more by thee the World's undone,
Thy Conqueſts now are o re.
Alas! that ſuch an Elf ſo long
Beſotted has the World,
That at his beck the Warriers ſtrong
Their Enſigns up have furl'd;

(2.)

And laid the glorious buſineſs by,
That called forth their Arms,
To gaze upon a Womans Eye,
And court deſtructive Charms;
Which at a diſtance Vertues kill,
And Manly Courage tame;
Which dim ambitious luſtre ſtill,
And puts us out of frame.

(3.)

Then learn of me, henceforth be wiſe;
Slight, ſlight that fooliſh Boy,
Who over us wou'd tyrannize,
And all our peace deſtroy:
In ſunder let his Shafts be ſnap'd,
And he at nought be ſet;
With his falſe Mother be entrap'd
In *Vulcan*'s ſubtle Net.

SONG X.

BRight Vertue's a Treaſure
Exceeding Loves Pleaſure,
It makes a Heaven on Earth;
There's nought in Creation
Of divine faſhion,
But owes unto it its birth.

Tell me not of Beauty,
For that will not ſuit me,
Nor Riches make me o-bay;
'Tis Vertue does charm me,
'Gainſt all elſe I arm me;
To that my beſt thoughts I pay.
Then ſend me that Jewel,
My Breaſt ſhall be fuel
To entertain a chaſt Flame;
I'le Woman admire
If Vertue inſpire,
And ever extol her Fame.
She ſhall be the Treaſure
I'le love beyond meaſure,
And my delight in her place;
For if Vertue abound,
Wealth and beauty are found;
Vertue ſupplies e'ry grace.

SONG XI.

No Cure but Kindneſs.

I Languiſh all night,
And I ſigh all the day;
Yet *Cœlia* proves cruel,
And ſtill turns away:
She hides the bright luſtre
Of her Star-like Eyes,
And unimploy'd Beauty,
For which *Strephon* dies.

(2.)

The Nymphs they do pity me,
But 'tis in vain;
Apollo himſelf
Cannot eaſe my fierce pain:
None but ſhe that wounds me
Has Balſome to cure
The deſperate Anguiſh
I daily endure.

FINIS.